

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A Magazine of

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics



VOLUME CLVI
JULY — DECEMBER, 1935

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

45892

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Printed by the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H., U.S.A.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 156 NUMBER 1

JULY 1935

ASYLUM

BY WILLIAM SEABROOK

ACUTE ALCOHOLISM was the way my commitment¹ read, to which was added, when the doctors and the psychiatrists had checked me over: —

CHRONIC

NEURASTHENIC SYMPTOMS: marked

PSYCHOPATHIC SYMPTOMS: zero

This was in the winter of 1933, when friends succeeded just before Christmas in having me committed, through the New York courts, for treatment and possible cure, to one of the oldest and largest insane asylums in the East. They now call it a 'mental hospital,' as all such places do — but asylum is still what everybody knows it is, and it proved so truly an asylum for me that I have a friendly feeling for the good old word.

I had asked for it. I mean I had asked for it literally, though I had not specified any particular sort of place. I had been begging, pleading, demand-

¹ Nothing here is fiction or embroidery. It is straight fact. All the characters and episodes are real, but all proper names, except my own, have been completely changed. — AUTHOR

ing toward the last, to be locked up — shut up — chained up — anything! I had become a confirmed, habitual drunkard, without any of the stock alibis or excuses. My health was otherwise excellent; I had plenty of money in the bank, and a pleasant home; my work had been going well enough until the drink put an end to it and promised soon to put an end to me. Then I had tried to stop — and could n't. I knew that I had already slipped past the point where any sanitarium, hospital, treatment, or environment which depended on my volitional coöperation could hold out any hope. I knew that I had lost my will with relation to alcohol. I knew that there was only left to me the wish — which is entirely different from the will — to be saved from my own weakness.

At the suggestion of a friend I signed a court commitment, and the next day I was locked up in an institution so big and so universally known that its name is a vaudeville synonym for the sort of place it is. I was kept there for seven months. The treatment I underwent put no strain whatever on

my drunkard's honor or my drunkard's will. It would have been just about as hard to escape from this place as from Sing Sing, and, if I had escaped, the state police would have brought me back — in handcuffs, if necessary.

In July they let me out, with handshakes and some good-natured kidding, through the main gate. Incidentally, they seem to have cured me, which is as it may be. I hope they have, and I hope too that an honest account of my experience may be of some use.

I

I was brought in late that December afternoon, polite, quiet, articulate, and able to walk without staggering, but drunk as a Bandusian goat. I had been drinking since seven that morning, even more conscientiously than usual, knowing it would be the last for a long while. My friends had not interfered. What difference did one last day make? It was now about six o'clock, a couple of hours since I had had my last drink, and I was beginning to sink. When the first formalities were over and the attendants showed me to my bedroom, I flopped down and went to sleep.

That was probably the worst night I ever spent in my life. I wanted nothing so much as to be let alone. Instead, I was awakened at frequent intervals to be bathed, weighed, fed, have my temperature taken, and be put through all the rest of the elaborate routine which the rules required of every new arrival. All night long there was a steady procession of people in and out of my room. And the worst of it was that I could not shut them out. The door had no lock on it, and when I got up and closed the door it was opened again from the outside. It was against the rules to shut the door.

I became more and more irritated. I began to think it had been a mistake to put me in precisely this sort of place.

If I had to spend many nights like this, I'd soon be raving and foaming at the mouth.

By eight-thirty the next morning, when the doctor came around and asked me how I had spent the night, I was so mad that for the time being I forgot all about being a drunkard; I was so exhausted and stimulated by rage that I did not even miss my customary morning half-tumbler of Scotch. It could n't have been a deliberate part of their psychic therapy, but it worked that way.

For months I had had a neurasthenic — if not actually psychopathic — agoraphobia, the diseased opposite of claustrophobia. I wanted to be shut up. I wanted to hide. I wanted to be by myself where people could n't break in on me. This was, in part, why I had wanted to be locked up, and why the suggestion of a modern insane asylum, though it surprised me, had been welcome. Even the thought of a padded cell had been welcome, promising seclusion and peace.

I said as much to the doctor. He looked at me for a while without speaking, then finally grinned and said: —

'Well, that's a new one — if you are not kidding me. But I'm afraid we have n't precisely the accommodation you say you were looking for. The fact is that we have n't any cells, padded or otherwise.'

'Look here,' I burst out, 'I was n't kidding you, and I don't know whether you are kidding me or not. I came here for seclusion. I came here to be locked up. I thought I had rented a nice quiet cell. And you stick me in a wide-open show window, in an illuminated dog kennel without any front, where people come walking in and out and prodding me with sticks every minute of the day and night. I spent a hell of a night. You've got to find me a quiet room somewhere, where the door can be shut at night, for I tell you right now that,

commitment or no commitment, if you think I'm going to spend another night like last night —'

'Excuse me,' he said, 'I must be going along. We'll try to make you as comfortable as we can.'

Our conversation had not been in undertones. A patient I was afterward to know as 'Spike' sauntered over and offered me a cigarette. 'Say, fellow,' he said, 'you've got it all wrong. You don't tell them. They tell you.'

II

The place reminded me increasingly of my mother, who believed that by altering the name or appearance of a thing you could make the thing better. She was changing sauerkraut into liberty cabbage long before the sinking of the *Lusitania*. A skunk was a wood pussy, and hash became I-don't-remember-what by the addition of a sprig of parsley.

This was not hypocrisy. It was her sincere if sometimes naïve contribution toward making the world happier and brighter. I had affectionately supposed her to be old-fashioned, but I now found the same system at work in this highly scientific, extremely modern institution.

Take, for instance, the fiction that we were in a hospital. We all knew the sort of place we were in, and spoke freely about it among ourselves, — sometimes humorously and sometimes bitterly, yet always without embarrassment or pretense, — but Spike soon cautioned me not to say 'nut college' or 'booby hatch' where any of the doctors or nurses might overhear it. He said it made them feel embarrassed.

One of the first things I noticed was that they had tricked up the bars on the windows with my mother's sprig of parsley. They were steel, and a gorilla could n't have bent them, but they ran in curls and curlicues, like the fancy

decorations of a château looking out on a snow-covered park. If you bit one of the bars, it turned out to be a bar, just as the hash on my mother's table always turned out to be hash when you put your teeth into it, but if you merely sat and looked at it, it looked like something else.

The whole atmosphere of the place was camouflaged in the same kindly way. The nurse, attendants, orderlies in white coats, all said, 'Yes, Mr. So-and-So,' as if to make you feel that you were an elegant guest in your own home, and you only discovered that all of them were experts in jiu-jitsu if and when you insisted on going to the mat; so that life became a sort of parlor game, like charades or forfeits, and the rules were exactly the same whether you played it with the biggest doctors or the humblest little attendant. The game always began, 'My lord, the carriage waits.' If that did n't work, they tried polite persuasion and coaxing. If you insisted, they threw you in. You always went.

For instance, on that very first day I was politely invited to go — and went — to more places than I can enumerate. I had planned to spend at least a week in bed, or on a cot, tapering off maybe, reading detective stories. I had come here for rest and seclusion. I still had the idea of a 'nice quiet cell' firmly fixed in my mind. Instead, before that first day ended, I was putty in their hands. It was all part of the system prescribed for new patients.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Dirk, the superintendent, came in to look me over. He asked if I should n't like to meet the other patients and be shown my seat in the dining room. I replied — forgetting the rules of the charade — that I should prefer to have my meals in bed for a week or so. He replied that it would be ever so much nicer to have my meals in the dining room, beginning right then.

As a matter of fact, it was not bad, not like an insane asylum or a hospital either, but more like a club restaurant. There were small tables with flowers. The waiters and waitresses were Mr. Dirk himself, a couple of male nurses, and the nurse in charge of our hall, the beautiful Miss Pine. The guests were, as the French say, of an impeccable correctness. They were at ease, conversed of this and that, used the right forks, and asked for more olives. At my table were a professor of research histology, a railroad fireman, and a political lawyer. They seemed to have amiable interests in common, and drew me into conversation. Except that the lawyer believed Harding was still President, while the railroad fireman thought we were on a boat, their conversation was lucid and casual.

I felt awful, but not too awful yet. I managed to eat a little, and wondered if I were going to be kept awake all night again. When we arose from the table, I asked Mr. Dirk if anything had been done about my room. He said I was being moved to a bigger one, more quiet, around the corner of the corridor. We all gravitated into the lobby.

During those first days, unless there was a white coat or uniform to go by, I found it practically impossible to guess which were patients and which were attendants. Even with the staff doctors, you simply had to learn their faces. There were numerous doctors of medicine, dentistry, and divinity among the patients, so that when you were introduced to a new 'doctor' you never knew by the mere title which side of the fence he might be on. You had to suspend judgment and draw your own conclusions, which you could n't always do.

I was certain, however, about Dr. Hadden, the histologist, because I sat with him at dinner. He was now playing bridge. I pulled a chair over near him. He was dealing. He said he did n't

mind if I watched. He dealt himself a powerhouse, and could have made an original two-spade bid, forcing to game and perhaps to slam. He sorted his cards and passed listlessly. The other three passed, and the cards were thrown in. I asked him in undertones why he had done it. I was seeing everything acutely with a sort of puzzled fascination, but was still in a sort of detached, hang-over haze.

'Because fate is against me,' he whispered sadly. 'I will explain it all to you one of these days and you will understand.'

Another benevolent elderly gentleman who had finished his evening paper asked me how I liked everything. When I told him, quite honestly, that I did n't yet know, he said he sincerely hoped I should be pleased, for he was sparing no expense; it was now costing him nearly five million a year, and he proposed installing a large swimming pool after Christmas.

The only noise in the big room came from a pinochle game between Miss Pine and the lawyer who thought Harding was still President. They laughed and were gay together. I watched it for a little while. The lawyer was cheating flagrantly, and Miss Pine, instead of objecting, simply cheated more flagrantly on the sly.

The lawyer said to me, with a happy smile:—

'You see, Miss Pine is the only person in the whole hospital who can give me a decent game. She can sometimes even beat me. The others play so poorly that I always beat them, and then they get jealous and accuse me of taking cards from the bottom.'

He chuckled, Miss Pine melded four queens, and a gentleman asked me if I had read *Anthony Adverse*. His question made me realize that, despite the strange fascination this new world had for me, I was in some curious way vaguely bored, vaguely disappointed.

The truth is that I was beginning to have the familiar 'Is that all?' feeling from which I have suffered since the first time I went to a circus. I had it when I first heard Caruso sing, and when I first went up in an airplane. It had followed me into deserts, jungles, devil-worship crypts in Kurdistan, and voodoo temples. It was catching up with me again in this weird place.

III

The next day the doctors started working on me. It was time. During the first night and day I had been in a more or less aggressive alcoholic daze, at the same time fascinated and resentful toward my new surroundings, but now I was a wreck. For nearly two years I had been drinking a quart to a quart and a half of whiskey, brandy, gin, or Pernod daily, and now I had been without any liquor for approximately thirty-six hours.

The first doctor came in soon after breakfast. He stared at me with keen curiosity, told me his name was Paschall, and that he was to be my regular doctor. He had an open face and looked like a straight-shooter. After thumping me, taking my blood pressure, pulse, and what not, he soon found that my nerves were shot to a degree which I had automatically concealed from my friends and myself. For instance, when I shut my eyes and tried to touch my nose, I missed my head. It scared me. Of course, if I had n't been pretty seriously scared already, I should never have had myself locked up, but now when he held a mirror and showed me that my mouth twitched, I was thoroughly disgusted. I said: —

'So that's the way it is. Well, you've got to keep me locked up in this place if it takes —'

He said: 'Well, if that's the way you feel about it, we may be able to do you some good.'

'Listen, doctor, I'd rather be dead than the way I am. That's why I'm here. I'll stand for anything. It's up to you.'

'Well, then, in the first place, I'll tell you the worst. No tapering off.'

I did n't say anything to that, and he continued: —

'We can give you something to take the place of it at first, if we have to, but we'd rather not. We have other methods, which you probably won't like, but they're better.'

I said: 'I told you it's up to you, and besides, you've got me where it does n't make any difference whether I like it or not. Have n't you?'

He grinned and said, 'Oh, you've found that out, have you?'

I said, 'Sure. Spike told me about it yesterday.'

'Ever hear of prolonged baths?' he asked presently. I told him I'd heard of them, vaguely, for maniacs and girls in Bedford. 'Yes,' he said, 'that's the idea. They quiet your nerves.'

'All right,' I said. 'My nerves need quieting.'

So during the next few days I learned all about prolonged baths, and learned also — without smashing any of the furniture or trying to smash any of the attendants, which is the usual preliminary — everything about the mysterious 'pack,' the only method of prolonged physical restraint now regarded as cricket by modernized institutions which can swear without perjuring themselves that they have thrown all the strait-jackets, handcuffs, and muffs out of the window. 'Pack' bears the same relation to 'strait-jacket' that 'mental hospital' does to 'insane asylum.' It is a rose by another name.

They laid me straight and naked on the bed with my arms pressed along my sides like a soldier at attention, and began swathing me, rolling me on one side and then the other, in tight wet sheets, so that the weight of my body

rolling back and forth would pull them smoother and tighter. Over and over again they swathed me, until at last they stood off to smooth out the wrinkles and look at it and see if it was all right. I was flat on my back. Except that my head stuck out and lay comfortably on a pillow, I was like the mummy of Rameses. I could n't bend my elbows or knees. I could n't even double my fists. My hands were pressed flat. I could n't move a muscle except by telegraphing a deliberate local order.

This was the famous 'pack.' It was tighter than any kid glove. And the tightness was so uniform that it did n't stop circulation. They told me I'd sweat a lot presently, and had fixed an ice pack on the top of my head where the skull was thickest. They had turned out all the lights, but left the door slightly ajar, and told me that they'd be down the hall somewhere so that if anything went wrong I could let out a yell.

I lay there in the darkness like an Egyptian mummy. Pretty soon my mind began to work, and I discovered that I liked it. It occurred to me that probably I was masochistic or something of the sort. I set about rationalizing it, as one always does. I remembered the theory that we all have a subconscious longing to be back in the womb — that we remember subconsciously how nice and safe and warm it was. I remembered poetry about the womb and the grave. There were some distant, ordinary, living, human sounds way down the corridor somewhere, but they did n't disturb or concern me. Perhaps they did disturb me, for I became acutely conscious again of my jangled nerves. I wanted to turn over, to toss about in the bed. I wanted to put my elbow up under the pillow. I wanted to move my arms. I wanted to scratch my forehead. I'd have to yell for help if a fly alighted on my nose.

In a little while the active nervous-

ness decreased, but I was conscious of increasing tension. I tried experimentally to break or stretch my bonds, by contracting and straining every muscle. I found that I could n't loosen them at all, and it was this that had made me like it. I went lax presently, and began to sweat. I sweated, time passed, and the tension was gone; the jangling nervousness disappeared, too, fading slowly as it does under a strong soporific. I was soon as peaceful as an unborn babe.

When they came back after a long time and began to unwind me, I was still peaceful. And when they went away I turned on my side, stuck my arm up under my head, and went to sleep without another movement.

I was put to bed that way for five or six successive nights, and then Dr. Paschall ordered it stopped. He said I liked it too well — that it could get to be another habit, like dope, veronal, or whiskey, and advised me to read *La Séquestrée de Poitiers*.

IV

Toward the end of a week they began to merge me into the group, to cog me in with the machinery of Hall Four. I mean, special things stopped happening to me; they stopped shunting and dragging me around for special examinations, treatments, wrappings, tapings; they began to make me do the same things everybody else did. They enrolled me in the kindergarten, took me for walks with the rest of the class, gave me work to do and things to play with.

The numbers of the halls were arbitrary. A new patient went automatically to Hall Four, the observation ward; if he was violent he was sent to Eight or Nine; if he stayed there a long while he might go to Five; and when he was calmed, or nearly cured, he went to Hall Two. The female patients,

I learned, were under the same roof, but way over in an entirely different set of halls, nearly a quarter of a mile away. Some of them, I was told, were 'good-lookers,' and I'd soon see them all, or most of them, at church or at the movies.

At that time there were fourteen of us in Hall Four. We had to stay there until the doctors made up their minds where each of us should subsequently be quartered. We might be sent to one of the howling back halls under constant surveillance, or to one of the 'villas' where patients had almost as much freedom as in a summer boarding house or sanitarium-hotel.

At this point there is something I had better try to explain if the general picture is to make sense. I was an alcoholic, but I was not now, or at any time thereafter, put with a group of other alcoholics. The groupings were on a different basis. For example, take the fourteen of us who were quartered in this intermediate hall. Our ailments were quite dissimilar, just as ailments are in a surgical ward or in the accident ward of a regular hospital, where one man has appendicitis and another hernia or mastoiditis; where one has broken his arm falling off a ladder, while the man in the next bed has been slashed in a fight or cracked on the head in an automobile smashup.

So it was here. One of us had melancholia, another suffered from hallucinations; so-and-so was elated, another was manic-depressive; still another, who seemed completely sane, was with us solely because he had occasional uncontrollable impulses to jump out of high windows or in front of motor buses. Our only similarity was that our various ailments were in the stage which made the tempo of this hall the right one temporarily for our treatment and observation. I was the only alcoholic in the group. There were few alcoholics, indeed, in the whole asylum —

a scattering half-dozen, maybe, among three hundred patients. As a matter of fact, while the institution accepts patients in this category and sometimes cures them, it is not very eager to take them. The authorities don't like to accept cases they may not be able to cure, and, contrary to some impressions, the whiskey habit is harder to cure than the general run of ordinary mental derangements.

While our ailments were dissimilar, as I say, there was one respect in which we were all alike — one thing which differentiated us from people on the outside, and made it expedient for us to be locked up. I figured it out for myself. It checked on all of us. It negated, incidentally, the Pirandelloish notion, widely prevalent, that 'if the truth were known' nine tenths of all the people of your acquaintance, including perhaps yourself, are 'outside' only because they have n't been 'tagged,' as it were.

My friend, Professor T——, who has an international reputation as a philosopher, with a chair in one of the major universities, confessed that he always felt a sense of embarrassment, of furtiveness, of guilt, when he came to see me. He was afraid, he said, they'd 'find out' and keep him there.

That notion, which I used to have myself, is wrong, and I can prove it. I can prove it by the one criterion that clicked, checked, on all of us locked up in there, and that would not check on the professor or any of the rest of you who are going about your business free on the outside.

V

Take Hauser, our youngest, a favorite in the hall, a brilliant, amusing, chap — up to a certain point. He was 'elated.' He sparkled. He had finished, precociously, his academic course at Princeton with honors, including the

Phi Beta Kappa key, at nineteen, and was headed toward the medical school when his father, who was a doctor, had sent him here to the 'nut school' instead. He did Bob Benchley stuff. The difference between him and Benchley was that Benchley controlled the stuff, Benchley rode it; Hauser could n't control it. He did it whether he wanted to or not. He did it when he did n't want to. It rode him.

Take my morose friend, Papa Renwick. He was the diametric opposite of Hauser. He was so melancholy that he wanted to die. Lots of people on the outside are so melancholy that they want to die. But they control it. They don't try several times to jump out windows, as Papa Renwick had done. He could n't control it.

Take young Frainer. His case was a queer one. He is cured now, I've heard; but it took longer to cure him than it did some who were brought in howling or imagining they were ancient emperors. Yet he seemed to have absolutely nothing the matter with him except that he was a pain in the neck to everybody and seemed to need a good clout on the jaw more than he did psychiatric treatment. His appearance was against him. He had a head like Byron or Apollo, and the sort of nip-waisted, long-limbed, flat-flanked, beautifully shouldered body that made any clothes he put on look as if they had come from the Prince of Wales's private tailor. He had an authentic Boston Back Bay accent which made even Miss Pine and the doctors feel inferior, and the manners of Lord Chesterfield. On top of this, he had an aggressive superciliousness and selfishness which were painful and astounding, as when he let the crate of fruit his family sent him rot rather than give any of us an orange.

There was nothing else mental, or moral, the matter with him. But this one thing had been enough. His un-

popularity, to use a mild word for it, in the outside world had become universal. He had been asked to leave a succession of banks and brokerage offices in which his influential family had placed him; his fiancée had thrown him over in disgust; servants, waiters, taxi drivers, clerks in stores, invariably wanted to kill him; no young women, or men either, of his own set could abide him. His parents, even his mother, had the extraordinary sense to see that the fault was with him, and that if he were n't cured of it life would junk him. Honest medical psychologists consulted by his parents had guessed that the real young man, underneath his unfortunate outer shell, was a sweet-natured, rather timid, decent chap, but that it would take a year or more in some psychiatric institution to break through the overlay and cure him. So here he was in our midst. Why? Not because he was supercilious and super-selfish. You know plenty of people like that who are often successful, if not beloved. They use it as armor and as a weapon; using it, they control it. But this poor fellow had it as a disease, like jaundice or measles; he could n't control it.

Then there was Professor Jeffries, the mathematician. His mind raced. He played with primes. Cube roots cluttered his brain and whirled in it. Controlling the clutter, he had been a brilliant teacher and a 'lightning calculator' as well, using this latter freakish talent merely to amuse himself or his friends, since he did n't have to commercialize it. Now he had lost control of it; it controlled him. He was harmless, but had to be watched all the time. Undressed for bed and in his pajamas, he forgot one night to get into the bed, and when the night watchman's light flashed through the open door hours later he was standing absorbed in the middle of the room. His racing mathematical mind, controlled,

had been in a fair way to make him famous; uncontrolled, it had put him here.

So take me now, in turn, as a case like the others. For many years previous I had been drinking, sometimes a lot, when I wanted to, getting tight intentionally and liking it, sobering up when I wanted to or thought I ought to, and staying sober for long periods to grind out quantities of work. I know plenty of good citizens, business men, artists, writers, who not only go in heavily for highballs and cocktails, but get drunk as a boiled owl whenever they choose — and who nevertheless, year after year, keep their health and balance, do their work, turn out a distinguished product in good volume. I know now that getting drunk frequently, being fuddled and muddled half the time, lying down to sleep at parties, being put to bed by the taxi driver or fighting with policemen, is not being a drunkard. So long as any man drinks when he wants to and stops when he wants to he is n't a drunkard, no matter how much he drinks or how often he falls under the table. The British upper classes were constantly and consistently mildly tipsy, from father to son, in Parliament and Pall Mall, for nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. It is n't drinking that makes a drunkard. I had drunk for years, enthusiastically and with pleasure, when I wanted to. Then something snapped in me, and I lost control. I began to have to have the stuff when I did n't want it. I could n't stop when I wanted to. I was n't here because I drank a lot, or too much. I was here, just like the rest, because I had lost control.

I insist on this common denominator. I insist that it clicks. Melancholia, higher mathematics, drink, had n't put any of us here. Loss of control had put us all here. Of course there were others of us whose loss of control

was more diffuse, less easy to define — the paranoiacs, schizophrenics, catatonics, the ones who had elaborate hallucinations, the manic-depressives, and my later friend, Charlie Logan, the human barometer, who howled like a wolf whenever the weather was changing. Despite the common denominator, we had a kaleidoscopic divergence of cases.

So here I was, an inmate of this extraordinary locked-and-barred kindergarten, for the same good reason as the rest. We were a bunch of grown men, most of us mature, who had lost control of ourselves in one way or another and who had to be controlled by others — that is, treated like children and put back in the nursery.

VI

The longer I stayed in the asylum, the more I saw and experienced, the more it seemed to me, often fantastically, to be a kindergarten. Despite court commitments, despite bars and huskies, it was more like a nursery than a prison. We were handled as children — not as delinquent or bad children, necessarily, but rather as potentially decent, irresponsible children who did not know what was good for us, and therefore frequently had to be told. It was an atmosphere of 'Mamma knows best' or 'Teacher knows best,' protective and generally kindly, but backed up with 'Mamma will spank' when the children became unmanageable and had to be dragged kicking to bed without their supper.

What gave it sometimes a crazy-dream quality — quite apart from the fact that some of us *were* crazy — was the fact that all of us were grown men, many of us middle-aged or elderly, of the type that generally bosses and orders other people around in the outside world. To the casual eye we were responsible, mature, none of us physical

invalids. When our nurse, Miss Pine, took us to walk, we looked like a delegation of prominent Rotarians. We rambled about a good deal, both in the buildings and in the snow-covered park, nearly always in sole charge of Miss Pine. We grown men went to play in the snow in charge of a young girl in nurse's uniform who scolded us if we forgot our rubbers and told us when we had to go back indoors. Sometimes one of the huskies was off somewhere in the background when we went out, but usually not. When we returned, Miss Pine saw to it that we put on dry socks before going to supper if we had got our feet wet, and made the political lawyer eat all his spinach before he could have his pie.

Four days a week she took us to the barbershop, through the long corridors, unlocking the doors, counting us, and bringing up the rear. Often there was something sad, almost sinister, about that special procession. We usually walked single file, not that there was any rule about it, but in the long, bare connecting corridors there was a narrow strip — a 'runner,' I believe it is called — and we got the habit of walking single file on it. Not all the patients were always cheerful, and early morning is never a very gay time in any sort of institution, so that often most of us walked silently with our heads down. I was a part of it myself, yet I could see it. One of the depressed ones, leaving months later, cured, told me that he remembered those walks to the barbershop as the most horrible experience of his life. Back in December, the time of which I am now writing, one could never have guessed that he was noticing anything. He was like an automaton. He walked with the rest of us like an automaton. We all, as well as Miss Pine, looked after him a little — prevented him from walking on in a straight line when there was a corner to turn, made him sit down when it was

time to sit down. He seemed as oblivious as a robot. Yet he told me afterward that those walks to the barbershop had always filled him with horror. He had believed then, he said, that he would *walk in a line of men like that, somewhere, silent and single file, all the rest of his life.*

But such things were the secret undertones. On the whole we were a cheerful kindergarten and liked our pretty teacher.

We talked about it sometimes among ourselves. No responsibilities, no obligations, no problems to meet or solve, no duties or decisions. We did n't even have to decide when to get up in the morning or when to go to bed. Somebody else looked after us, looked after everything.

'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view!' 'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight! Make me a child again, just for to-night!' During the war I heard bearded Frenchmen sobbing, '*Maman, maman, maman!*' and once I heard a man bleat it standing on a wooden platform just before the sheriff sprung the trap. When life gets too much for us, we want to go back. Life had got too much for us. That's why we were back in a nursery.

VII

Divine service was held every Sunday afternoon from two-thirty to three-thirty, — it had to be in the afternoon because they hired a regular preacher and small choir from outside, — and we mostly attended to look at the women patients, as the women patients attended to look at us. The first day I went along, Miss Pine piloted our Hall Four delegation. The pews were already two-thirds filled when we reached the chapel, and I noticed that the males were as sharply divided from the fe-

males as in the West Virginia country Dunkard churches I had seen in childhood. The doctors seldom came to church, and I soon discovered why.

The clergyman appeared on the platform, robed, Episcopalian, and began the ritual, which was modified High Church, mild and deleted, a pleasing form of dignified worship which could scarcely displease or excite anybody. Individual patients occasionally had to be 'shushed' for responding too loudly or interrupting the preacher. Nurses and male attendants, uniformed and white-coated, were scattered among us to keep us in order. We were restive, but no more so than children. Miss Pine had to take a big black cigar away from Mr. Biemann, who chewed it and kept asking out loud for matches, and sometimes patients groaned, muttered, or suffered in undertones, but not much, and the little was drowned in the droning responses and music.

It was when silence settled upon us presently and the Reverend Dr. Percival Bone began his little sermon that I understood why the doctors never came to church. I listened in growing amazement. It was a discourse in monotones from which all religious fervor, all mysticism, all soul, all Heaven and Hell, all God and Devil, all reference to good and evil, all sequential thought and ideas of any sort, were as completely absent as in the babbling of a brook or the whispering of wind in trees. Sometimes, by following his words closely, it would seem that they might be on the verge of meaning something, as when he said, 'Hope makes you cheerful, so that when you hope you are cheerful, and when you are cheerful you hope, so let us be of good hope and cheerful'; but the voice droned on, soothingly, elusively, in *non sequiturs*, to love and charity, and I noticed that Miss Pine, breathing softly, was asleep.

I was so puzzled by the Reverend Dr. Percival Bone that I went back to

hear him many times. It was always the same. I formed theories. It was impossible, of course, that any man had been able to graduate from a theological seminary with a mind as completely a blank as his seemed to be. Yet he held a regular job in some church outside. I wondered if he took drugs. I wondered if he thought all patients in insane asylums lived in a complete mental vacuum.

Eventually I discovered, or rather learned, that it was all as deliberate and intentional as *Four Saints in Three Acts* or 'a rose is a rose is a rose.' The Reverend Dr. Percival Bone was an intelligent and worthy clergyman, carefully chosen by the board and paid an excellent honorarium to follow their specific, scientific, ultramodern psychological instructions. Our advanced psychiatrists, some of them ranking among the best in the world and wise in institutional experience, were agreed that religious excitement, religious stimulation, religious fervor, or anything which might arouse a lively interest in religious matters of any sort, was generally very bad medicine for mentally deranged people. Their job, they conceived, was our salvation in this world, restoring us sound to our families. Their minds were single-tracked on that problem. Our heavenly welfare could wait. But they were not atheistic or inimical to religion *per se*, nor would it have been seemly to deny all patients, though prisoners, the right to attend Christian service in a Christian country. Hence the innocuous compromise.

A somewhat similar policy prevailed concerning the movies which were provided for us, in the same auditorium, fortnightly through the winter. The censorship had no moral, ethical uplift or educational angle. The object was simply to provide us with gentle entertainment, never too exciting. If Mae West and *The Thin Man* were banned, so

too were *Joan of Arc* and *Ben-Hur*. The choice of films lay with a woman doctor of the staff who seemed to have a theory that photoplays starring domestic animals were particularly soothing to the insane. Over and over again the hero was a horse, when it wasn't Rintin-tin or a Terhune collie.

An exception to this rule occurred in December, when she presented Katharine Hepburn in *Little Women*, and thereby caused a riot. The riot broke out at the point in the picture where the little women gave away their breakfast. If you recall it, the dear little girls had been up since daybreak helping mamma, and had just sat down to a pretty breakfast table with steaming coffee, waffles, honey, and other delightful dishes, when Miss Hepburn conceived the bright idea of giving the whole breakfast, coffeepot and all, to a poorer family next door. As the younger sisters danced around with delight, denuding the table, a girl over in the darkness among the women patients cried: 'Why, it's disgusting! I'd have one cup of coffee first, or I'd pour the whole pot down her neck! The idea!'

Spike, who was sitting near me, shouted back: 'You said it, sister!'

Before the hubbub became general and the lights went up, another patient, a dear old major from Virginia, roared out: 'If I had a bunch of daughters like that, I'd put 'em in a ——!'

'For shame!' cried an old lady patient. 'It was beautiful. It was unselfish! It was ——'

'It was too damned unselfish!' somebody else shouted, and then in less loud voices we began a free-for-all debate, in which the consensus of opinion seemed to be that it was too much. Luncheon? Sure! Dinner, maybe. But breakfast! It was n't human. We felt we had been outraged, and continued the argument until we were packed off to bed.

Thereafter our heroes and heroines were quadrupeds. They were sometimes beautifully unselfish, too, and sometimes gave away their lives, but never their morning oats.

VIII

When Christmas of 1933 came round, we celebrated with a Christmas tree; we ate turkey and plum pudding; but what keyed the day, supplied its chief tone, was the inundation of visitors. All of us had at least one visitor; some had several. Most of them were familiar faces that came every Wednesday or Friday, but that day there were extra aunts, cousins, married daughters, remoter connections or friends who had come from a long distance, some of them for the first time.

It was always interesting to study visitors who came inside our locked precincts for the first time. They usually regarded their own patient as a normal invalid, as it were, but all the rest of us with dubious misgivings. They wanted to hurry through our corridors, smoking room, public reception hall, to the privacy of their own patient's bedroom, where they were forced to leave the door open, but conversed in low tones. They were initially embarrassed to be visiting this sort of place, to have one of their 'dear ones' shut up in it. They all had the same psychology the first time. But reversals of attitude on the part of our visitors — initial terror and subsequent reassurance — were sometimes striking. I recall one case that was like a little Ibsen drama.

When I had been in Hall Four some weeks, a new patient by the name of Kingston arrived. He was a pleasant little man with sandy hair, about forty-five years old, with a dryly humorous mouth that had a kindly twist to it. What might be the matter with him was a mystery, — I mean to us

other patients, — for he seemed perfectly normal, completely coördinated. I enjoyed talking with him and thus discovered that somehow, when he was talking most interestingly, it would occur that suddenly a whole flood of words other than those he was using (and with an entirely different context) would come out unconsciously. He would choke them back, until they became frantic, stammering sounds, then ceased, and permitted lucid continuation of what he had been consciously saying.

In a couple of days his wife came to see him — her first visit. She was a bride-like sort of creature, tall, considerably younger than he, with a sensuously kindly mouth and big cowlike eyes which somewhat belied the urban sophistication of her smart tailored clothes.

Since Kingston was new, he was still quartered in the wide-open bedroom midway of the corridor, where I had spent my first annoyed public night. Having occasion presently to go to the other end of the corridor, passing this open door, I glanced in without curiosity, and beheld a sight not easy to forget.

Once years ago, when I was flashing an electric torch in a deep jungle forest, it had revealed two frightened gibbons, clinging to one another, eyes wide, mirroring dumb terror of the unknown. So these two humans now were clinging, and the same thing was in their eyes — the look of repressed, would-be mouth-wailing fear that superstitious children have; silent, anticipating the hideous and nameless. They were perched on the edge of the bed, and looked indescribably lost, even in so small a room. She had one arm protectively over his shoulders and was holding both his hands. Their eyes were

turned toward the door, as if the dreadful thing would enter by it. I doubt if they saw me as I passed. I averted my head automatically. I would bet that the girl's mother, or some of her family, had sympathized with her about the 'awful shame' and burden of it, and had probably suggested that she would rather see John 'in his grave.'

It turned out that Kingston's malady, his quirk, his cross-circuiting of cerebral-lingual wires, was no worse a problem to the psychiatrists than a case of double vision would have been for the oculists. Learning this took all the fear out of both of them, and with it the embarrassment and shame. Curing him was going to take a year or so, but by February his wife was coming Wednesdays and Fridays, as cheerful and familiar as you please, helling the rest of us, asking about our progress, and talking of John's case as freely as if he had been having a broken elbow straightened or his ribs mended.

Most visitors — wives, mothers and fathers, friends — went through the same stages. In the end, visitors made friends among themselves, and fraternized on the suburban trains coming out, sharing taxis from the village station up to our hill, telling the conductor, the news-stand man, the Greek at the fruit store, all about it when they asked, 'How's your patient?'

The town was proud of the place and friendly toward it. It brought the town's only fame, and a lot of business. A friend of mine tells me that one day when she was in the doldrums about me her taxi driver said: 'Don't you worry, lady; I've seen 'em taken up there in a net or on a stretcher, and I've seen 'em come out in a year or so driving their own cars to start on a new honeymoon.'

(To be continued)

THOUGHTS ON UTOPIA

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

THE first Utopian enterprise that I ever encountered was the one called the Kingdom of Heaven; such being, I suppose, the experience of many youngsters in my time, probably most of them. The project interested me mildly, although its specifications, as I remember, were rather vague. I never had them laid down to me in a dogmatic way, for the contemplation of heaven had no great part in the discipline of my bringing-up, and my information about it was got, for the most part, casually. My mother's family were chiefly responsible for this, as they had most to do with me in my early years. Originally they were French Protestants who had somehow managed to get out of Rochelle ahead of the sheriff in 1688, and crossed to America. Three generations of them were on earth in my childhood; I am now, I think, the last survivor, or almost the last. I was acquainted with some eighteen or twenty out of the lot, and I remember them now as being, without a single exception, the most clear-minded, free-thinking people I ever knew; and at the same time, with all their force of intellect and force of character, they were also the most gentle-spirited. More than anything, I believe, it was their immense humor that kept them free from any taint of hardness, pettiness, intolerance; they all had the saving grace of humor in the utmost abundance, and apparently it enabled them

to look objectively, disinterestedly, at every concern of human life, no matter how intimate. I remember well my grandfather's quizzical gaze at two of the younger girls who were breathlessly bustling over some festivity in the local church. 'I declare, children,' he said, 'you seem to be serving God to-day as if the devil were in you.' Deeply religious as my mother's people were, they were staunch individualists in religion as in everything else; they were dead against authoritarianism, wherever found. They maintained the inalienable right of private judgment on all that goes on in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. They maintained it with the considerate tolerance becoming to a race of gentlefolk, but there was no doubt about their maintaining it. The old Creole gentleman in Cable's story brought their spirit before me very vividly when he said, 'Remember, my boy, that none of your family line ever kept the laws of any government or creed.'

Hence I can recall no pressure on me to take stock in the heavenly Utopia, or even any deliberate effort to make the prospect of going there especially attractive; so, naturally perhaps, I thought little about it. The essential feature of the heavenly society, as I understood it, was that everybody would be happy there; but as I thought myself quite happy where I

was, this did not impress me particularly. As I remember, it was the geographical basis of heaven that most took my fancy. I had picked up the idea somewhere that this consisted mostly of gold and precious stones, which I thought would make a fine display, such as would be worth seeing. I also had a leaning towards the musical features of the celestial organization, for I had a great love of music and had been brought up amidst a most excellent practice of the art; with one exception, every member of my family on both sides was a good musician. I had no curiosity, however, concerning any other qualities or conditions of the heavenly life, and did not speculate about them.

Later, however, when I was sixteen or so, I began to be conscious of certain anomalies. I had always understood in a general way that to get into heaven one must be good. This seemed reasonable, and I was all for it; but now I began to see the need of a little more specific information about the nature of goodness. The entrance-requirements, as officially understood and accepted, seemed largely arbitrary, and for the most part incompetent; and hence they were bound to result in discriminations that appeared to me unfair. My personal associations at the time sharpened my sense of this. The people in our little community who most interested me were those whom the religious element put down unqualifiedly as men of sin. They drank, and I am afraid they swore, and dark hints passed among the elect that, like the hero of Bret Harte's little tale, they 'useter go round with per-miscuous wimin'; and it was accepted *semper ubique et ab omnibus* that if they did not repent — which they seemed in no way whatever of doing — they would go to hell.

Circumstances put me close under the wing of these persons for some time;

the point was that they saw in me a promising candidate for eminence in the realm of baseball, and were bent on developing my talents for the good of the local team, which, as bush-league teams went in those days, was a first-rate one. They were all much older than I; I suppose the difference averaged as much as ten years. They were bad men, so everybody said, yet the odd thing was that they were so unfailingly good to me; good, that is, even in the conventional sense. They watched over my manners, habits and morals with a much more lively and friendly concern than the elect displayed.

They cautioned me that liquor was a bad and dangerous thing, quite unnecessary; one got on much better without it; they themselves lifted in a little once in a while, but it was something I should leave strictly alone. Swearing was a low habit, nothing to be proud of, and while they themselves turned out some pretty artistic profanity on occasion, they did not want to hear any of it from me under any circumstances whatever. So it went, throughout all the categories of morals and manners; if I showed signs of going off the rails at any point of decent and gentlemanly behavior, I heard about it on the spot. I will say for them that they were curiously careful, too, to give me as good an example as they could manage to improvise on short notice; when I was around they pretty well did their best to make a fair showing. I have always led a very temperate life, often bordering on the ascetic; and I mention this, not by way of putting on airs about it, for I have done it by pure choice and preference, but merely to show cause for my wondering, as I look back, how much of the credit for that preference — if there be any credit — is due to the strange admonitions of the strange beings with whom for two years I played ball, fished, swam and

hobnobbed in Mr. Webster's 'days of real sport,' so long ago.

Among the elect, on the other hand, there were many who were thoroughly good, when measured by the criteria which my mother's family had set; these being the standards that I instinctively applied, and the only ones, really, that I knew and could use. The elect comprised others, however, for whose presence on the roster I could not account, except that they came up to a set of formal requirements which the scandalous and ungodly did not meet and seemed to make a point of not meeting.

There was, for example, Elder T., who earned his way by secular pursuits, some of which were said to be of a dubious nature, but carried on a collateral line of itinerant preaching in Baptist churches. He wore a gray goatee beard, shaped like a paintbrush; his eyes seemed faintly phosphorescent, like the eyes of a dead mackerel in the dark; and he had deep furrows down each side of his nose, which gave his face the fixed expression of one who smells a stench. Most people were against the Elder, freely saying that he was meaner than soapweed, and that they would not trust him alone in a room with a red-hot stove. Even apart from these little peculiarities, he was far from being what one would call a popular idol. I remember well the thick cloud of despondency that settled on the whole population when it was made known that what Mrs. Malaprop called 'an unscrupulous Providence' had 'permitted the biggest maskalonge ever taken out of our favorite fishing-ground to be hooked by the Elder. Enraged eyewitnesses said that he was out only a few yards from shore in a very light canoe — canvas, I think, though it may have been a light cedar clinker — fishing for panfish in three or four feet of water, with a borrowed tackle. When the maskalonge took his

hook it frightened him so that he dropped his pole, but the reel caught under a thwart. The drag happened to be on, and by some miracle the line held; it ran out full, meanwhile communicating motion to the boat, and the maskalonge snaked the terrified Elder hither and yon until some of the boys put out from shore, and after a very pretty fight brought the fish in; it weighed forty-five pounds. This episode was regarded as a stain on the community. What most distressed our inveterate old professors of the sport, like Andy L. and Fred C., was that the wretched man had never dropped a hook in water before in all his life; this seemed the very last refinement of cosmic injustice. At first there was talk of taking some sort of reprisals on the Elder, but nothing was done.

A general view of the Elder, and of others whose case seemed as anomalous as his, made it clear to me that sheer goodness had less to do with getting one into the heavenly Utopia than one would think reasonable. It was not enough to be good; the main thing was to be good by prescription. The Elder, for instance, was sound in doctrine, he did not drink, swear or even smoke, never played cards, gambled, danced, never cast a desirous eye on any feminine charm. Hence he was certain of heaven; he could read his title clear. To me, however, the thought of prescription in any circumstances was utterly odious; and least of all could I reconcile it with the idea of any Utopia fit to live in. The men of sin did not employ prescription in their dealings with me, but always based their admonitions on grounds of reason; I could always see sense and wisdom in what they said. They did not tell me, for example, that swearing was by prescription sinful, and put one in jeopardy of hell; if they had, my instinct would have been to ask them

how they knew that. On the contrary, they told me that it was a low, offensive sort of practice that one had best get on without; and my instinct was to agree at once.

Thus, as between the Elder and the men of sin, I perversely decided that if sense and reason played any part in the management of Utopia, I would cheerfully trade off his chances for theirs, at a ratio of sixteen to one. Stark prescription impressed me as likely to open the way for great numbers of people who were, in any other view, wholly ineligible. I did not wish to be like them, even for the sake of all the benefits that prescription could confer, and I plucked up courage finally to make up my mind that a society so heavily adulterated would be far from Utopian. Many years afterward I ran across something by the old Rhode Island Quaker, Thomas Robinson Hazard, in his delightful *Jonnycake Papers*, that reflected my youthful sentiments exactly. A robber named Mount had been hanged near Kingston, and as was more or less the fashion in those days when executions were public, the occasion gave rise to a sermon. Mr. Hazard says:—

So far as I have learned, it may have been Elder Northup, or some other minister of one of the numerous out-branching sects of the Baptist persuasion, who performed the last sacred duties for Mount. The reverend gentleman's remarks on the occasion were generally held to be singularly appropriate and highly consolatory to the criminal, who, he declared, having repented and made a good confession before God's appointed minister, would doubtless be ushered into immediate glory as soon as the soul left the body; closing with a strong appeal to all present to go and do likewise with the sainted man about to suffer for Christ's sake and the good of his fellow-creatures, that they too might reap his reward, and like him, enter at once into the kingdom of heaven.

As the Elder closed his eloquent dis-

course, most, or all, present shed tears, excepting old Sim Hazard, who was heard to mutter to himself that if his 'getting into heaven turned upon his becoming a damned thief, then they might set him down as one bound for hell.'

II

The Utopian projects that came under my observation in later life were of a secular character; some of them had a religious flavoring or sugar-coating, but they were mostly mere naïve attempts at realizing an imaginary state of society on earth. About the time I have referred to, however, while I was still a lad, I ran across a curious group or sect of human-perfectibility people who, I suppose, might be said to have contemplated a sort of quietist Utopia. Their leader was an illiterate enthusiast, apparently quite innocent-minded and sincere. When in later life I read Turgenev's little masterpiece called *A Strange Story*, it brought him back to mind. He did not exploit his followers or lay any kind of exactions on them, even though a few of them were pretty well-to-do. He pretended to be able to work miracles; people said, though I do not know how truly, that he had pretended to be able to walk on water, as Jesus did on the Sea of Galilee. Some of the boys heard of this and tossed him in the lake one day, which I remember thinking was rather a poor thing to do, since the man seemed never to have done anybody any actual harm. As I remember, he did not even proselytize; his disciples found their own way to him, and passed the word around among others.

His followers appeared to find their peculiar belief rather comforting. They were uneducated persons, weak-minded, and their simple creed suited them. They went a long step ahead of Rousseau, Condorcet, Price, Priestley—indeed, ahead of all who had ever dallied with the notion of human perfecti-

bility. They were sure not only that perfection was attainable, but that they had attained it. I never heard of their having any preliminary discipline, or any more elaborate creed; they merely persuaded themselves that they were perfect and could do no wrong, and that was all there was 'to it.'

What chiefly struck me about these people was the sense of finality which their belief induced. They were perfect, so what more was there to do? Why read? Why think? Why do anything but the daily task whereby they lived? I never saw people more completely divested of any sense of responsibility to anybody, or for anything. This must have made more impression on me than I was aware of at the time, for always afterward my recollections of it came back promptly when I was considering the peculiarities of other persons engaged in the projection or promotion of Utopian ideas.

Presently I went to college, where I read Greek and Roman literature under the supervision of able and arbitrary persons who seemed to think that proficiency in this pursuit was the chief end of man. Here I encountered Plutarch's *Life of Lycurgus*, with its fine picture of the Utopia which that dignitary introduced into Sparta. This was no imaginary commonwealth like the one projected by Plato, which I had already put in good hard labor on examining, and which, if the truth must be told, I found a little dull, despite the fascinations of the pure Attic style. Plutarch's Utopia, on the contrary, purported to be historical; it was the real thing as it had actually existed, and I was prepared to respect it accordingly. I became convinced, however, that Plutarch was press-agenting Lycurgus a little too handsomely, and I presently discovered that authorities like Aristotle and Suidas bore out this notion. Nevertheless Plutarch's account was interesting,

even if one took it subject to the regular discount, or a little better, and I therefore read it attentively.

Lycurgus established the New Deal in Sparta on the right idea; he believed in keeping his people poor, and his success seems to have been without precedent. He was the greatest leveler on record. Other rulers have managed to keep most of their people broke most of the time, but in Sparta everybody was broke all the time. Lycurgus did not need any Brain Trust to help him further this excellent enterprise; he was all the Brain Trust there was, and he was enough. He did not fiddle around at nicking partial values off the basic currency-unit; he devalued the whole currency right down to zero at one stroke, and substituted iron money so heavy that if by some miracle a Spartan accumulated a bank-roll of \$165, he had to have a two-ox team to carry it around. Hence, obviously, Lycurgus had no trouble with predatory bankers; also he had no trouble about foreign exchange, for foreigners would not handle his money on any terms whatever, regarding it with what Homer finely calls 'asbestos laughter,' *ἀσβεστος γέλως*, which perhaps might be construed to mean the horse-laugh.

As an exponent of collectivism, Lycurgus must have made Marx, Engels, Lenin, et al., look like bush-leaguers. With him the State was collectivist to a degree that made the individual's status determinable only by algebra. He had prescription down to what one might really call a fine point; and as for 'social legislation,' it seems to have been his specialty. Nobody could have any ornaments or even any clothes to speak of. Lycurgus believed in nudism on moral and social grounds as well as on hygienic grounds; Plutarch's observations on this point are worth the attention of those who are interested in such matters nowadays, as are also his observations on

the arrangements instituted by Lycurgus for a sort of quasi-companionate or tandem marriage. Sumptuary laws extended even to haircutting; everyone had to have the same style of haircut. One could not wiggle out of compliance with Lycurgus's regulations by the aid of resourceful shysters; nor, on the other hand, did Lycurgus need a pliant contortionist judiciary to validate his incursions upon the liberties of the subject. The subject had no liberties, and there were neither lawyers nor lawsuits in Sparta — though prescription would seem to have been unnecessary on this latter point, for with everybody hopelessly busted, there was really nothing on which to found a lawsuit. Plutarch sums up the situation by saying that 'no man was allowed to live as he pleased, the city being like one great camp, where all had their fixed allowance and knew their public duty.'

So this was Utopia! This was the sort of collective existence that Spartans were supposed to like and be proud of! Perhaps they did like it; they may have done so, though Plutarch does not say specifically that they did. Knowing, however, that in such cases there is no great chance for dissenting opinion to find its way into history, I suspected that there might have been some few who in the long run became a trifle bored by the conditions of life in Lycurgus's Utopia. At any rate, I was sure that if I had been offered a chance at the smooth-running perfections of his Utopian régime, I should have civilly desired to be excused.

One thing remained with me permanently from my perusal of Plutarch. I observed with particular interest his saying that the Spartan system was philosophically perfect; that is, the way Lycurgus ran things was precisely the way that philosophers would say they should be run. He remarks that while the laws of Lycurgus remained in force, 'Sparta was not so much under

the political regulations of a commonwealth, as under the strict rules of a philosophic life.' This observation could not be read without certain misgivings of a very serious nature; but Plutarch goes even further. He says that Lycurgus 'produced a most inimitable form of government; and by showing a whole cityful of philosophers he confounded those who imagine that the much-vaunted strictness of a philosophic life is impracticable.' I perceived then that if Plutarch was right about this, I had laid up another valuable criterion for future use, in addition to those I had garnered from previous observation. I had already made up my mind that my first test of any proposed Utopia would be a measure of its attitude towards prescription, and my second would be a very close measure of the sort of people whom it qualified for membership. Now that Plutarch had given me a line of direction on the kind of thing one might expect from philosophers if they were given a free hand, my third care would be to see how many of these gentry were on the board of managers.

III

For many years after my dealings with Plutarch I did nothing with Utopias except by desultory reading. At one time or another I dipped into More, Bacon, Cabet, Campanella, and so on down to Edward Bellamy and Mr. H. G. Wells, but I was not much interested in any of their proposals. The application of my three tests immediately raised a thick mist of fictitiousness and improbability about them which hid their merits. Even the demi-semi-Utopian projects of social reform and improvement that were rife among us in my earlier years went hard aground on one or another of my three criteria, or pretty regularly on all three at once. How many, many, of these

enterprises there were in those days, and how fearfully in earnest they all were!—and, Lord, where be they now?

I saw the Uplift in all its protean forms, I think, from the endowed foundation down to the college settlement. I witnessed the impassioned advocacy of the Square Deal, the initiative, referendum and recall, the direct primary, the Wisconsin Idea, proportional representation, arbitration treaties, the World Court, the League of Nations, and the devil and all of other devices directed towards some kind of millennial outcome. I saw the crusades of Bryan, Coin Harvey, Coxey, and I have a vague recollection of the searchings of heart caused by Senator Pepper and the Populists; I even remember a couple of stanzas of newspaper-verse that dates from this last period—how is it that such trash manages to fix itself so firmly in a boy's memory that one is like to remember it forever?

I am Pepper, Pepper, Pepper,
From the wild and woolly West,
And I have so many whiskers
That I never need a vest.

I am Pepper, Pepper, Pepper,
And the breezes always sing
When they meet me; to my sluggers
They don't do a blessed thing.

All these enterprises showed me plainly that the social and political reformer's main dependence is on prescription; it is the sinful Tammany ward-boss, whose knowledge of fundamental humanity is as 'extensive and peculiar' as Sam Weller's knowledge of London, who does not employ it. Back in the days of Roosevelt the First and the Square Deal, I remember, when the forces of righteousness were on their way to Armageddon to fight the battle of the Lord in the hifalutiniest, hymn-singingest political convention ever held in America, I worked out a bit of

rough mathematics which showed that the ordinary citizen had something like seven times more margin of existence to dispose of as he pleased than he would have if the various proposals of the liberal and progressive reformers were carried into effect.

The only reformer abroad in the world in my time who interested me in the least was Henry George, because his project did not contemplate prescription, but, on the contrary, would reduce it almost to zero. He was the only one of the lot who believed in freedom, or (as far as I could see) had any approximation to an intelligent idea of what freedom is, and of the economic prerequisites to attaining it. At the end of his book called *Progress and Poverty*, a work on fundamental economics, he sketches out a prospectus that I suppose is detailed enough to give him a place in the goodly fellowship of Utopia-builders, and I dare say that in the course of a few thousand years, say thirty or forty, it might be realizable. Although my lifetime overlapped the latter part of his career, I was too young to take much note of what went on in public affairs, so I really knew nothing of him at first hand, and never even saw him. It now seems clear, however, that he regarded himself as primarily an evangelist or crusader for a cause, and by taking his doctrine into politics, and making alignments with disaffected groups representing other causes which were really alien to his, he brought his own cause into a disrepute from which it has never recovered. One is immensely tickled to see how things are coming out nowadays with reference to his doctrine, for George was in fact the best friend the capitalist ever had. He built up the most complete and absolutely impregnable defense of the rights of capital that was ever constructed, and if the capitalists of his day had had sense enough to dig in

behind it, their successors would not now be squirming under the merciless exactions which collectivism is laying on them, and which George would have no scruples whatever about describing as sheer highwaymanry.

Now, finally, when I had thought I was quite done with Utopias and Utopians, I find myself once more taking up my old post of observer, and surveying the impressive programme of the New Deal, which leads, so we are told, straight onward to the proletarian goal of the More Abundant Life. I had already looked over some specifications of the proletarian Utopia; Shakespeare puts them into the mouth of Jack Cade as a bid for the suffrage of the many-headed. They are so well worth a thoughtful perusal at the present time that I venture to cite them.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops,¹ and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king . . . there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

—II *King Henry VI*, Act iv, Scene ii

Applying my three tests to the New Deal's prospectus, one must see, I think, that it contemplates prescription carried to a degree that would win the admiring respect of Lycurgus himself. In the second place, if we are to be thus dragooned into the More Abundant Life, it strikes one as reasonable that one should ask for a much more prepossessing and much less disingenuous set of drill-sergeants, and also for a prospect of better company when we

get there. When one thinks of even the most distant and formal association with Mr. Farley, Mr. Long, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Townsend, and their chief collaborators, the More Abundant Life seems hardly worth having at the price. In the third place, the scheme of the New Deal is said to have been worked out by philosophers; and after my vicarious experience with the architectonics of a philosophers' Utopia in Sparta and elsewhere, I for one would regard it *a priori* with the most profound distrust, and with no expectation whatever but that it would turn out much as it appears to be doing.

If, in fact, the More Abundant Life, or any other Utopian project, were realizable only under such guidance, by force of such associations, and on such philosophic principles, one is bound to question whether it would be worth the wholesale sacrifice of fundamental integrities that assent to these involves. One of the Church of England's really great prelates in the last century was Richard Whately, the redoubtable and uncompromising archbishop of Dublin. As things turned out, it seems strange that in his earlier days he collaborated with Newman on a textbook of logic; stranger still, perhaps, that he lent a hand with Heber at composing one of the very few English hymns that have any actual poetic quality. Whately had a Scots Calvinist servant-maid, with whom he used to amuse himself now and then by dragging her into argument about the probable number of the elect. He wound up one of these discussions, the last one they ever had, by telling her playfully that since she believed he was going to be damned anyway, the matter was hardly worth talking about. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'indeed I believe nothing like that about your Grace. I firmly believe your Grace is going to be saved on account of your Grace's invincible

¹The ordinary drinking-mug or pot was of wood, with metal hoops which served as a sort of gauge of the contents. — AUTHOR

ignorance.'² It is said that the words were hardly out of her mouth before old Whately was jumping three feet high. He behaved in a most tremendous fashion for fully five minutes, staving around amidst the débris of his furniture, and declaring that he would rather his soul should be damned for ever and ever to thirty thousand wagonloads of black devils, than be saved on any such terms as those.

Even eternal salvation may conceivably come too high. It is conceivable also that national security and prosperity, even the continuance of a whole civilization, even a full realization of the More Abundant Life, might come too high. This thought occurred to me the other day when someone gave me to read a perfervid plea for the New Deal, by one of its principal fuglemen. A more disreputably disingenuous document I never saw; and I thought then that if the country had to be saved by such despicable misrepresentations of fact, it had far better be let go to the dogs in an honorable and self-respecting way. I handed the article back to my acquaintance, and said nothing; there was really nothing to say. The best I could do was to recall the story of an unhappy Frenchman who had to listen to some such outpouring of peculiarly odious nonsense. He must say something; he must also be polite; he was in an impasse. '*Monsieur,*' he said, austerely, '*je me permets d'invoquer l'auguste ombre du Général Cambronne.*'

IV

When all comes to all, I am led to consider seriously, not whether this-or-that Utopia is practicable, but whether

² 'A man is said to be in a state of invincible ignorance if . . . after reasonable effort he is unable to arrive at certain knowledge.' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, ed. Hastings, vol. VII, p. 403. — AUTHOR

any Utopia is really desirable. Suppose a true Utopia could be worked out as a going concern, complete and perfect in every structural detail — well, how should we like it for warp and filling, and how long should we continue to like it? Would participation in it finally come to taking on the character of an endurance-test? Man's attitude towards perfection has always been strangely anomalous and inconsistent; he is feebly but persistently interested in perfection, tries feebly but persistently to realize it, and when he has succeeded in realizing what he thinks is some approximation to it, he is proud and contented for a while, then lapses into a vague dissatisfaction which he assuages by reverting to something distinctly imperfect, and glories in his shame. My enchanting friend Cassandre remarked the unflinching dominance of this instinct — for instinct it seems to be — when first she cast a clear Gallic eye upon our elaborate national apparatus of camps and dude ranches. 'You do all you can with your infamous machinery,' she said to me, 'to destroy and defile your wilderness, for the sake of adding to what you call your comforts. Then you adore your comforts and conveniences, and hold them up for other nations to copy, meanwhile living such an intolerable life that you escape from it when you can, and pay great sums for the privilege of enjoying a poor imitation of what you have destroyed.' Her reflections on our industrial and commercial Utopia (which was flourishing just then, and we were all delighting ourselves in its perfections) were undoubtedly severe; but there the facts were. Multitudes of people were going forth from comfortable homes at every opportunity, and sending their children forth, precisely as Cassandre said, à *grands frais*, to seek a palpably bogus counterfeit of the very discomforts that in my boyhood we used to enjoy

free gratis for nothing, and in limitless abundance.

Canis reversus et sus lota, says the Apostle, citing a proverb that was old when Jesus walked the earth; so old is this tendency in the disposition of mankind. I myself have known the Perfect Husband (yea, even, tell it not in Gath, have I known the Perfect Wife to do likewise) — housebroken, loving, assiduous, devoted, dutiful, oh, everything — who every now and then left a beautiful and accomplished spouse to hoe her own row at home, while he spent the evening in an unimpeachably innocent and decorous flirtation with some female who would barely escape the Chamber of Horrors on her looks, and could not hold a job in a steam-laundry on her intelligence. There is no accounting for such divagations; they simply exist, as part and parcel of the creature of a ‘large discourse, looking before and after.’ In the Club Anonyme the other day, one of the members was lifting up his voice in bitter grievance against the management — nothing suited him — when Bill McN. plucked my sleeve, and whispered, ‘Harry won’t be in heaven half an hour before you’ll hear him say, “Dammit, this gold hurts my feet.”’

Truly it would appear that the complaint of Gilbert’s captive king in *Princess Ida* was thrown up from the unplumbed depths of man’s noblest endowment, his indefeasible cussedness: —

Oh, don’t the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And is n’t your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

It is this noble endowment which makes things look a little dark for the prospects of any Utopia that human ingenuity can devise. One gets a pretty good idea of how dark they do look by reading Mr. H. G. Wells’s description of the Utopian hotel, where

everything one may wish for comes to pass at the mere touch of a button, and where all is done by machinery. The reader may be his own judge. Let him peruse that description slowly, thoughtfully, and with imagination — it amounts only to a page or two — then let him stand forth, and with his hand on his heart say truthfully how long he thinks he could stand living in that hotel.

Climates of opinion, climates of thought, taste, even of habit, seem to produce an effect of intolerable monotony if one be exposed to them for any great length of time, without the occasional relief of what someone, I think it was William James, so well called a ‘moral holiday.’ Speaking of the weather in a certain region, Mark Twain says that after two or three months of supreme contentment with the unfailing brilliant sunshine and exquisite mild air, one longs to watch dense black clouds sweep overhead, to hear the rain and hail drive down, with the thunder rattling and the wind roaring, and see the lightning strike somebody. Perhaps the spirit of man is a four-seasonal affair, sometimes even thriving on a goodish stretch of ‘in-between’; and a four-seasonal Utopia is something that no one has as yet been able to contrive.

It may be thought — indeed, it is often said — that the complexities of modern life, brought about through the exercise of our boundless faith in machinery, act as an anodyne; that they have pretty well deadened this recalcitrant disposition out of the present race of men, and supplanted it with a porcine acquiescence which may be trusted to keep them permanently content with the conditions of a material and mechanical Utopia. The influences tending that way are undoubtedly very powerful, and one should not underestimate them. Still, one must remember that they have

been at work but a relatively short time, that any essential change in this curiously tenacious nature of ours comes about far slower than one thinks, and also that each period — especially a period of great and rapid expansion — tends to regard itself as exceptional, and that the unfolding of time usually exhibits it as quite otherwise. In spite of appearances, I suspect that the same inveterate dissatisfaction will arise against the new Utopias that one could predicate as so certain to arise against the old; and that it will still be strong enough to honeycomb them, and in the end will break them down.

Perhaps this disposition has come about by the purely accidental interplay of blind and purposeless 'natural causes,' whatever those are; perhaps it may be satisfactorily interpreted in terms of more or less plausibly sublimated *Kraft und Stoff*, whatever those are. Any other line of interpretation is so much out of fashion just now that going back to Paley and the argument from design seems almost an impertinence; or going back to Goethe, who put it simply that 'if God had wished me otherwise, He would have made me otherwise.' Still, under the license so happily accorded to literature nowadays, no tabu is sacred, and no sensibilities are shielded from shock. I therefore take advantage of this license to suggest boldly that the reason why no Utopia can be permanently satisfying is that our adorable Creator, in His wisdom, and in His loving-kindness, and for purposes of His own devising, does not wish it to be so.

What those purposes are I do not know, and do not care to know. All that interests me, inasmuch as the Divine veto seems to be clamped down tight on all attempts to organize human society around the Utopian principle, is to discern, if I can, some other principle around which it might be organized to better purpose than its present organi-

zation manifests; and here, since I have already made the plunge into the unpopular terms of a decayed superstition, I shall continue to use those terms in discussing the only principle I have been able to hit on as possibly workable.

Whenever I survey a crowd of people, I am overpowered by a sense of the most prodigious, the most stupendous miracle that can conceivably be performed, even by omnipotence. What miracle can one imagine, comparable with the annual and regular turning-out of millions of human beings, guaranteed positively no two alike? I can think of none. By comparison with this, raising the dead, cleansing lepers, multiplying loaves and fishes, seem most insignificant. Well, but, here that miracle is, here those beings are, and their infinite variety suggests to me that their Creator is not working this continuous miracle merely to show what He can do when He tries, but that He has some pretty distinct idea in mind when He does it. The thing is, therefore, to hit on some principle of social organization that comes nearest to corresponding with the conditions which this miracle appears to impose.

The only principle I can think of as coming anywhere near filling this bill is one that we have never tried — freedom. We have tried everything else with no great success, so even as a 'flyer' or sporting venture, we might do worse than try freedom. It is fair to give warning, however, that a profitable application of this principle must go far beyond economic and political freedom, though these of course come first: economic freedom, meaning that each individual has free access to the primal source of his subsistence; and political freedom, meaning that government confines itself to exercising only the negative interventions of a *Polizeistaat*. But the prin-

ciple must govern all the relations of life; and the essence of its successful application is that freedom should never be felt as permissive. As an illustration of what I mean, I may cite the amenities that we practice daily; they are actually exercises in true freedom. As things stand now, for example, the vegetarian devours his vapid fodder in pleasant converse with the husky beef-eater; the red-licker Democrat and the grape-juice Prohibitionist drink together on the best of terms. Neither party feels that he is acting on sufferance; the whole point is that neither party really notices what the other's choice is. This is the index of true freedom; well, why not extend indefinitely our application of the principle that so largely governs our existing amenities? In New York the other day, a magistrate refused to commit two girls for appearing naked on the stage, saying that mere nudity does not

in itself connote a lewd performance. This is all very well, but one must see, I think, that the freedom which these girls now enjoy is purely permissive; it is freedom by prescription — that is to say, it is not freedom at all. True freedom in these premises would be found where, if the two walked naked on Fifth Avenue at noonday, no one would notice, unless quite casually or by afterthought, that they happened not to be wearing any clothes.

Whether in small matters or in great, the thoroughgoing application of this principle is, in short, an affair of the spirit; and while this principle is no foundation for a Utopia or anything remotely resembling one, it would seem to offer better terms for the organization of human society — terms corresponding much more closely with the nature of man — than those offered by any other principle of which we have knowledge.

STILL, NOT BY BREAD ALONE

BY M. BEATRICE BLANKENSHIP

I

EVERY Sunday morning Billy, aged thirteen, gets up *sua sponte*, dresses himself immaculately in his best clothes, voluntarily polishes his shoes, brushes his hair and his teeth without being reminded, and, with or without his breakfast, departs to a nine-thirty Sunday school. Francis, eleven, has brought the question of Sunday school to an open issue. He will go only if he is absolutely commanded to do so, and then only after a scene. Instead he prefers an hour's work around the house. This arrangement has endured six months instead of the three weeks which I mentally allowed it when Francis's growing reluctance to attend at last reached the stage of open rebellion. John Robert, at eight an avowed though regretful atheist, occasionally goes to Sunday school under protest; when he is actually there he always seems more interested in it than either of the other two.

This hit-or-miss attitude toward my children's religion satisfies no one, least of all myself. Rationalists condemn me for sending the children at all, and conservatives criticize me for not insisting that all three attend regularly. My attention was first called to the weakness of my *laissez-faire* policy by a young couple who, with their thoroughly uninhibited three-year-old daughter, lived for some time next door to me. When, during a discussion of religion, I admitted that all three of

the boys regularly attended Sunday school (which at that time they did), their expressions would have seemed appropriate on the face of a missionary learning that a Hindu mother had just flung her children to the crocodiles of the Ganges. Finally Mrs. Modern said:—

'Are n't you afraid that Sunday school will make the children terribly emotional?'

My hesitations about Sunday school have never been upon that score, and I replied that, in our church at least, Sunday school was no more emotional than a class in American history—an unfortunate comparison, since both parents instantly inquired if I accepted the Bible as historically accurate. When I answered that I did not so consider it, nor were the children so taught, they wanted to know what, then, was my object in sending the children to Sunday school at all? Up to that moment I had taken it for granted that my reasons were both adequate and definite, but when I attempted to formulate them they evaded me so completely that all I could think of was the incredible:—

'Because nearly all the nice people here send theirs.'

Instantly realizing that I was more to be pitied than blamed, the Moderns considerably changed the subject.

This incident made me think. I knew that I had real reasons for sending

the boys to Sunday school, but before I could determine definitely what they were I was forced to consider, first, exactly what I wanted 'religion' to mean to them, and second, how far their Sunday-school experience was developing that meaning for them. From the specific instance of this Episcopalian Sunday school and its relation to my three boys, I began to consider what part the church as a whole was playing in the lives of the children of to-day, whether it was taking its proper place — and still further, what that place ought to be. At once it became evident that these questions are as important to the church as they are to the children, for the church's very existence depends on what it comes to mean to Billy, Francis, John Robert, and their contemporaries. There seems very little question that either the church has failed my generation or my generation has failed the church, but the gap between our parents and our children is not too wide to bridge if only the church can discover the method by which that bridge can be built. One thing is certain. My children's world will differ greatly from that of my parents, and the church will have to find some method of adapting itself to this new world, since the children will never find adequate the beliefs which sufficed for the old.

II

Going back to my own specific problem, I finally worked out three reasons for sending the boys to Sunday school, two of them superficial, but the third of supreme importance. And since my problem confronts most parents, it is, perhaps, worth while to discuss these reasons. I have already said that my first reason for urging Sunday school upon the boys is superficial. It is perhaps a little worse than that, and I was surprised and somewhat dis-

gusted when I uncovered it. Nevertheless, I imagine that it is at the bottom of a good deal of Sunday-school attendance. Since the influential members of our small community are largely of the generation preceding mine, they nearly all belong to some church. As the school membership grows up, the boys who still hold to the church come in contact with the locally powerful older group as they certainly would not otherwise, unless, perchance, they were tennis aces or golf stars. When the time comes for these boys to look for jobs, they will be acquainted with the older business men to an extent which should prove helpful — at least to the boys. This reasoning is certainly not lofty, and would not in itself impel me to send the children to Sunday school, but I must admit that it does play its part.

My second motive is more creditable. I am most anxious that the boys should have something more than a speaking acquaintance with the King James Version of the Bible. Laying aside for the moment the value of its ethical or spiritual teachings, one must admit that some knowledge of this ancient literature is absolutely essential to any real education. I am far from being a Biblical expert, but what knowledge of the Bible I have is as integral a part of my background as my knowledge of the A B C's. There are certain facts one assimilates so unconsciously that one cannot remember when one did not know them: as, for instance, that fire burns, that water is a prime necessity of life, that night and day follow each other. Some familiarity with the Bible had always seemed to me one of these primal facts until a few years ago. I was teaching 'English' to four boys in their third year of college preparatory work. One of the required books was *Selections from the Old Testament*. I supposed that a week, or at the most ten days, spent in

refreshing their memories would be ample to enable them to pass any examination on it. To my amazement I found that these four boys — each from a family with at least three generations of education and cultivation behind it — knew less about the Old Testament than I do about diathermy.

I honestly believe that Adam and Eve were the only two characters whom all four could place with accuracy and assurance. Three of them knew nothing of the story of Cain and Abel. None had ever heard of the 'still small voice,' the Seven Plagues of Egypt, the Tower of Babel, or Sodom and Gomorrah. Three of them knew nothing of Samson and Delilah; the fourth, being musically trained, had gleaned something of the story from his acquaintance with the opera and was surprised and charmed to learn whence it originated! They had ideas, vague and mostly erroneous, about Noah, David, and Goliath. Their only knowledge of Moses seemed to be the old riddle about Moses and the light. One or two of them had heard of Daniel in the lions' den, but not one of them had ever heard of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego — nor did they ever get these names correct. All four constantly confused Isaac and Isaiah; Josiah, Hosea, and Jeremiah; Esau and Ishmael; Jezebel and Jael.

Their acquaintance with the Greek and Roman myths, though sufficiently sketchy, was far wider than their knowledge of the religious history of their own era. It really appalls me when I think of the wealth of literary allusion that must still pass over their heads. For even in this day of skepticism, books, magazines, and newspapers are filled with references to Biblical characters and events, and with turns of phrase taken directly from the Scriptures. Not to be able to catch these allusions is to be, in a way, intellectually color-blind; it must take

a great deal of vividness out of the literary landscape.

This second reason for sending the children to Sunday school, though still superficial, I consider valid, and if I had no deeper motive I should still urge attendance upon the boys in the hope that they might come upon some knowledge of the Bible. I can, of course, teach them myself and make sure of what they learn, but there are advantages in having them receive the same teaching as their friends. Natural and easy membership in a group is a necessity to a child, and anything that increases his security in his group is of value to him. Not all of Billy's friends go to his Sunday school, but most of them do attend one, and this community of Sunday-school experience helps to give Billy the feeling of his own quite definite place in the social system and goes far to make him the happily adjusted child that he is.

And now I come to my real reason for sending the children to Sunday school. As the kindergarten prepares the child for the larger and more disciplined world of school, so the Sunday school is intended to prepare the child for the larger and more disciplined world of the church. And since the Sunday school should lay the foundation on which the church will afterwards build, I shall use the terms 'Sunday school' and 'church' as synonymous. If the church is, as it should be, the logical agent to develop in the children some form of that spiritual life without which their social relationships and their intellectual background will count for little, I am anxious to have it an integral part of their lives.

It seems to me that the life of every individual focuses around two centres, one objective and one subjective. Fifteen or twenty years ago, the objective centre was the home and the family; the subjective centre was reli-

gion. Since the lives of the majority focused around the same two centres, life possessed a stability which to-day it lacks. Home was the core around which the family life revolved, and even where the house or the style of living changed, the home remained true to type. Nowadays family life is eccentric instead of concentric, and the fundamental stability of objective life is weakened. Worse still, subjective stability has for the most part been demolished. The discoveries of science have destroyed belief in the validity of the Biblical universe, and since most people seem unable to recognize that the existence of a Supreme Being does not necessarily depend upon the truth of any book, religious faith as the subjective core of life has tended to disappear almost completely.

And yet the church has remained. To-day it is approximately what it was twenty, thirty, fifty years ago, and this sameness is at once its strength and its weakness. In this ever-changing world there is a sort of comfort in the church's refusal to move with the times. It is always there in the background of our lives. 'On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake its sure repose?' When everything else fails us, we can always fall back on the church. Even if it, too, fails us, it is still the one unchanging thing in a fantastically shifting society. Its very conservatism makes a strong appeal to Billy and to those who, like him, enjoy regularity, formality, and the amenities of life.

III

To an increasing degree, however, I am forced to wonder whether the church is actually fulfilling its real function. It seems to be now only one of several objective centres — its place is on the outside of existence instead of at the very heart. Regularity and formality have their place in a well-

balanced life, but they are no substitute for belief in Some Thing or Some One so supremely important as to be at once the centre and the explanation of the universe.

In supplying this core, this faith in and understanding of the universe, the church seems to me to be failing the children exactly as it failed me. That is why I do not compel Francis and John to attend with Billy. If I thought that the church would solve for them some of the problems which perplex Francis and are an active trouble to John Robert, I should see to it that they went to Sunday school. But, and with pain I say it, to the questions that are so vital to a child's conception of the underlying justice of the cosmos, the church has only formal and stereotyped answers.

A few weeks ago we hardened our hearts and killed the two worthless young roosters which we had carefully refrained from making into pets. Gladstone, a magnificent Rhode Island Red warrior, will undoubtedly live out his chicken's threescore years and ten, and I thought it was understood that the other two should sooner or later be turned into dinner. Though the execution was accomplished in the very early morning, so that by the time Francis and John Robert came downstairs the victims had been plucked and dressed, and bore little resemblance to the living birds, the boys were very much distressed. The prospect of eating the fowls brought with it the question propounded by John: 'Why do people have to eat meat anyway?' He went on to say that the very fact of people's eating meat was a proof that there was n't any God. If there was, or if He was a good God, He would n't let people kill animals just to eat them. I found out then that Francis's distaste for meat was due to his feeling that meat eating was cruel rather than to a dislike of it.

Somewhat hesitantly I reminded the boys that animal life completely unchecked would increase far too rapidly and overrun the earth. This statement they both instantly took up, Francis asking why God fixed things that way, while John pointed out that that alone showed there could n't be any God.

Years ago I, like most children, had been troubled by these same doubts. The orthodox relative to whom I voiced them assured me that God had made the animals for man's use, so that man had a right to kill them and eat them, though not to be cruel to them. To my childish mind, as to John's and Francis's, it seemed as if killing and eating animals might be considered to constitute cruelty in its first form, and a feeling of some essential universal injustice has remained with me from that day to this. The eternal *why* of birth, death, cruelty, pain, and sorrow is as old as the mind of man, and as new as the agonized first breath of a baby. The church's old formula, 'It is the will of God,' sufficed a generation which accepted the dictum that His will was neither to be understood nor to be questioned, but it has not sufficed my generation, and still less will it satisfy the coming one, partly, perhaps, because our children have had the beauty of love and of kindness more emphasized than the worth of the sterner virtues on which our parents were brought up. I do not believe that it is impossible to find a satisfactory answer to the persistent *why*, but I am positive that the old formula is worse than useless; yet, so far as I can learn, it is still all that the church has to offer. There are a few fortunate people to whom the universe presents no problem, and to this few Billy seems to belong. It is a little ironic that he, the only one of the three who has no need of the church, should be the only one who shows a

real liking for it. But Billy asks nothing of the church save that it should be there, while Francis and John apparently demand more satisfactory answers to their doubts than the church is able to afford them. I do the best I can with their problems, since the responsibility for a satisfactory solution falls upon me as well as upon the church — but the latter is supposed to know the answers. In fact, its *raison d'être* is to solve such questions, — to adjust man to his universe, — and if it fails in this it fails to justify its existence.

Never in the nearly two thousand years of its history has that existence been so threatened as it is to-day. Our rector told me not long ago that the average age of his adult membership — or possibly it was his vestry — was seventy years. He said that as the older members died it became a more and more pressing problem to find others who would fill their places and carry on the work until the present Sunday-school generation was of an age to take it over. What is true of our parish is, I understand, true of others also. Now, as I have already said, unless the church manages through the Sunday school to make itself spiritually necessary to our children, — which it does not seem to be doing, — unless it can somehow open up before them the vision of the beauty and happiness of the life that is enriched and perfected by faith, its days are numbered, and this at a time when there never was greater need of something to lead the world out of the spiritual Slough of Despond into which it has fallen.

IV

Since my generation now recognizes that some form of spiritual life is a necessity, why do we not try to develop it through the organization which we already have? Why is there an increasing tendency to leave the church to its

fate? Is it because, as we frequently see stated, the old teachings have turned out to be worthless, the old virtues have proved to be vices? Is it because the entire edifice of religious thought has been founded upon a quicksand and now lies in a ruin so utter that an entirely new philosophy of life must be built up? Is the flaw inherent in the ideal on which the church was founded, or is it a weakness in the working out of that ideal?

If *any* form of deism is only a fallacy due to wishful thinking, if all conceptions of survival are 'escapist theories,' then the church should, and will, perish. If the conception that there is some Supreme Intelligence working behind the universe is nothing but a mental crutch, too much dependence on which will keep my boys from attaining their full mental stature, then by all means let us throw away that crutch and devote our utmost energies to building up that new philosophy which our young disillusionists are demanding.

But if, on the other hand, the church represents man's highest aspirations, man's groping — at times feeble and blind, along closed alleys — toward a better working out of an immortal destiny; if any of the beliefs formulated by the church embody the best and most profitable of humanity's experiences on the long upward march from the primeval slough, then for the sake of our children let us do what we may to waken the church from that 'sure repose' which has already held it too long, and, while there is yet time, rouse it to the tremendous opportunity confronting it. The church must go forward or perish.

Before we can determine how the church should advance, we must look back and see when and where it first began to lose step with the onward march of civilization. I think the trouble began somewhere in the late

eighties or early nineties. The discoveries of science which more and more tended to prove the Hebrew cosmogony as erroneous as that of the Egyptians or the Greeks resulted in a general falling away from the church. Feeling that it was losing its people, the church, instead of endeavoring to alter its limited conceptions of the universe to agree with the new knowledge, fell into the mistake of trying to hold its congregations by demanding less of them. And, as is almost invariably the case in any human relationship, the less it demanded, the less it received.

Religion has been most vital and compelling in the lives of its adherents when belief and support were most difficult and dangerous. It cannot be denied that those churches of to-day which have the strongest hold on their followers are the ones which make the greatest demands. For human nature, and especially young human nature, is so constructed that it does not desire or hold dear the easy thing. It demands to be challenged, not to be reassured. It does not ask that the road to salvation shall be smoothed or that the spiritual life shall be also the easy one. It asks only that whatever goal it seeks shall be worthy. And it is the tragedy of my generation that the goals on which we have for the most part expended our best effort have proved not worth the attaining.

All through history men have fought and died for the faith that was in them — and when they were most apt to be called on to die for their beliefs they were most apt to live by them, which is harder. If the leaders of the church could only have challenged my generation to be Christians instead of coaxing us, we should not so easily have slipped away. The life lived in accordance with Christ's teachings is spiritually satisfying. It is also sufficiently difficult to arouse the soul most ardently

desiring emprise, and, even though the church had maintained its Jewish universe, it might still have held us if it had only challenged us with its insistence on Christ's teaching. But the church was insistent upon the word, and the spirit was overlooked. In fact, we became so sure that the spirit did not exist that we did not bother about it. The world was so full of a number of things to occupy our time and attention that we tried now this, now that. If we could not live by bread alone, there were cake and jam and all the fruits of the earth to go with it. We became rationalists, materialists, hedonists. We had but one life to live, and but one object of importance to attain — happiness, mostly through self-expression. There are some of us who still hold to this most cheerless of philosophies; there are more who, like a friend of mine, go through life as 'a person walking blindfold along a cliff — trying to hold on to my family and a few other individuals, never seeming to realize that something may hurl one of them or myself over the edge at any moment.'

Then there are those like myself, who realize that cake and jam suffice no more than bread alone to meet a spiritual crisis. We have learned that the complexes caused by too much repression of natural impulses are no worse than, and not so frequent as, the neuroticism and hysteria caused by our vaunted freedom. In short we have learned that, though the letter killeth, the spirit, nevertheless, liveth. Hoping to save our children from our groping, we are searching, more for them than for ourselves, for a faith around which the life of that spirit can centre — a faith difficult enough to present the challenge that youth demands, powerful enough to transfigure the world, and wide enough to include the knowledge afforded us by science. Before attempting to build up a new phi-

losophy of our own, we are turning back to the churches of our fathers. But it seems to me that with a few notable exceptions — of whom justice compels me to say that our own brilliant and farsighted rector is one — the clergy, whose very existence depends on their taking the lead in religious thought, are trailing along in the rear of the procession. Like Lot's wife, their heads are turned over their shoulders looking backward. Still, instead of the illimitable universe pointed out to them by science, they see only a world neatly bounded by the book of Genesis. If the heavens of the Old Testament declared the glory of God, how much more so do the microcosms and the macrocosms of the scientific textbooks of to-day. Though science may have altered our conception of the cosmos, it has in no wise detracted from the awe and mystery inherent therein.

A sense of that inherent awe and mystery is one of the things which, regardless of doctrines or of the Thirty-nine Articles, the church might give to the young. And this brings me to the question: what exactly do I think that the church should do for children? What have I a right to expect them to learn in Sunday school that I myself cannot teach them? To begin with, I think that the church might well ground them in the Bible, though if it prefers to leave such instruction to the parents and to the secular school I shall not complain, provided only that I know what to expect in this matter.

The second thing I should very much like to see the church undertake in the children's behalf is a very simple historical study of religion, showing how and why it developed. If the church could only trace religious development, pointing out the good in each of the great faiths and showing how each fulfilled some need of some

particular time and place, the children would come by a far better understanding of the part religion has played in the history of civilization than they are apt to acquire in any other way. It is easy enough for me to read the Bible to the children, but to trace for them the development of religious thought requires far more specialized knowledge than I possess, and for this teaching I shall have to rely on some outside agency, which might logically be the church.

But the church may teach the children no more of the Bible than it does of solid geometry; it may never even hint to them that there are faiths other than Christianity; and yet if it can only help them in a third direction, all else will be forgiven it. If it can only instill into my boys a belief in and a slight understanding of a spiritual world, if it can somehow make clear to them the real beauty which still lies in holiness, if it can help them to understand what constitutes a 'good' life, and to realize that the 'good' life is the only happy

one, then its duty to them will have been nobly fulfilled.

To do this the church must develop a faith which this generation can accept, and around which they can centre their lives. If the church will only lay aside the primitive conceptions which it has inherited from the time of Ur of the Chaldees and emphasize the simple and lofty doctrines of Christ which do not conflict with our modern knowledge; if it will present the Christian life as the highest possible challenge and the worthiest possible goal, it may come to hold in our children's lives an even higher place than it held in our fathers'. If the church will only accept the discoveries of science and turn them, as I believe they can be turned, to a loftier and more intellectually satisfying conception of deity than any we have yet known, then perhaps our children may at least be spared the bitterness of looking in anguish to God for help and finding only the night of eternal space and the blankness of despair.

TEN YEARS IN THE FIRST FORM

BY SACHA GUITRY

I CANNOT claim to have been a model schoolboy, and this is why: I am not one of those who spent ten years in the same school. It needed no less than eleven institutions — *lycées*, private schools, academies — to bring me to my university years. (I do not say to university matriculation; I say *years*.) The most striking feature of my career in school is that I could never get beyond the first form. I stayed there until I was eighteen years old. The reason is very simple. In all schools, custom demands that the new boy go into the form he has just passed through in the previous educational establishment. Now I, having changed schools eleven times, spent ten terms in my first form.

It is n't that I want to boast of having been a deplorable student, but I may as well relate my experience of these matters, particularly by way of justifying the occasion I shall take to say what I think of education as it is practised in France — and doubtless in other countries as well.

I

In 1891, being six years old, I was placed with Monsieur de Saint-Ange Bautier, at 15, rue Saint-Ferdinand, in the Ternes quarter. This good man had no great pretensions to being an educator. He taught only reading and writing, and his pupils were necessarily all very young. He wore a long black

beard and gold-rimmed spectacles that seemed a part of his austere face. He never took them off altogether — I mean his spectacles. Now and then, in the course of class, he would raise them so that they rested on his pale forehead. This allowed him to wipe his eyes. Then with a brusque upward jerk of his eyebrows Monsieur Bautier would replace his spectacles on his nose and proceed with the lesson.

He seemed not to be in good health; his patience was limitless; and in all my life I have never known a sadder and gentler man than Monsieur de Saint-Ange Bautier. But we were not of an age to appreciate patience. As he questioned us ceaselessly, and as his questions were almost always the same, I took it into my head that the man could not possibly know or remember anything. He would ask us, 'How much are two and two?' 'Four!' we would answer in chorus. And I always said to myself, 'This makes three days in a row we've told him that, and he's forgotten it again.'

A blackboard hung on the wall behind his desk. We never went up to it; it was his private preserve. More slowly than one can imagine, he would draw long, carefully shaded letters on it in chalk. I imagine that nothing in the world gave him a more voluptuous feeling than the forming of those upstrokes and downstrokes. Young as we were, we sensed that this was his single joy on earth, and we respected it, in-

deed, as one respects all harmless manias and mute passions. We would watch him at the blackboard, feeling something one does not look for in children, but which was, I am sure, indulgence.

I had the impression — and though it may have been false it was quite definite — that he was particularly fond of certain amongst us. His affection displayed itself in a most curious manner. It seems to me that, knowing that his pupils were taken from him as soon as they had been taught the little he knew himself, he would neglect to teach those he preferred in order to keep them with him as long as possible. On the other hand, those he disliked would learn to read and write in three months. I stayed a year with him and was very proud of it.

This probably explained why, later, I looked upon teachers who tried to make me work as my personal enemies. And to this day, when I hear about a child that is 'backward,' I am secretly persuaded that he must be greatly loved.

II

The following year, in 1892, my hair was cut and I was sent to a lycée, Janson-de-Sailly, with full equipment and the compulsory uniform. The pride I felt in my new and novel clothes evaporated very soon. The collar fretted me; my boots were too heavy; my handkerchief seemed enormous; meanwhile, I felt smaller than ever. And besides, it had been dinned into my ears that I should be very happy to be going to a lycée as board pupil; I had been told too often that it was going to do me good: that worried me. Most of all, I was tormented by the thought of what sort of night I was about to live through.

My mother, my grandfather, and my grandmother drove me to school and turned me over to the headmaster. I

shall never forget that dreadful moment, in particular because my elders were quite unable to dissemble their emotion. They had tears in their eyes; and as they admonished me again and again to be 'a brave boy,' I ended by wondering if I was not being led to sacrifice, if I was not in danger of death, if I was ever to see them again. What was up? Why were they losing their self-possession? What was the reason for their suddenly embracing me wildly and apparently wanting to take me back home? Whose fault was it?

Well, here I am, locked up; this is the end; my mother and grandparents have left. First I am made to walk through interminable corridors. On the way, I drop my washing at the laundry, and I am led to my classroom — lower first. I am introduced to my classmates, and my Christian name instantly induces general hilarity. As a matter of fact, for five years my name in school was Pasha.

After class, we have a brief period of recreation in which I am asked every sort of question and made fun of. Then we dine: a horrible greasy soup; a dish of meat all tendons; green beans, and an orange. After dinner, recreation again, — so that we shall be sure to catch cold, doubtless, — and finally to bed.

The bed is not large, but Lord, how coarse and bristly the sheets are! An usher comes by and walks over to my bed. Is he about to scold me? No. He asks kindly if there is anything I need. I need too many things, and prefer therefore to say I need nothing — and thank him for his kindness.

Everybody is abed. There is a little whispering from cot to cot. The usher turns down the gas and goes on his round, saying, 'Hush! Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh!' as if he were seeking to imitate the sound of a railway train, though I am sure he is not.

That night I slept for the first time in my life in the same room with fifty boys of my own age — and I felt that I was sleeping alone for the first time in my life.

III

I was dismissed from Janson-de-Sailly for total incapacity, whereupon my mother placed me with the Fathers who conducted the Holy Cross Academy at 30, avenue du Roule, Neuilly.

What this meant was that in truth my mother had no great hopes for my future. I was a sluggish, absent-minded child, not discernibly intelligent, and my extreme gentleness must have been thought slightly hypocritical. This is probably why one of my mother's friends put into her head the notion that I was 'just the kind of child' to take orders, and why, also, everybody was at particular pains to say things in my presence that were intended to awaken the religious vocation in me. And yet in those days I was still without the Faith. I did n't get it until much later, until I had known several atheists.

My deplorable apathy in school began to be embarrassing as the time for the distribution of school prizes drew near. It was customary for every pupil to be awarded a prize, and all the ingenuity of the masters was employed in this little game. Nobody's susceptibilities were to be wounded; every family was to be contented. But what prize, what mark of honor, could be given a pupil like me, one who was two forms behind his years and remarkable for both disinclination to study and disobedience?

The great day was coming, and nothing had been invented that I could possibly justify. Even I began to worry. When I thought about the affront my relatives were about to be subjected to, I began to worry about the figure I should cut. I was certainly

going to be the only boy in the school not to get a prize. Actually, had it not been for the tormenting thought of my mother's distress, I might have been glad of the peculiar distinction I was about to enjoy.

The great day came. The assembly room, festooned for the celebration, was filled with people. On the platform, in red armchairs, sat sober gentlemen wearing decorations, an army captain, and a group of priests. At the right, upon, around, and between the legs of a small table, were books and books, all of them red and gilt-edged. Form by form the pupils sat, and behind them their parents and the servants of the dormitories and refectories.

Then came the distribution of the prizes: happiness for all, but shame for me and my relatives. The big boys came first. One of them, named Marcel Robinier, a second-form boy, was awarded seven prizes. How he was applauded! I remember that he could recite by heart twelve pages of the *De viris illustribus urbis Romae*. That boy is now a hairdresser. After the big boys came the little ones. It was already four o'clock. How swiftly the time had passed! Quick as a wink they had reached the first form — my form, as usual. Geography, drawing, mathematics, history — they went through the list. One after the other my classmates rose, crossed the room, mounted to the platform. Each received his gilt-edged book while the gentleman who presided smiled at his confusion and embraced him. Suddenly, oh miracle! Oh, incredible marvel! My name! I had heard my name! I could n't breathe! It was n't possible! Yet it was, for my classmates confirmed it by their amazement. And for the second time I heard, 'Sacha Guitry: second prize for gymnastics!'

They had finally found me something. A prize for gymnastics, though it was only the second prize, was cer-

tainly unexpected. It was my turn to walk the interminable length of the room. On the way, I passed one of the boys who had just received his prizes and was weeping with joy. His emotion was contagious, and by the time I reached the platform my knees were shaky and I thought I was about to faint.

'Come, my child,' said the chairman, holding out his arms. 'Come, you have won the second prize for gymnastics.' I went up the first three steps easily, but when I tried the next two my foot slipped, I lost my balance, and I went tumbling down to the foot of the platform. Shrieks, shouts, laughter, pandemonium: all in all a deplorable way of justifying an undeserved second prize in gymnastics!

IV

In 1896, when I was placed with the Dominicans at Arcueil, Father Didon's function there was certainly vague, but seemed highly important, though it passed when he did. He was not the head of the school; he was not a house-master in the school — he was its soul. It may be he did nothing, but he was everything. He looked like Coquelin senior — provided you did n't know Coquelin senior well. He was very tall, very big, and walked with an awe-inspiring and deliberate carriage. You never saw him except at a distance, hatless, and alone. He kept a carriage; not a very handsome carriage, perhaps; but when, of a winter evening, it crossed the grounds and we saw his face lighted up by the lamp inside the vehicle, we were very much impressed.

I spent a year and a half at Arcueil and have an unhappy memory of it. It was very cold, the food was very bad, the atmosphere was one of cells, and the lessons were given as if they were punishments.

My brother had been sent down from

Arcueil fairly quickly and my mother had put him in the Schlumberg private school in the avenue Bugeaud. He and I would meet at home on Sundays and spend the day together. He never failed to say to me, 'Why don't you get yourself thrown out of Arcueil? It's great at Schlumberg's!' From then on to do nothing was not enough for me: I tried doing everything that would induce them to send me down. But I could n't get them to do it. They would punish me, all right; but they would n't send me down.

One day I had what seemed to me a good idea — practically my first idea for a play. I left the classroom and went to the little house where Father Didon lived near the gate of the school grounds. A sort of office boy tried to bar my way, but I told him boldly that Father Didon had sent for me, and I knocked on the door of the study. He called, 'Come in!' and I went.

Father Didon was sitting at his desk, writing. He raised his head.

'What do you want?'

He spoke curtly, like a man who does n't want to be interrupted. I was a bit frightened, but I screwed up my courage, fell on my knees before him, and murmured: —

'Father, I don't believe in God any longer.'

It seemed to me that both his eyebrows flew away and I saw in his eyes a look of great astonishment, followed by an expression of the liveliest irritation. Then, calmly, very calmly, he let fall into the silence these words, these very words: —

'My child . . . we must believe in God. . . . We must . . . because, you see . . . God . . . God exists.'

And we looked steadily at each other for a few seconds.

Feeling that there was no reason why he should give me a more evident proof of the existence of God, he told me I could go. He did it in a tone which

left no room for argument. I got up from my knees. He rose. I grew very afraid. He accompanied me to the door — but not out of courtesy. It was so that he might say to his servant, 'Hereafter you will allow no pupils to come into my study.'

V

When I left the Dominicans at Arcueil — after going to a great deal of trouble to be sent down — I was taken home by a monitor who said, on the way, 'I envy you.' My mother sent me to join my brother at Schlumberg's, which he had said was 'great.'

Monsieur Schlumberg was an alcoholic pedagogue of German birth who had become a French citizen in order to found a cramming school to prepare students for Saint-Cyr, Polytechnique, and the other institutions of higher education.

There were thirty of us, ten board pupils and about twenty day pupils. I was a board pupil, as usual, but now I had my own room. What a joy it was to have a room to oneself! To ask other boys in and boil watery chocolate over an alcohol lamp! To be caught at it as we were one night by a reeling Schlumberg wearing a nightshirt and a top hat!

The teachers were Schlumberg himself, who taught German to the French boys and French to the Germans, and Messrs. Lassol and Henriet, who taught all the rest — history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, and so on. I was just out of the first form and went back into it — no novelty for me. Knowing that this was to be, I expected that I, who was now thirteen years old, would again find myself with children of seven or eight. I was mistaken, most happily. I was neither the oldest nor the most ignorant in my form. The oldest was thirty-seven and he was still learning about Louis the Eleventh.

I owe it to the truth to add that he was Greek, and stuttered, and seemed never to have got over the typhoid fever he had had as a child.

I might easily describe what Schlumberg's was; but I can do better than that. There was at Schlumberg's a yellow notebook, bound in boards, labeled 'Classroom Notes.' In this notebook Schlumberg and his assistants, and the ushers as well, kept a precise record of the behavior of the pupils — shall I say of their misbehavior? — and the punishment meted out. I have that notebook. I have it because I stole it. I stole it because my father, who knew it existed, once said he would like to read it 'at his leisure,' as he put it. I knew perfectly well what he wanted to do with it: he wanted to show it to his cronies — and they laughed hilariously over it. Perhaps you will laugh, too. I insist upon giving my word that I have not added or deleted so much as a comma in the following excerpts: —

November 8 (Study, 5 to 7 o'clock). — Parsons asleep; Wells dreaming; Williamson breaking nuts on the head of Zogheb, who is crying.

Friday, November 11. — Grose is making the class laugh by sticking out his tongue at the master, whose back is turned. During recreation, Zogheb is again out of his mind and shouting, while little Pierre, egged on by Zogheb, is shrieking at the top of his voice, 'Down with the Germans!'

Monday, November 14. — Parsons spent the morning in Grose's room with Barbier, both telling him they greatly admired the monkeyshines, wild gestures, and the rest of the pantomime which Master Parsons performed during the study period to-day. Grose went to Barbier's room at five o'clock and then to Wells's, where the two held a brief colloquy, following which Grose, Barbier, and Wells raised the devil in their study.

If you will bear in mind that Grose, Wells, Barbier, Parsons, Zogheb, and the others were children between the ages

of eight and twelve years, you will be better able to admire the imbecility of the masters whose business it was to educate us.

Thursday, 12th (Geometry class). — I ask Guitry why he does not attend the geometry class. In a matter-of-fact voice he answers: 'Sir, I have n't been able to come to terms with Monsieur Schlumberg on that question.'

Tuesday, 17th. — To-day Guitry has done neither his French lesson nor his mathematics lesson. He persists in doing as he pleases and in going to his room without permission. Wells disappeared after lunch. He went off on his bicycle without anybody's permission. Lipmann went out at one o'clock without permission and stayed away until five.

Tuesday, February 7. — During the 3.30 recreation period Wells walked the first-story window ledges facing on the courtyard.

Thursday, February 23. — Funeral of His Excellency the President of the Republic.

Nine o'clock class. — I was under the necessity of calling Wells's attention to an intolerable lack of decorum. Wells walked out.

Study, 5 to 7 o'clock. — Bloch minor refuses to work. He wrote only two lines of his composition in a whole hour. I am not satisfied with that pupil.

Thursday, March 2. — The Guitry brothers are careless about their compositions and their lessons. They read too many novels.

Wednesday. — The Guitrys do as they please. Neither of them has corrected the faults in his composition. Both are exceedingly slovenly in their work. Guitry major, when verse was dictated to him, went so far as to neglect to put it into verse form. I have no disciplinary means by which to bring these pupils to reason.

Saturday, March 25. — Wells was absent from Study this morning. He does n't know his lesson and refuses to learn it. Wells pretends he did not know that he was to have studied it. Despite the opposition of the rest of the class, he insists that he will not learn prose, that he is no more obliged to learn it than to learn poetry. I answer that if that is the way things are, he may as

well assume that he has the right to say whether he will attend class or not, which is impossible. Thereupon, on the pretext that I have put him out, he leaves and does not return.

I have already observed that Wells puts a good deal of meanness into his retorts.

That little added sentence about the meanness of the little boy's retorts struck me when I first read it. I could not understand it. What did he mean by 'meanness'? How could a pupil be mean toward his superior? It is a long time since I saw that sentence, and now that I reread it I recognize it. Once again it seems to me rather sad and quite different from the other observations in the notebook. It is very simply written, almost childish. It is not stern, but rather as if the writer had moaned a little. He takes note of the meanness of his pupil — and that is all: there is no demand that the pupil be punished. If the boy had been impudent, he would have given him three hundred lines, of course, or deprived him of his dessert; but he was only mean, and the usher was disarmed — and suddenly pitiful, one would say.

Monday, March 27. — Guitry major reads novels instead of doing his lesson. He takes no notes and merely lets his pencil stray over the paper.

Saturday, April 21. — Guitry minor is exasperatingly heedless. He was already reported to the Head this morning for his slovenly French composition. I am sorry to have to report him again. His arithmetic lesson is very carelessly written, almost illegible. The boy is going through a bad phase. I am asking that he be not allowed to go out to-morrow until he has copied out to-day's lesson four times.

Evening Study, 8 p.m. — Zogheb ill-behaved and noisy. The pupils do no work, but chatter. Guitry major makes them all laugh by his antics. Viaud, constantly talking, refuses to do the task I set him as punishment. Guitry minor imitates his brother, laughing loudly and talking aloud.

Wednesday, April 26. — The Guitry brothers have to be admonished repeatedly. At 10.10 I was in Room 1 with my pupil, Remicci. The Guitry brothers entered the room dancing. By what right? I sent them downstairs. Soon after, I heard a loud noise in the direction of Room 3. Going there, I found the Guitry brothers fighting and throwing books at each other. I sent them down again. It is very tiresome to have to admonish the same pupils over and over.

June 7 (Study, 2.30). — Over an hour, and Guitry major has n't yet done any work. This pupil is most indecently dressed: no collar, no tie, shirt rumpled, his flannel vest showing. He complains of the heat and lies down on the floor, where, for ten minutes, he has been simulating guitar-playing with a racket.

June 10 (Study, 5 to 7 o'clock). — Study would be very quiet except for the Guitry brothers.

It was from this school that I escaped one day and ran to the family greengrocer's, where I left an order, supposedly on behalf of my mother.

I said, 'Please let me have four kilograms of sugar at 75 centimes the kilogram, $\frac{1}{4}$ kilogram of lentils at two francs the kilo, $\frac{1}{8}$ kilogram of salt at 50 centimes the kilo, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of flour at 80 centimes the kilo.'

'Certainly, Master Sacha,' said the grocer; and he wrote it all down.

'How much will all that make?'

He told me it would come to 5.05 francs. I thanked him and ran back to school, for I had just got him to do the problem we had been asked to solve that same morning.

VI

The eighth of my schools was another cramming school called the Institution Chevalier, for I had meanwhile spent three months in the École Lacordaire and a month at the lycée of Chambéry. All I have to say about that lycée is that it was a penal colony for children. As for the École Lacordaire, if I may

say so, it was a branch establishment of the Dominicans of Arcueil. I have only one memory of it — Father Metayer, who was master of my form. I thought of him, at the time, as a fairly old man, but he was in fact very young, for I have seen him lately and he is still young. He was strict, but he was not unjust, and he was a man of distinguished mind. It was he who had me sent down, but I take it that he forgave me the annoyance I must have caused him, since he asked me two or three years ago to serve as toastmaster at a banquet of old boys of the school. He came to my dressing room at the theatre, and I had a short chat with him which bore witness to the purity of his nature and his total ignorance of the theatre. He was waiting for me when I arrived. I sat down before the glass and began to make up.

'What are you doing, Sacha?'

'Why, making up, Father.'

'You must n't make up, Sacha. No man should make up.'

I explained carefully why I had to do it. Courteously, he refrained from pressing the point; but I felt keenly that I had not convinced him.

I spent only forty-eight hours at the Institution Chevalier, having been put there by mistake. The place was a cramming school with only two classes, one in rhetoric and the other in philosophy. Somebody had forgotten that I was still in the first form!

VII

Hoswell's was an English school established at Passy and enjoying a well-merited reputation for excellence. Its head, Mr. Hoswell, was a pleasant and serious-minded person, with an intelligent view of what should constitute the education of the boys entrusted to him. His method was rational: he considered that the health of the body was equally important with the health of

the mind. There were sports, there was good food — and we washed! Hoswell's was the first school I went to where there were showers. The classes were less boring than those I had known before, and a sane and happy atmosphere pervaded the school.

Mr. Hoswell had a son, Edmund, who was eighteen years old and extremely attractive. Everything was going well until one day, suddenly, Mr. Hoswell died of a blood clot. Edmund was his heir. The school was Edmund's heritage. There were twelve of us in school. Edmund wrote twelve letters, one to each family, announcing the death of his father and informing our relatives that his uncle would take over. But he had no uncle. He discharged the masters. All of us agreeing to breathe no word to our parents, we conceived the wonderful idea of spending the fees paid for our instruction upon a succession of feasts, outings, and gay parties. Unfortunately, this marvelous existence was of short duration. Someone gave the show away, and four months later Hoswell's closed its doors.

VIII

My tenth school was in the rue de Passy. It is still there. It is called the Institution Mariaud and is a very hard-working school, preparing boys for university entrance.

There was a boy there who was thin and dark and never wore a hat and was always very busy and desired extremely to be educated. He was willing, likable, and very intelligent, but his intelligence was chaotic. He never knew what was going on. During history class he would be doing his English composition. His name was Paul Defrene. His name now is Paul Dufreny, he is my secretary, and he has n't changed a jot. He is always doing something, but as he is never doing what I have asked him to do, he

seems always to be doing nothing. I believe he knows more useless things than anybody else on earth. He knows the exact weight of the Eiffel Tower, the quantity of water contained in the yolk of an egg, and the length of the rue de Rivoli within ten metres.

Recently I was in Turin. He telephoned me at two o'clock in the morning to ask what was 'my' definition of the word 'work.' He has several precious qualities, but he has one great fault: he cannot possibly lie. When I wish not to be disturbed, and ask him to receive a caller for me and say that I am out, he does it in such a way as to make the person an enemy of mine. But, though he has the brain of a sparrow, he has the soul of a St. Bernard. He would put his hand into the fire for me — which may be the reason why, not long ago, he set fire to the chimney in my study.

I have one delightful — and repeated — memory of the Institution Mariaud. Every now and again, in the spring, an open carriage would stop before the door of the school toward a quarter to one. My father would be there to fetch me for luncheon with him. From his seat in the carriage, he would call out to me. I would run to the window.

'I am lunching at Armenonville, in the Bois. What about you?'

Down the stairs I would go like mad. Poor Mariaud would sometimes be there to bar my way — the lunatic! One day he even went out into the street and said to my father, 'Monsieur Guitry, he has n't done a stroke of work for three days.' I can see my father's smile and hear him again as he murmured in Mariaud's ear, 'Don't you give a damn about that, Monsieur Mariaud.'

In point of fact it was at Mariaud's that I finally acquired a taste for work. Not classwork, mind you, but extra-curricular work. It was there I wrote

my first play. I was sixteen years old. The notion of writing a play came to me suddenly out of nowhere, and I began. I used to be caught writing, and punished, and Monsieur Mariaud would say, 'What obstinacy!' I don't regret having been obstinate.

IX

My eleventh school — for in the course of writing these memoirs I have suddenly bethought myself that I was boasting when I said I had been through only eleven schools; there were twelve, and the eleventh, which I had until now forgotten, was in the Montceau quarter. I did not stay there long. It was run by a Monsieur and Madame Grandin — in a manner of speaking. Actually, they gave heed only to their personal affairs.

We never knew quite what happened, but one Monday morning we found the door of the school closed.

My twelfth and last school was at 77, rue des Dames. It was run by a Monsieur Prax, who was a very nice person.

He had given up his room to me, and I enjoyed a certain measure of freedom in his house — which I used and even abused. I was seventeen! I took many a meal out, many a class not at all, and I often came in late at night or early in the morning.

Monsieur Prax bore with me for several months, but in the end he thought it his duty to inform my father.

At that time my father was director of the Renaissance Theatre and was playing *La Châtelaine* there. That was thirty-two years ago. To the theatre went Monsieur Prax, knocked on my father's dressing-room door, walked in, and said: —

'Sir, I have made up my mind to expel your son; but unfortunately I cannot do it.'

'Why not?' asked my father. 'If you won't keep him, I'm sorry. I suppose you'll have to send him away.'

'That is impossible, sir. I can't put him out — because he has n't come home these past five days.'

And there you are: I had finished my education without having ever begun it.

X

One cannot avoid sending one's children to school. That is by way of being an obligation, but most of all it is a necessity. People must learn, when they are young, to live with each other. Now the great misfortune is that in school we are not taught to live, we are not made ready for life; and it is a crime not to tell us, before we are told anything else, that work is the greatest of life's joys. If, from childhood, we had implanted in our minds the idea that our happiness depends upon our choice of an occupation, we would work toward this end and we would choose our occupation with infinitely more care.

We are told that recreation begins the moment we stop work. That is harmful. Nothing should be more recreational than work. And classwork should be passionately interesting. Of course for this we should have to have passionately interested teachers, people convinced of the beauty of their mission — and not poor crocks whose chief characteristics are their mediocrity and their commonplaceness. What is more, classes should not be held in cold, unfriendly rooms. What is wanted is an immense library — and the right to roam among the shelves at will should be the highest prize awarded to a pupil. I dream of the time when a master will be able to say to a pupil, 'You behaved badly, and I shall punish you. You will not be allowed to attend class.'

Another thing. The time we lose in school is lost during the most precious period of our lives. At the very moment when our intelligence is beginning to blossom we are put into the hands of priests who know nothing at all of life, or of men who are perhaps too bitter about it to be able to make us love it. I am convinced that we are extremely intelligent between the ages of eight and fourteen years, and that most of us are less so between fourteen and twenty, much less. Why? Because when we leave school we know nothing of life, are not armed for it; and this is why we do so many foolish things when we are eighteen.

Freed from the parental yoke, handed over to the supervision of schoolmasters, we are utterly defenseless; and if our evil instincts do not guide us, then there are sure to be evil companions to lead us astray — either for a time or forever. There are doubtless many exceptions; but I maintain that

they do not prove me wrong. All the originality that we possess between the ages of eight and fourteen — our natural aptitudes, our individual gifts — are dead when we reach our eighteenth year. Of course these gifts may return later, but what time lost!

Summing up, I charge our present system of education with not fashioning a weapon for the meeting of life. Life is a struggle — not all one's life, but its beginnings are a struggle against others, against events, and against ourselves. And nobody will deny that a single year of poverty implants in us the love and the respect for work, for it teaches us the joy and value of work. During my ten years of school I was a most fearful dud, but I believe I may say that I have made up for time lost; and I am convinced to-day that the man who does not love his work, who works without joy and for the sole purpose of earning a livelihood, is the most miserable of men.

(To be continued)

THE MUSTYDINES WAS RIPE

BY HOWELL VINES

I

ONE Thursday fifty years ago this September I was walkin' a little sandy road through the woods. It was in '77, and I always remember that the mustydines was ripe when I found Patsy. The sun was goin' down fast and I had a crokersack on my shoulder with all my belongin's in it, and I was a little blue and dead tired of strollopin' around. I remember just as well how the sun looked. It was like a ball of fire. I was dressed in homespun and homemade from top to bottom, had a few dollars in my pocket, and had strolloped on foot all the way from the Savannah River in Georgia. I'd been gaddin' about workin' as a hireling since I was sixteen, and I was twenty-one then. I had started to Toadvine, and some men in Birmingham had directed me. Birmingham was a wide place in the road then — just six years old.

I was thinkin' about a place to stay all night and draggin' the sand beds when I seed some young squirrels cuttin' hickernuts up a little bitty hickory tree. I took a red flint rock about the size of a Dommer hen egg from my pocket and throwed it at the bunch of squibs. I killed one of 'em — but I had n't expected to — and I picked it up thinkin' as how I'd give it to the madam of the house where I stayed all night that night. I thought to myself that they was plenty of game and lots of timber and some good land

in this country, and I said to myself that I'd like to settle here and live.

I set down by a bank spring on the side of the road and took out my knife and gutted my squirrel. It was a little boar just big enough to kill. You know and I know what good eatin' that is. It was a good spring of water. It tasted good. And it was cold. That spring made me think more about livin' in this country. It minded me of a spring back home in Georgia. A good spring of water in one country the good Lord made makes that country kin to any other country He made with good springs of water in it. A spring'll do that more'n most anything else. I've studied that out. You just notice it and you'll see that that's the way it is.

The sun was gone and it was gettin' dusty and I got up and started on. Old Darkus would catch me in the timber if I did n't move on, I thought to myself. But I just had to stop at a big mustydine vine up some pines before I'd made many steps. I shook the vine and they peppered to the ground. They was dead ripe and black as bess bugs. They's nothin' better in this world, I figgered to myself, as I eat a dog's bait of 'em. This made me think more good thoughts about the country I had strolloped to. When you eat a bait of good mustydines in a place, you never do get over it. You always do love that place after that. So I

walked on thinkin' as how if I could find me a good nice young woman I would n't mind endin' up here bein' buried in the same hole with her. I was n't feelin' much blue if any, and I had forgot that I was so tired.

II

I got to a house just ahead of Old Darkus and stopped to see if I could get to stay all night. It was a comfortable-lookin' place. The livin' house was a big log house most hid in a cluster of big white oaks, and all the outbuildin's showed that this was a good farm. A big yaller cur dog run out at me and barked and took on. He like to a bit me. Somebody said, 'Hush your mouth, Cæser,' and the madam of the house come to the door. I muched the dog and he smelt of me good all over and then sidled off. I axed the madam if a body could get to stay all night there. She said, 'My old man's out at the lot feedin' his oxen. Go see him about it.' I walked out to the lot and *the man of the house was seein' to his beasts and talkin' to 'em.* He called 'em Buck and Ball. They's big black-and-white spotted steers. I axed him could a body get to stay all night at his house. He sized me up and said I could stay. I told him my name and where I's from, and where I'd started to.

A grown girl was milkin' a red cow in a big gourd. Her pap spoke to her and called her Patsy. She was barefooted and was just makin' the milk talk in the gourd with both hands. By the time I took her in, the milk had 'come witched and was singin' a tune in the gourd. I did n't know the difference. I did n't know what it was all about any more'n I knowed what the katydid song all around us and over us was all about. It would a took a Solomon to have 'splained all them mysteries. But everything was laughin' with me. I knowed that much. I told the girl that

I could milk good and to let me help her. She was shy, but she smiled at me and said I could if I wanted to. She said Pied would n't care for me milkin' her. She give me a rope to rope Pied's calf; and I roped the bull calf and he tried to butt me and the girl laughed. But I let him suck to get Pied to give down her milk, and then I milked with one hand while I held the gourd she give me with the other hand. I did n't mean for the cow to turn the gourd over, so I milked as hard as I could with one hand to make the girl see that I was a good milker. The girl finished her cow and roped Heifer's calf and started to milk, and by then I'd finished. She said Heifer would n't let me milk her, and while she was milkin' Heifer I skinned my squirrel and told her I killed it for her to eat, but did n't know it at the time. She smiled at me and thanked me when she took it and put it in her apron, and then I walked to the house with her pappy.

A strong wild varment of a somethin' got hold of me and made me want Patsy. It got in me and jumped and urged me to stay at the lot with the girl. I never in all the days of my life had wanted anything half as bad. And no wonder. The way she was built up and the way she moved minded me of a well-pastured filly. I knowed she was the she-un I would like to be buried in the same hole with. I was sick all over for Patsy. She could a took a little bran in her apron and a tolled me to the jumpin'-off place. All the things that made Patsy a woman had got to me and was makin' me groan and take on to myself.

At the supper table we begin to get acquainted and everything they was hummed to the tune of Patsy. I'd catch her castin' sheep's eyes at me. Her pappy told me that he needed a hand and that he wanted to hire me. Then if we suited each other I would n't

need to go on to Toadvine at all. We'd make a trade in a day or two. I knowed we could satisfy each other, I told him. He said yes, he thought we'd suit.

The supper was a good one and hit the spot. They had plenty to eat at this house. I seed that. They had flour bread and corn bread raised on the farm and plenty of garden stuff at a time when garden stuff was sca'ce, and good meat from the smokehouse. They had milk and butter from the spring and fried peach pies. The squirrel had been salted and put in a pan in the spring for breakfast.

I told 'em about the dog's bait of mustydines I had had, and the girl said she eat a bait of 'em somewhere every day. She said she had her lots of vines nobody else knowed where was. I believe that's all she said at the supper table that night. Well, in spite of the mustydines I had put down, I eat a hearty supper that night. It was fun to eat a bite when Patsy did and look across the table at her and catch her lookin' at me. I seed by the fat-lighten'd torch that Patsy was purty in the face and that she had long dark purty hair. I seed this better than I could out at the lot. I thought she had blue eyes and I was right. She had that purty hurt look that all girls has that makes a decent boy want to be kind to 'em and take good care of 'em. Even girls that ain't purty has that look. And it makes them purty. But when a purty girl that's well built up has that look it's a sight for sore eyes. When I got older and knowed more about women I understood that that purty hurt look all girls has is callin' for a mate. Patsy, she was seventeen then, and that look of hern seemed to be askin' me to be her mate.

Patsy's pappy and mammy told me things about theirselves that night at supper and I told 'em things about myself. Since I was goin' to stay with 'em

I axed 'em not to call me Mr. Freeland, but to call me Benny. And they did. They had two other girls, they said, who had married their cousins and was homesteadin' now — one of 'em over on Lick Creek and the other one down on Mud Creek. They said Patsy's pap was jerked up by the hair of the head down in Canebrake near the river and strolloped off up to the Piney Woods and hired out to her pap and married her. They married five years before the war and homesteaded their place on Rock Creek adjoinin' her pap's place. They'd just got the title to it when Patsy's pappy went off to the war. Patsy's pappy told me how her mammy kept the place goin' and looked after her three babies while he was away. She was just a girl herself, he said; and he was just a boy three years older, his wife put in. She had a hard time in more ways than one, he said, but he come back from the war and found everything all right. When I got older I heard men talk about how Wed Tucker come back and found his true-blue Minnie waitin' with open arms and no secrets and somethin' to eat at the house and in the ground. It made 'em sympathize with me when I told 'em how the war 'stroyed my pappy's and mammy's worldly goods and broke us up, and how pappy never did come back. And when I told 'em of how mammy had died and how all of us children had strolloped over Georgia and Alabama ever since, Patsy's mammy looked tender-like toward me. She said I's just the age of her oldest girl. But best of all I could see that Patsy had tender feelin's toward me.

Soon after supper I went to bed in a good bed in a side room and lay awake thinkin' that Patsy would be worth her weight in gold to me there in the bed with me. There was just a wall between us, but I went to sleep thinkin' that that wall was mighty big. I

meant to sleep with Patsy by Sunday night if I could work that fast. I did n't think I could stand it any longer than that.

III

The next mornin' after we eat a hearty breakfast of eggs and cured meat and coffee and flour bread Patsy's mammy cooked over the big fireplace in the kitchen, and I'd watched Patsy gnaw the squib's bones and would n't touch it myself, I went to the field to pick cotton, and glory be if Patsy did n't go with me. Her pappy yoked Buck and Ball up to the plough and went to ploughin' in his wheat patch by the cotton patch. He was fixin' to sow his wheat.

Patsy was shy, but she'd talk when I talked to her. I axed her if she had a sweetheart and she said she did n't have — that they was no boy around she wanted for a sweetheart. Her sisters growed up with their cousins and went to lettin' 'em kiss 'em for pleasure, and the first thing she knowed they upped and married and went off to homestead some land of their own. But there was no boy for her. I said I's glad of that and she axed me why. I told her cause I wanted to be her sweetheart. She axed me if I left a sweetheart in Georgia and I told her that I did n't, but that I had my mind set on her. She smiled at me, but did n't say nothin' to that. We picked more cotton and carried our rows on a little fudder, and I axed her if she'd ever been kissed. She said she did n't know nothin' about that kissin' business, but that her sisters said it was the very thing. She said good girls was n't supposed to go to kissin' before they found 'em a husband. I axed her if she wanted a husband and she laughed, but did n't answer me. She axed me if I wanted a wife and I told her yes, that I did, and that I wanted

her to be it. She laughed, but did n't say nothin', and I could n't get her to give her 'sponse to that. She'd just laugh when I'd try to get her to say somethin'. Well, that laughin' of hern made things like a tune to me, and I picked cotton to that tune. And she picked on, keepin' her row about up with mine, and played that tune. She seed she had me eatin' out of her hand, and pickin' the cotton was n't hard for her. She just smiled and looked at me, and her hands went from stalk to stalk like little song birds.

Every time we'd see a little old bird we'd speak to each other about it. I found out that she liked birds and knowed as much about 'em as I did. We had a lot of fun tryin' to catch a mole, and she told me all she ever had heard about a mole. We seed some field mice and she knowed all about them, too. I said to myself that here was a purty female that was as stout as I was and liked the ground and everything on top of the ground as good as I did. We'd even as much as talk about a lizard or a scorpion when we seed one. When a body's interested the way we was, even a little old butterfly is enough to get up excitement. When I'd try to get her to talk about love she would n't do nothin' but smile or laugh; but when we seed anything alive or looked out over the timber toward Rock Creek she was all tongue. She said she sometimes waded in Rock Creek when she's by herself, and I don't guess she knowed how such a purty sight in my mind made me nearly jump out of my skin. I just picked cotton and thought about that sight. I wanted to see that sight.

She said she sometimes seed little fawns down in the creek field when she'd be lookin' for the sheep, and she told about how her pappy loved to deer-hunt. I told her all I knowed about deer and little deers. She told me she liked to go fishin' down on the

creek. She said she knowed how to catch 'em and I told her I knowed all about fish. Then she said she's goin' down on the creek the next week and gather mustydines to make wine. I axed her if she'd let me climb the trees for her and she said she could climb 'em herself and that her pappy and mammy would n't let her go off down there with me by herself. That was n't the way good girls acted. I said they would n't care for it if we got married Sunday, would they? She laughed and said no, they would n't care for her goin' off in the timber with me if that was to happen, but that to get married Sunday was somethin' else.

By the time we'd filled our sacks we got us some guinea watermelons in the cotton patch and I busted their hearts out on a stump. Some was red-hearted and some was yaller-hearted and they all tasted sorter like the fall of the year and was as cold as the dew and shade could make 'em. Well, from then on till dinner time we picked cotton and talked about things the good Lord made and what we liked to do, and eat watermelons and emptied our cotton in the pen. Her pappy was right close so we could hear all his words to Buck and Ball every time he spoke, and we never did get out of his sight 'cept when we'd go in the cotton pen. I talked love mighty hard and she listened good, and I soon got to touchin' her with my hands when we'd go in the cotton pen. Then I got her to puttin' her hand on me when she'd smile.

Before dinner I made a believer out of her by fast work on how I did n't have nobody but myself, and how I wanted her to take what I did have and let me take her and us make the best out of it. And the last time or two when we's emptyin' our cotton I got to huggin' and kissin' of her, and we worked up a weddin' for Sunday if her pappy and mammy would give in.

She said she loved me and liked to look at me and for me to hold her and kiss her. Enough said. I'd won a wife. Back in them days when a girl got to lettin' a boy hug and kiss her and handle her it meant a weddin' would soon take place. On the way back to the house for dinner I watched her climb over the rail fence and I seed her leg above her knee. It was somethin' to see a good nice young girl's leg back then. And it was more good luck than hardly ever come to a young buck to get to see a purty girl's leg 'bove her knee. Then it'd be a accident like this was. Well, that sight made me crazy. She axed me if I seed her knee. I 'fessed up that I did and she cried. Nice girls was like that way back then. She said I ought n't to a done it. I told her I knowed I ought n't to, but I just could n't help it. But as we walked on to the house ahead of her pap I made her believe it was n't a sin and did n't matter much, and had her smilin' as we entered the yard gate.

IV

Well, she smiled all through dinner that day and laughed with me all that evenin' in the cotton patch. She said she's as happy as a little old bluebird in April and let me kiss her every time we could catch her pappy not lookin'. All that evenin' I'd pick cotton and help her fill her apron when we'd get the sacks full, and she'd just stand there between the rows and let me hold her hand and feel of her arms. Sometimes some tears would come in her eyes and she'd tell me she's just so happy she could n't keep from cryin'. That hurt look that stays in every girl's eyes kept me busy bein' good to her and sayin' kind words to comfort her. Girls is funny that way. They're not at all like boys. I felt duty-bound to that girl. I did n't mean for a thing to harm a hair of her head as long as I could help

it. And that feelin' for Patsy never did leave me.

I broke the news at the supper table and Patsy stuck it out with me. The old folks axed us if we was certain sure we knowed our minds. We both made 'em believe we did. Her mammy said that it minded her of her own sparkin' days 'cept that I had worked faster. Her pappy said they both liked my 'pearance and that they seed at first that me and Patsy liked each other's looks, but that he's afraid we did n't know one another well enough. But me and Patsy kept to our side, and by the time we'd finished supper they both 'greed with us that this way of waitin' about gettin' married after a weddin' had been worked up was not to their way of thinkin'. They'd been through the same mill together that me and Patsy was goin' through together then, and that helped us win 'em to our side. It did n't matter much if I had worked faster than Patsy's pap did. The cases was similar. You know a good catch did n't come to girls often in them times. The boy mostly had to grow up with the girl and be kin to her. And Patsy had been left out that way. Not many girls got to marry strange boys back then. And strange boys fascinate girls. The old folks said my pappy's Irish blood and my mammy's Dutch blood ought to mix well with Patsy's English and Scotch-Irish blood and that if nothin' else would do us we could go on and get married Sunday. But they would have to make one request of me. They'd have to axe me not to never take Patsy away from 'em, but to let her live on with 'em or always in hollerin' distance of 'em, and me be one of 'em. Their other girls did n't live by 'em and they'd lost their two youngest children, and they wanted to keep Patsy with 'em. We closed our bargain that way.

That night after supper I sparked Patsy on the porch and made no secret

of it. But we did n't leave the porch. Girls was modest way back in them times and did n't go away from the house with boys much to do their sparkin'. The old folks went to bed inside and lay on their bed with the wall between us and the door standin' open. We could hear 'em talkin' about us and about the ways of a man with a maid. They could hear some of our words and some of 'em they could n't, for lots of our words did n't need a audience. When a hog or somethin' would come up, Cæser he'd run out and bark at it. One time he barked terrible at Patsy's sheep when they come up behind the smokehouse.

That night we did n't feel much need for King David or somebody to be there with us and 'splain the hollerin' of the katydid and everything like that. It just drawed us closer together and made us kiss and hug and handle one another more, and the world did n't need 'splainin' then. A old whoo owl down about the spring made her want me to hold her tighter. All that was needed was for Patsy to say somethin' like, 'Listen at that little old cricket,' and I'd think that was Bible wisdom. Everything 'splained itself that night. But people knowed all about the mysteries and feelin's of the timber back in them times anyhow. Everybody knowed a lot about everything like that. The good Lord was on the fur side of it and people was on the near side and that 'rangement kept the good Lord and the people purty close together after all. Everything Patsy'd say that night I'd think she's the smartest girl that ever was and the cutest little trick that ever lived. Like when she said, 'I try to catch every purty thing I see that's alive and I know won't hurt me.' She said them very words. I mind 'em just as well. And she said somethin' else I mind well. She said, 'I love the wild flowers lots better'n I do the tame ones, but

Mammy she don't.' Finally me and Patsy went to bed in different beds that night, but it was mighty hard on both of us. Patsy had found her a mate that would stay with her, and she could n't foller out the good Lord's best design for a grown girl that night, but had to go to bed by herself.

V

The next mornin' we had company from Toadvine for breakfast. Uncle Jake Smith was riding his horse to Birmingham and had made it there in time to set down at the breakfast table with us. Patsy's pappy introduced us and 'splained that me and Patsy was goin' to get married the next day. Uncle Jake said that I looked like I'd be all right and that he knowed Patsy was above an average, and that they was no use in puttin' it off even if it was fast work. He was goin' to town so he could see some friends there that Saturday night and stay with a friend and be on the jury Monday mornin'. He said I could ride his horse part of the time and walk 'longside him and up about Hueytown or Rutledge Springs I might catch a ride on a wagon. 'You help him fix everything up with Judge Mudd, Jake,' Patsy's pappy said. Uncle Jake give his word and said he'd be as good as his word, and we got up from the table and left the house together with me walkin' 'longside the horse.

Me and Uncle Jake had a big time talkin' and gettin' acquainted that mornin'. His pappy and mammy had come to the Warrior River from the Savannah River in Georgia and I had to tell him lots of things about Georgia. But he told me a lot more about Alabama. I caught a ride with a man drivin' a team of mules at Rutledge Springs and rode on into town and Uncle Jake rode his horse 'longside the wagon. The first thing when we got in

town we went around to the courthouse and he helped me get the license. Then we went to a restaurant and ordered two big beef stews and coffee. After that we went to a saloon and had two good drinks and separated.

I walked all the way back to Piney Woods. I walked mostly in the night and got to the roof over Patsy's head at the first blue crack of day. Patsy was still in the bed asleep, but her pappy hit the floor about the time I walked up on the porch and her mammy went to the kitchen by the time I got in the house good. I went to Patsy's bed and as I looked at her lyin' there asleep I thought she was too purty and too sweet for any man but me. A man'll think that. You just notice and you'll see that he'll think that about the girl he's sparkin' and goin' to marry. When I woke her up and showed her the license she looked at it and at me in such a way with that hurt female look in her eyes that I thought to myself that grown girls was not supposed to sleep by theirselves. It was not natural and was not intended to be that way. The good Lord made it the most natural thing in the world for them to bed up with a mate. I went on to the big kitchen and set down by the fireplace till her mammy got breakfast on the table. Then Patsy come in with the license and we all set down to breakfast and looked at the license.

I got up from the breakfast table and went to bed and went to sleep, and slept till nearly the middle of the day. Patsy spent that mornin' lookin' through quilts she had quilted and the blankets she had wove 'gainst the day she got married. And she worked with her best dress and looked at it and handled it and got out her shoes and stockin's and talked to her mammy about the weddin' that was about to take place. After that she told me how she'd walk to my bed and gaze down at

me and think of how we was about to give ourselves to one another for keeps. I'd brought her stick candy of all flavors and she sucked on that while I was sleepin'.

VI

While I was asleep Patsy's pap walked up to Uncle Tillman Salter's, who did n't live far away, to gas off with Uncle Till and Squire Joe Lisper. Squire Joe was the justice of the peace and we all called him the country lawyer. Him and Uncle Tillman spent most of their Sundays together talkin' law and politics. They was goin' to start to town together sometime in the night hours of Monday and be on the jury with Uncle Jake Smith the next week. And all the people in the country said that Squire Joe and Uncle Till had to be in town on such occasions to help Judge Mudd run his court. Patsy's pap went on up to the house early to tell Squire Joe to wait till we got there right after dinner to get married. He would eat dinner there and wait for us.

Right after dinner me and Patsy walked up to Uncle Till's. I don't believe any man ever got to feelin' close to a new country as quick as I did this country. It seems like I was already feelin' my roots in the place while me and Patsy walked along armed up

goin' to get married. But Patsy — she was the cause of this. It takes love for a woman to make a man feel at home in a place. Without that a man never can be nothin' much more'n a stranger on top of the ground in any country. I don't care how much a man loves to be on top of the ground. He needs to have a woman on top of the ground by his side. Saint Paul did n't love no woman and no woman loved him, else he could n't a talked so about bein' a stranger on earth. It'll do that to any man. You just notice it and see if I ain't right. No man's ever been won to a place 'cept by some woman. No man's goin' to be won to life at all 'cept by some woman.

Well, we got married and that's enough to say. I had a jovial time with the older men in the time of it and always did feel close to them and Uncle Jake after that. Patsy, she had a bashful time amongst 'em. She blushed a lot and talked to Uncle Till's girls while we was there gettin' the knot tied. We walked back towards home by ourselves. It was gettin' dusty when we got to the big mustydyne vine up the pines, and I led Patsy through the timber to it and shook the vine till the ground was covered. And Old Darkus caught us in the timber together not far from the mustydyne vine. From then on to now it's been me and Patsy.

AN EXPERIMENT IN LABOR DEMOCRACY

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

AMERICAN workers, in this period of the recovery, give evidence of dividing into two major distinctive groups, the employed and the unemployed. This article and the conclusions reached during its preparation apply only to employed workers. They have gone through the misfortunes of the depression and the trying uncertainties of the recovery and have solved their personal problems by getting jobs which they want to hold. Their attitude toward industry is more friendly than is apparent in the constant protests of the unemployed or the partially employed. Their major concern is to increase their working time per annum so that their wage income will not only increase but be steady.

Such workers are not concerned with the class struggle. They are not class-conscious; they resist the implications of social stratification. When so-called liberals refer to the 'class struggle' in the United States, they use, perhaps for want of more accurate phraseology, European socialistic terms which do not apply to American conditions.

As soon as the American worker finds himself employed on a fairly permanent basis, he not only discards the ideas and slogans of the unemployed worker, but he reverts to American traditions which are democratic and capitalistic. He has no desire to accept a Communist or a Fascist philosophy of action. He wants to fit into the

characteristic social and economic environment to which he is accustomed. The current swing to the Right in the United States is as apparent among employed workers as among small manufacturers and retailers who have survived both the depression and the recovery. The survivors have a renewed faith in the American experiment in democracy.

As long as this remains an American characteristic, enduring American institutions must follow the democratic formula. Labor organizations, representing employed workers, must follow the American plan of a free choice of representation by a system of publicly conducted elections. Not only must the representative of labor be selected by his immediate constituency, but he must be subject to pressure by that constituency alone. In a word, he must be truly representative. He must also be so acceptable to industry that he gets results for the workers without imperiling their wage income by strikes and other disturbances.

From this standpoint the Wagner Bill goes utterly wild in its implications. There can, however, be little question that the New York Senator also seeks coöperation between capital and labor; if he has been misdirected into perpetuating a class struggle in the United States, the error must be due to the complexities of drafting legislation rather than to ulterior motives. He

undoubtedly confuses the interests of the employed and the unemployed worker by massing them together, which is also the practice of the American Federation of Labor, whose membership consists of both categories. The Guffey Bill is different; its collective-bargaining clauses can only be described as vicious and designed to set class against class.

The term 'collective bargaining' has been introduced into the discussion of, and legislation with regard to, the American labor problem. This phrase was undoubtedly accepted in the haste attending the writing of the NIRA; it contains the hidden meaning of a class struggle which could not have been premeditated, since it does not reflect the attitude of the American employed worker.

A more satisfactory term is 'employee representation' in management, for that is actually what the collective-bargaining clause of the NIRA has come to mean. It has indicated a method of coöperation between capital and labor within industry.

If, by collective bargaining, employee representation is meant, then the problem arises: How is representation to be determined with scientific accuracy? President Roosevelt, in his statement settling difficulties in the automobile industry, said: —

1. The employers agree to bargain collectively with the freely chosen representatives of groups and not to discriminate in any way against any employee on the ground of his labor union affiliations.

2. If there be more than one group, each bargaining committee shall have total membership pro rata to the number of men each member represents. . . .

4. The government makes it clear that it favors no particular union or particular form of employee organization or representation. The government's only duty is to secure absolute and uninfluenced freedom of choice without coercion, restraint, or intimidation from any source.

This statement by the President made it impossible for the American Federation of Labor or any group to assert its right to represent all of labor in the automobile industry, for he did not designate the form or type of employee representation. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt made it inevitable that some new and impartial organ should be established to give the workers an opportunity to select their own representatives. It was impossible to utilize existing agencies, for, whereas group representation was recognized, the proportional characteristic of that representation threw the ultimate decision back upon the individual worker. In the recent Chevrolet strike in Toledo, this principle received further affirmation, the company proposal, which had been rejected by the Federal Union, being submitted to the whole body of workers for decision.

The application of a referendum to the individual employed worker brings into existence a wonderful opportunity to test, by a laboratory experiment, two important elements in industrial relations: first, the kind of representation that the American worker prefers; second, whether, while selecting that type of representation, the worker implies a desire to change the existing political and economic order. For instance, if, in the course of such a selection, a very large number of workers should indicate a preference for Communism, it would be possible to reach the conclusion that these workers desired a fundamental political change.

II

The automobile industry is particularly suitable for such an experiment. In the first place, roughly 350,000 men and women are employed directly in this industry: They represent every bracket of skilled and unskilled workers. They represent every type of

American — native Americans of old families, first- and second-generation immigrants, Canadians, Northern and Southern Europeans, and Negroes. Higher wages paid in this industry have attracted to it men from all parts of the country and from all sorts of other industries. Its ramifications spread into countless allied crafts.

It is a seasonal industry, but in some of its divisions it has provided all-year-round employment. As a new industry, it has no physical holdovers from another industrial era, such as sweatshops and tenement employment. Finally, there is a vast public interest in the industry arising from the popularity of the automobile with the American people and because of a widespread ownership of stock in automobile companies. Its activities are usually front-page news; anything concerning it is bound to have the full glare of publicity.

These circumstances make the experiment in selecting employee representation particularly important, for if the methods employed in the automobile industry are successful, then other industries are likely to pursue the same methods. Success can be measured by one yardstick only — namely, if strikes are avoided, if problems which arise in the industry are solved by conference and negotiation, and if labor shows a disposition to coöperate with capital. From the standpoint of employee representation, the success of the democratic experiment can be established only by the extent of workers' participation in it. Opponents of the plan have tried to cause it to fail by non-participation and by the use of the strike weapon.

III

The history of the experiment is an important chapter in the record of labor in the United States. As far back

as 1923–1924, an attempt was made by the American Federation of Labor to organize the automobile industry. This attempt failed, and with its failure are associated unprovable charges that the labor leaders sold out to the automobile companies. At any rate this is clear: the labor leaders dropped the attempt to organize, and workers who had associated themselves with this effort were penalized and became antagonistic toward the American Federation of Labor.

Between 1924 and 1933 no serious attempt was made to organize the automobile workers. It is true that several craft unions exist in the industry, particularly in the making of parts; but no unions came into existence in the large plants, and it was utterly clear that the two principal producers of cars in this country, General Motors and Henry Ford, were unwilling to recognize unions in their plants.

In the summer of 1933, when the A. F. of L. was engaged in an organizational drive in every industry in the United States, William Collins, who had been in the earlier effort, came to Detroit to organize this industry. With him was associated Francis Dillon. Both represented the American Federation of Labor.

Collins is described as an Irishman who was brought up in England on non-socialistic, Manchester trade-unionism. Most men speak well of him, maintaining that he is a non-racketeering labor leader who really has the interests of the workers at heart, but who places organization first, even before the will of the workers. In his efforts in the summer of 1933, he was not at all successful in Detroit, but he seems to have accomplished much in the General Motors plants in Flint. It is noteworthy that Henry Ford was strictly ignored in this organizational drive, probably because it was certain

that his position would be utterly uncompromising.

No attempt was made to organize an international union, which is the standard form of autonomous craft organization employed by the American Federation of Labor. Instead, a form of vertical union was organized which received a federal charter directly from the A. F. of L. This was a recognition of the fact that craft unionism would be unavailable in this industry. The principle of industrial trade-unionism was definitely recognized.

During the summer and autumn of 1933, Mr. Collins devoted himself to long and formal negotiations with various companies regarding discrimination in the employment and dismissal of workers, but his efforts were not productive of notable results, and finally, during February and March of 1934, he threatened to call an automobile strike. In fact, small and sporadic strikes were already taking place. The usual long list of demands was issued, including a 20 per cent rise in wages, which was prohibitive, first, because an increase had already been granted, and secondly, because cars were selling in a resisting market.

President Roosevelt and General Johnson were deeply concerned over this situation, because the automobile industry was the first to show signs of recovery, and its relationship to steel, electrical appliances, lumber, glass, and so forth, made it pivotal in the entire industrial recovery programme. The manufacturers and labor were asked to come to Washington to discuss the situation.

From all the information available, it was clear from the start that no agreement could hold if labor were represented either by Mr. William Green or by Mr. Collins. Organized workers demanded that they should be allowed to elect their own representatives, and they did not elect Mr.

Collins. So far as I can learn, altogether twenty-three labor delegates went to Washington to attend the President's conference; among them were delegates from Wisconsin, St. Louis, and Cleveland, whom the A. F. of L. sought to exclude on the ground that they had not been invited, but really because the delegation was too large.

Piecing together the various accounts of what happened in Washington, we find that a fight took place over this issue. Richard L. Byrd, Acting Secretary of the Pontiac Federal Union, a worker in the plant, attained prominence by leading the attack on Collins, insisting that the non-Michigan unions should attend. It would seem that this was really unimportant, but the delegates were seeking to establish the principle that the automobile workers must manage their own affairs, that no one could speak for them who had not been selected by them. It would be an exaggeration to say this involved an attack on the A. F. of L., but it was a very definite assertion of the right of the men to select their own leadership. Finally a conference was held in General Johnson's office. I have put together the following account from various descriptions of what took place.

The General asked the labor delegates whether they had selected their spokesman who would sit on the Automobile Labor Board when it was eventually organized. Mr. Collins replied that they had, but one delegate interjected, 'Like hell we have!'

This brought the fight to General Johnson's office, and he said it was up to the delegates to select their man before he could go any further. He then left the room, telling the delegates to hold an election during his absence. The Assistant Secretary of Labor, Mr. McGrady, is reported to have acted as teller.

Four candidates were nominated: Arthur E. Greer, president of Hudson No. 27 of the Associated Automobile Workers of America; John A. Bailey, president of Buick local of Flint, who was the A. F. of L. choice; A. L. Cook, Fisher Body Flint local of Federal Labor Unions; Richard L. Byrd, of the Pontiac Federal Union.

There was no majority on the first ballot, and Bailey and Byrd had to stand again for a final run-off. Bailey represented the A. F. of L.; Byrd did not represent opposition to the A. F. of L., but the principle of complete autonomy in the automobile industry. Byrd was elected, the votes standing 13-10.

On Saturday, March 24, negotiations between the labor delegates and General Johnson were adjourned indefinitely, but subject to call by General Johnson. The following day the delegates assembled at the Annapolis Hotel to discuss their position. They were not satisfied that things were moving smoothly. They felt that they were men from the country who had suddenly become involved in Washington politics and intrigue. They found themselves in an atmosphere of unreality.

The first step they took was to ask Mr. Dillon, the A. F. of L. representative, to leave the room, on the ground that they wanted a meeting of automobile workers with no one else present. Here was undoubtedly the first positive break with the A. F. of L., for it was a clear decision that no one could regard himself as an automobile worker's representative who was not actually selected by the men in the shop.

Whether the men suspected President Roosevelt or General Johnson or the A. F. of L. is not clear. Certainly they suspected someone of trickery. Probably they suspected everyone. At any rate they sent President Roosevelt

a telegram at about noon, announcing that unless a settlement was reached that day (Palm Sunday) they were going home that night. They were weary of Washington politics.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, General Johnson sent for them. He would take them to see the President, with whom they remained from four o'clock to six-thirty. At the Conference with the President, Mr. Green and Mr. Collins were present, at whose invitation I have not been able to ascertain; the men in the automobile industry who gave me the account say 'they had butted in.'

The President stated the terms of his settlement of conflict in the automobile industry. This the men accepted. In fact, after the meeting with the President, the delegates went to the A. F. of L. building in Washington, where they formally voted to accept these terms. There is no question of Mr. Green's assumption of leadership at this meeting, which was quite harmonious.

IV

As a result of the settlement, on March 25, 1934, the Automobile Labor Board was established by the President. The Board consists of three members: Dr. Leo Wolman, the chairman; Nicholas Kelley, representing capital; and Richard L. Byrd, representing labor. Dr. Wolman is Professor of Economics at Columbia University. He has had a long history in the labor movement, particularly in connection with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, of which Sidney Hillman is president. General assumptions at the time of the appointment were that the representative of the public would lean in the direction of favoring labor. Mr. Kelley is the general counsel for the Chrysler Company and is the son of Florence Kelley, probably the most important woman labor leader of her

time. He may be regarded as a typical big business executive. Richard L. Byrd was chosen by the labor delegates as already described.

The problem that faced the Board immediately was to define collective bargaining. President Roosevelt in his statement of March 25, 1934, sought to reduce 7(a) to what he termed 'plain language': —

(a) Employees have the right to organize into a group or groups.

(b) When such group or groups are organized they can choose representatives by free choice and such representatives must be received collectively and thereby seek to straighten out disputes and improve conditions of employment.

(c) Discrimination against employees because of their labor affiliations, or for any other unfair or unjust reason, is barred.

But this very plain language was not altogether helpful. For how was the Board to determine whether the workers had really organized into a group or groups? Or suppose workers wanted to be represented, but did not choose to join any group? Suppose the American Federation of Labor or the Communist unions or a company union asserted that it represented all the workers or an appreciable number of them, how could the Board determine whether the assertions had any foundation? Why not let the workers, the whole 350,000, speak for themselves? After all, we elect Presidents, Senators, governors, and judges at democratic elections — why not elect labor leaders at democratic elections?

The Board's attitude toward employee representation was altogether sound. It did not expect miracles, or an overnight victory for some new theory of employer-employee relationship. It was seeking a method to find the true representatives of the workers, which could be applied year after year and which would be both efficient and just.

Its attitude is stated in the following paragraph of a report: —

The Board regards collective bargaining as a peaceful process which can only be successfully worked out with patience and with understanding. It is perfectly clear from our experience that long-formed habits cannot be overnight changed by fiat, and that the experience and skill requisite to successful negotiators cannot be suddenly supplied by mandate. Both the industry and employees have already gone a long way in learning what is required of them under the law and orders of the Board, and in adjusting their policy to these requirements. The opportunities which now exist in the industry for employees to present their grievances and to have them considered and disposed of in joint conference are of inestimable value to the automobile workers and are so regarded by them.

The recognition of the democratic principle, with proportional representation for groups, ran counter altogether to the conception of a class struggle, as it did to the assertion of any particular group that it alone represented the workers. Furthermore, the recognition of the right of the workers in the plant to declare their decisions by a public but secret vote vitiated all attempts of outsiders to make assertions which could not be proved one way or the other. It limited voting to men actually employed in the industry and left out those who for one reason or another wanted a voice in the industry without being employed in it. It guaranteed the worker the right to have a voice in representation whether or not he joined any organization. He could be represented whether or not he paid initiation fees and dues. He was free to be an individualist or a socialist as he chose. This method of employee representation retained for the worker an uncoerced personality.

On December 7, 1934, the Board announced its intention to hold elections. In a proclamation it stated: —

The nominating and final elections will be held in the plant under the sole and direct supervision of agents of the Board, to ensure freedom and secrecy. The employees, according to the ballots being prepared by the Board, will nominate and vote for their representatives and will, if they so desire, specify the group with which their candidate is affiliated. The total of such specifications throughout the plant for each group shall determine the proportion which each of such groups will have on the bargaining agency. Those who do not specify a group will be treated as a group. Representatives will not be restricted to employees. Arrangements will include opportunity for employees not working at the time to participate.

The elections are conducted by the Board, representing the government, and are under the supervision of Professor Francis E. Ross of the University of Michigan. He employs a staff of men who care for the ballot boxes, act as tellers, and so forth. His men mark the precincts in the factory (for both the primary and the final elections); notices are posted in the factory announcing the election and indicating where the workers are to vote. These notices stipulate the time and place of the election, and the rules under which the election is held: 'On the ballot used at this primary election, you may write in the name of any person you desire to have represent you in dealing with the management, and the labor group affiliation, if any, of your candidate. Representatives will not be restricted to employees.'

Foremen, subforemen, and group or gang leaders¹ who act in a supervisory capacity are not eligible to vote.

After the primary, the names of the two persons in each district (within the shop) who receive the largest number of votes appear on the final ballot and in the final election. One man is selected for each district, and the dis-

tricts are numerous. For instance, I have before me the list for the Hudson Motor Car Company, which shows fifty-one districts in all their plants. Elections are, of course, held within the plants.

To assure proportional representation to groups, provision is made so that after the final election, if those representatives 'receiving the largest number of votes for all districts do not provide proportional representation on the bargaining agency for all substantial labor groups, additional representatives will be added from among candidates receiving the next highest votes in the plant in any group entitled to more representatives.'

In both the primary and the final elections, a printed ballot is provided. In the primary election the ballot contains a blank space for the name of the nominee and the labor group affiliations. In the ballot for the final election, these data are printed and the worker makes a mark against the printed name.

There is no possibility of identifying the voter after the ballot has been cast. In the right-hand corner of the ballot is a small perforated space in which appears a numeral, which is torn off before the worker has voted and is destroyed. The purpose of the numeral is to check the number of ballots used, to prevent fraudulent voting.

The worker appears before a clerk of the Board, who has a voting list that includes his name and his time-clock number. He identifies himself and is handed a ballot; then he goes into a booth which is closed after him. He marks his ballot, comes out of the booth, and throws his folded ballot into a sealed ballot box. The ballots are counted by Board tellers, and after the results are recapitulated the ballots are placed in a safe-deposit vault in Detroit.

In some districts there has been a small amount of electioneering, but by

¹ 'Gang leader' is a specific job in the automobile industry. — AUTHOR

no means enough. When the workers are fully accustomed to the democratic method of selecting employee representatives, electioneering will undoubtedly become brisk. It is part of democracy that there should be a campaign for the candidates.

Two elements in this election must be emphasized. First, the workers can select any person to represent them, a man from the conveyor belt or a leader in Washington. The Board does not determine the qualifications of the representative — it only counts votes. Secondly, if a worker declines to indicate a labor group affiliation, it is assumed that he belongs to a mass of individualists who do not choose to be affiliated with any labor group. These unaffiliates, for purposes of proportional representation, are regarded as one group.

V

In this democratic election of employee representatives, up to April 19 a total of 163,150 workers have voted in the primary elections in 63 automobile plants. They represent 85 per cent of the workers eligible to vote. If account is taken of those who were absent from the plants on the days when the voting took place, it appears that 89 per cent of those at work in the plants actually voted.

It must here be noted that the American Federation of Labor had instructed its members not to participate in the election. The A. F. of L. does not approve of this democratic method of selecting labor representatives and frankly used its influence to cause the elections to fail. Are we, then, to assume that the 11 per cent who did not vote are all A. F. of L. adherents, and, if so, is that a measure of the maximum strength of the A. F. of L. in the automobile industry?

Taking the report of April 19, we find the following interesting figures: —

	Number	Per cent
Unaffiliated	111,878	68.6
Employees' associations	21,774	13.3
American Federation of Labor	14,057	8.6
Associated Automobile Workers of America	6,083	3.7
Mechanics' Educational Society of America	665	
Pattern Makers' League of North America	132	
Auto Workers' Union	72	
Association of Certified Welders	36	
Industrial Workers of the World	26	
Society of Designing Engineers	24	
Auto Service Mechanics' Association	16	
Dingmen's Welfare Club	10	
Pontiac (Michigan) Chamber of Labor	4	
International Association of Machinists	2	
Auto Makers of America	1	
Blank ballots	4,345	2.7
Void ballots	4,025	2.5

Total ballots cast. 163,150

Total eligible voters. 191,618

Per cent of eligible voters who voted. 85.0

Total eligible voters working on the days of the nominating elections. 182,538

Per cent of those working who voted. 89.0

These figures show a very clear majority for individualistic representation. The percentage has been somewhat decreased during the past weeks, but the size of the majority is unmistakable. It is indicative of an unwillingness on the part of most workers in this industry to be represented by outsiders. It is an assertion that the automobile workers seek to manage their own affairs.

The next highest group are the company unions, showing a representation of 13.3 per cent. The two 'Rightist' elements, then, show a representation of 81.9 per cent of the workers in the industry voting in a secret ballot. It is significant that the company unions represent a larger group than the Fed-

eral Unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. If it is true, as so many liberals suggest, that the workers desire to repudiate the company unions, then this was the chance to do it. Even an American Federation of Labor official, counseling his men not to vote, admitted that if they cast a blank ballot no one would know who did it. Why, then, could these men not have used this opportunity to repudiate the company union? The only answer is that they did not wish to.

The American Federation of Labor is next on the list, with 8.6 per cent. This vote represents a large increase over previous voting, when the Federation showed about 4 per cent. Either the Federation has quietly notified more of its members to vote, or in some of the plants the attitude toward the plan is more favorable. For instance, in one plant in Toledo, the A. F. of L. carried every district. However, here arises another question of statesmanship. So far the American Federation has ignored the election, but some of its members have been elected employee representatives. If any one of them is seated as an A. F. of L. affiliate, does that mean that the A. F. of L. accepts the system of democratic elections of employee representatives? Here again the Federation will face the necessity of making a decision on a question of principle, which it will prefer to avoid. At any rate it faces the fact that the elections are actually taking place and that the workers are voting. It may charge influence and even coercion, but so far there has not been a scintilla of evidence that the votes do not represent the freely expressed opinion of the workers. Unsubstantiated charges by a disappointed organization are to be expected and can be ignored.

The next highest vote goes to the Associated Automobile Workers of America, which represents elements,

restless elements, among the Federal Unions who resent the A. F. of L. policy of appointing the leadership of an industry from outside. They particularly resent the assumption that anyone can speak for the industry except the men in the shop.

Several of the organizations are the craft unions among the skilled workers. The Mechanics' Educational Society of America is an organization of tool and die makers formed in the summer of 1933 as an organization for the intellectual improvement of the workers. Matthew Smith became its leader and turned it into a trade-union. Smith is said to be a Socialist and a brilliant conversationalist, but when he ran a strike in Detroit, in 1933, it was badly done from the standpoint of both the industry and the workers. The Auto Workers' Union is a Communist organization which has now ceased to function.

If the election is studied from the standpoint of the workers' attitude toward the political and economic organization of society, not more than 100 votes out of 163,000, or a very tiny fraction of a per cent, voted for a fundamental change. More than 90 per cent frankly endorsed the current order in society.

This vote may be terribly upsetting to those who have reached positive *a priori* decisions as to relations of capital and labor in industry. Statements are constantly emanating from Washington as to what the workers want and why. Here is a laboratory test. It is a carefully protected test to avoid any form of contamination. It wholly disproves the NRA theory that if the A. F. of L. were not recognized as representing all of labor a revolution would come immediately; it disproves the liberal theory that labor is antagonistic to capital; it disproves the Wagner and Guffey Bill theories that employee representation must be

through the A. F. of L. because the workers want it so.

It proves this: there is now a clear-cut cleavage in American industry between the employed and the unemployed worker. The employed worker is conservative, coöperative, and independent; the unemployed worker is clamoring for protection. The employed worker seeks to run his own affairs; the unemployed worker joins the A. F. of L. and similar organizations in the hope of getting a job. And it would appear, not from these election results but from the tone in this industry, that as the employed workers become more sure of their jobs, through the operations of employee representation and the safeguarding of seniority systems, they concern themselves more with the welfare of the industry than with the support of the union. This is the American characteristic of labor, and the election proves it conclusively.

It is pertinent to this discussion to call the reader's attention to situations which illustrate the policy of the A. F. of L. The Chevrolet strike in Toledo, which began in May, was a frontal attack not so much on General Motors as on the National Labor Board. The objective of the A. F. of L. Federal Union in this factory was to force General Motors to reject the President's settlement and the authority of the Automobile Labor Board. Other questions were secondary and, as the result shows, could have been readily solved by discussions between the workers and the manager of the Chevrolet factory in Toledo, for in this company a policy of decentralization is employed and local managers have large powers. This the workers know. There was no reason for a strike.

The Toledo factory presents an extraordinary situation. Whereas in nearly all of the factories in the auto-

mobile industry the A. F. of L. shows a very small following, in two it has real strength — the Cleveland Fisher Body and the Toledo Chevrolet. In the latter the Federation carried the primary election in every district, totaling about 1300 out of 2200 votes. It was the first time that the Federation fully partook in the vote. On the eve of the final election the local leaders struck to force majority rule instead of proportional representation. Instead of disciplining the local union for an unauthorized breach of an agreement to which the President of the United States is a party, A. F. of L. officials went to the support of the strikers, with the objective of discrediting the Automobile Labor Board and enforcing the principle of majority rule as specified in the not yet passed Wagner Bill.

As this article goes to press, the strike is settled. It has not brought about the collapse of the Automobile Labor Board, nor any change in the principles of the President's settlement. But the fight will go on. Whenever an opportunity to strike offers, the Federation will use this weapon to project itself as the sole agency for collective bargaining. These strikes will continue no matter what effect they have upon the economic welfare of the country.

General Motors, in this particular instance, served the Federation rather badly. It met demands for increased pay liberally, thus forcing a clarification of the issue. The Federation never stated the issue with candor. It is not wages, it is not hours, it is not the welfare of the individual worker that is involved in such strikes. The single issue is recognition of the A. F. of L. in spite of the vote of the workers in the entire industry. If the reader will follow the situation with care he will find that one and one issue only is behind the strikes which are crippling the national efforts for recovery.

BEING YOUNG

BEING young, her eyes let in so large a light
It crowded memory with green and white,
With skies, and hills, with doors, with printed words,
With downward rain, and downward-drifting birds.
As wakeful as a soldier standing guard
She looked at every flower long and hard,
And scrupulous as old astronomers
At nameless faces looking into hers,
And being young, she would not turn away.
The light shone in her open eyes all day
As bright as noon on country colorings.
She saw the honor of the shape of things,
And though she saw nowhere two things the same,
Not one but asked her mutely for its name.
She said, 'That vine across the arch. That clock.
That wind-struck weather vane. That shining rock.'
Her body tense and delicate, her head
Pressed eagerly against the light, she said,
'That red-lit window square. That coiling smoke.
That one root lifted till the sidewalk broke.
That warped old man. That dog. That child alone.
That staring face: that mirrored face: my own.'
Staring, she thought, 'Oh God, Your morning light
Will kill or blind me soon with too much sight.'

But the west wind swung the weather vane to west:
Four-quartered heaven beat inside her breast:
Love raged and came alive and cried aloud,
And set her free, who knew herself avowed.
She understood the rock, the root, the child.
This was the first time ever hill was piled
On hill, and overhead the bright birds flew
For flying's sake, as if their wings were new,
As if earth's air till now had never shaken
To wing or wind or light. Her love was taken
Suddenly into light, and noontime rolled
A flood that filled earth's corners up with gold.
She laughed. 'No human creature many a year
Has felt against his eyes the death I fear.
This hurt will heal, God knows, with all He knows,
And I shall die at eighty, I suppose,
So full and overfull so long of love
I shall not know what I am dying of.
And if,' she said, 'instead the years go by
Faded and fainter till at last I die
In comfort so accustomed it will dim
Even the sudden sight of seraphim,
Then I had rather blindness made that true
Than close my eyes because I wanted to.'

JOHN HOLMES

THE DARK AGES OF ARITHMETIC

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

I

AN excellent way to see one's own country, or one's own century, is to visit another.

While I was making just such a mental pilgrimage to the eighth century, a recent interest in unconventional mathematics¹ led me to examine with unusual care the arithmetic of the Franks in the days of Charlemagne and his great schoolmaster, Alcuin.

These were the Dark Ages of arithmetic, as of most other forms of learning. The Hindu-Arabic numerals we use to-day had not been imported by way of Spain, and even among the Arabs there is no evidence that the magic zero — symbol for nothing on which most mathematical science rests — was yet invented. The cumbersome Roman numerals were those used, with knowledge among the learned of the still worse Greek ones. Even geometry, which the Greeks under Euclid and Apollonius had developed to a fine science capable of performing operations awkward or impossible with their numerals, was being partly forgotten.

One might suppose that nothing useful or interesting could be learned from examining the arithmetic texts of that Dark Age. I have found the opposite true. The very difficulty men had in performing simple multiplications which a child of ten now does

with ease resulted in ingenious devices. Because men had no good set of simple formulas on which to glide to automatic answers, they had to think hard about quantity, and what it did and why. Their strange and often crude ideas of number have in several instances guided modern mathematicians to important discoveries.

II

There are two chief sources for our knowledge of the arithmetic of the Middle Ages, both textbooks. The first is the *Introduction to Arithmetic* of Nicomachus of Gerasa, concerning whom almost nothing is known except that he lived about 100 A.D., probably in a town not far from Jerusalem, and wrote in Greek what appears to be the world's first true arithmetic. His book contributed little that was new, but it summarized most of the arithmetical knowledge and beliefs of his time. Boethius, prolific writer and Christian martyr of the sixth century, popularized Nicomachus by rewriting him in Latin, the common language of the scholars of the day. The textbooks of these two men, together with minor contributions of other writers, constituted the arithmetic of the Dark Ages.

There were dreary wastes and blind stumblings in this arithmetic, but there were also some facts which most of the world has since forgotten. How many

¹ See the *Atlantic* for October 1934. — EDITOR

people know to-day that any number can be squared without multiplication, simply by adding a series of odd numbers equal to the number to be squared? For instance, the square of 3 (which is 9) is the sum of the first three odd numbers, $1+3+5=9$. And the square of 8 (or 64) is the sum of the first eight odd numbers, $1+3+5+7+9+11+13+15=64$. And so on infinitely, through all the possible integral squares.

We no longer need this method since multiplication has been reduced to an efficient formula. But imagine the difficulty the powerful emperor Charlemagne had in trying to multiply, say, XXXVII by XXIX. Just these practical difficulties, in either the Roman or the Greek numerals, led to some concepts of number that sound strange in our ears, and will bear examining.

Nicomachus thought the creation could be divided into two varieties — magnitudes and multitudes. Magnitudes were things like the earth itself, or a tree, and were infinitely divisible. Multitudes were like a heap of stones or a flock of sheep, and these were infinitely increasable. It followed that 'sciences are always sciences of limited things,' or things that could be numbered. Arithmetic itself occupied a special position, for without it no science could exist, but it needed no science for its own existence.

Boethius used number for his division of the famous quadrivium of the Middle Ages. 'Numbers absolute' constituted arithmetic. 'Numbers in mutual relationship' were the foundation of music. 'Quantity at rest' was the subject matter of geometry; 'quantity in motion,' of astronomy.

III

The ideas of number and actual physical quantity never got wholly dissociated in the Middle Ages. For centuries it was denied that 1 was a

number at all. The idea of number seemed necessarily plural, and 1 was not plural. (We still frequently use the word 'number' with a plural verb, as 'A number of men were killed.') Moreover, any number multiplied by itself should produce a different number, but 1 so multiplied reproduced itself. Even 2 was regarded as rather a representation of the duality of the universe than a number, and for many scholars the number system really began with 3. That is why the Latin poets use three (*terque quaterque beatus*) as the first symbol for many.

The idea of numbers as composed of individual physical particles gave rise to a geometrical conception of arithmetic, with description and handling of numbers in geometrical patterns. While special symbols for large numbers were available, it seemed more useful to regard a number as just a collection of like particles (the Greeks used α , since that was their 1) which could be moved about in geometrical patterns. One (α), being a mere point, was non-dimensional. Two ($\alpha\alpha$) was a straight line, or one-dimensional. Then followed the plane numbers, which were two-dimensional. These began with the triangles, 3, 6, 10 (any bowler will recognize 10 as a triangle), 15, 21 . . . Thus: —

		α
α	α	$\alpha\alpha$
$\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha$

After the triangular numbers came the square numbers (our term 'square' is, of course, just a relic of this geometrical treatment) such as 4, 9, 16, 25, 36 . . .

		$\alpha\alpha\alpha$
$\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha$
$\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha$
	$\alpha\alpha\alpha$	$\alpha\alpha\alpha\alpha$

Nicomachus pointed out that any two successive triangular numbers could be arranged into a square number ($3+6=9$; $6+10=16$), and that any square, as one can see in the last example on page 65, is the sum of two unequal triangles.

He also noted, as we have already done, that all the squares could be derived in their order from the sum of the series of odd numbers, a fact earlier known to Pythagoras and Aristotle.

The plane numbers were continued through pentagons, hexagons, and so on. Nicomachus formed a table of these plane numbers which demonstrated some rather curious number relationships, which will be evident on careful examination of this section of his table:—

Triangular numbers	1	3	6	10	15	21	28	...
Square numbers, . .	1	4	9	16	25	36	49	...
Pentagonal numbers	1	5	12	22	35	51	70	...
Hexagonal numbers	1	6	15	28	45	66	91	...

After two-dimensional numbers Nicomachus went on to three-dimensional or solid numbers. The simplest solid number was the three-sided pyramid, represented by 4, 10, 20, 35, 56 . . . To see how Nicomachus derived his pyramids it is necessary to consider his units piled up like cannon balls in a Civil War memorial, and count the successive layers. Here are the successive layers of 20, treated as a solid three-sided pyramid:—

α			
$\alpha \alpha$	α		
$\alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha$	α	α
$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha$	

It will be observed that the solid pyramids of three sides can be derived mathematically by adding the successive triangular numbers in the table just given. Similarly, solid pyramids of four sides are derived by adding the successive square numbers. The cubes,

which we retain, Nicomachus derived by adding as many layers of the same square number as there were numbers on one side of the square.

It is unnecessary to go further into the representation of single numbers as geometrical figures. We may even feel relieved that Nicomachus did not think of a theoretical fourth dimension, and get out an additional series. Nevertheless an examination of what we may call the physical composition of various of these numbers led to certain ideas of their interrelation, and even to a singularly clear concept of multiplication.

IV

Most numbers, when expressed as particles, can be arranged in the form of rectangles; a few numbers cannot. Let us take for example 12, which makes two rectangles, and 5, which makes none:—

$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha$
$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	$\alpha \alpha \alpha$
	$\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$	

Numbers like 5, which cannot be arranged in a rectangle, are prime; that is to say, they have no factors but 1 and themselves. Numbers which can be arranged in rectangular form possess length, *longitudo*, and breadth, *latitudo*; and they have as many pairs of factors (in addition to 1 and themselves) as there are different rectangles into which they can be formed. For example, 12 makes two rectangles, and from them its factors can be counted off to be 2 and 6, 3 and 4. If the rectangle is also a square, then there is a doubled factor, as, for instance, 5 and 5 for 25.

From this conception of rectangular numbers, multiplication springs as full-bodied as Minerva. To multiply is simply to give a number a second dimension. To multiply 4 by 3, we

express 4 as a linear number ($\alpha \alpha \alpha \alpha$), give it a breadth of 3, and fill in the rest of the rectangle. The result is twelve α 's.

Similarly, division can be done by arranging the number to be divided into a rectangle with one side equal to the proposed divisor. The other dimension will then be the answer; and if the number does not make a perfect rectangle, then it cannot be evenly divided by the selected divisor.

Since this shifting about of number particles is something of a bother, one soon begins to plot out the length and breadth of the lower numbers. A section of Boethius's chart — which he continued to X in both directions — is given below. He set down on the first horizontal line the units of length (*longitudo*); he arranged in the first vertical column the units of breadth (*latitudo*). Then, just as one might chart cities by their longitude and latitude, he filled in the centre with the rectangular numbers which had the length and breadth their columns called for. There emerges — the multiplication table!

	<i>Longitudo</i>					
<i>Latitudo</i>	I	II	III	IIII	V	VI <i>etc.</i>
	II	IIII	VI	VIII	X	XII
	III	VI	VIII	XII	XV	XVIII
	IIII	VIII	XII	XVI	XX	XXIIII
	V	X	XV	XX	XXV	XXX
	VI	XII	XVIII	XXIIII	XXX	XXXVI
<i>etc.</i>						

This form of the multiplication table is so much more compact than our common 2-line, 3-line, 4-line arrangement that it is still sometimes used; it has also certain further advantages in showing number relations. The godly Boethius, normally a moderate and reserved writer, *issima'd* all over the page with Latin superlatives in praise of it. In addition to showing instantly both the products and the factors of all low numbers, it presented the successive squares in the diagonal proceeding

from the upper left-hand corner of the table down to the lower right-hand corner.

With the aid of such a table, or the still earlier Greek one, the arithmetical Dark Ages could perform simple multiplications. But since their numbers lacked 'place value,' they ran into severe complications with larger figures. Apparently a few mathematical geniuses could remember what happened when one multiplied LI by XV, but most people could not. For larger figures they frequently resorted to the abacus, where beads on separate strings gave them precisely the place value they had not the wit to invent in number symbols, and a vacant string represented the zero they still did not think of.

Sometimes they performed multiplications by successive additions of doubles, technically called 'duplation.' Here is how it worked, using our own numerals for simplicity: —

Problem: Multiply 19 by 25

	1	nineteen	=	19
Doubled,	2	nineteens	=	38
"	4	"	=	76
"	8	"	=	152
"	16	"	=	304

Then, by selection:

1	nineteen	=	19
8	nineteens	=	152
16	"	=	304
25	"	=	475

A little experimenting will prove that this method of duplation will suffice for all whole numbers, and reaches the higher ones rather speedily; it was therefore not necessary to know more than how to add successive numbers to themselves to achieve, a trifle laboriously, large multiplications.

A more mysterious method, based upon the same principle, is cited by David Eugene Smith in his *History of Mathematics* as being still in use among Russian peasants; I have found no

demonstration of it in mediæval text-books, but it is so similar it may very well have been known. In this method we halve the one number (neglecting fractions) until unity is reached, and beneath these figures place the other number and its successive doubles. The final answer is the sum of those lower numbers which are beneath an *odd* number. Why this is so a demonstration of the same problem may help make clear. To multiply 25 and 19:—

25	12	6	3	1
19	38	76	152	304

Now, adding figures beneath odd numbers:

$$19 + 152 + 304 = 475 \text{ — Answer}$$

Nicomachus also recognized ten varieties of proportions, but, the world still being without the aid of algebra, his treatment of them is scarcely enlightening. One item may be of interest to musicians. The so-called harmonic proportions were often not derived by mathematical means at all, but solved by striking chords and measuring the respective lengths of strings. Musician-readers are invited to solve on their own guitars $6:8::9:x$.

Nicomachus called 6, 8, 9, 12 'the most perfect proportion . . . most useful for all progress in music, and in the theory of the nature of the universe.'²

V

There are further curiosities of the mediæval arithmetic, such as the quest for 'perfect numbers,' which the reader may follow out for himself. And if perfect numbers and other similar interests of these experimenters in arithmetic seem to us mystical and quite useless, it may be well to point out, as L. E. Dickson does in his recent *History of the Theory of Numbers*, that modern number theory stems largely from Fermat's experimentations with these very perfect numbers of the Dark Ages. If number and the nature of the universe are as intimately related as many modern physicists believe, it may be that the laborious concepts of the Dark Ages of arithmetic hold still further revelations for the understanding modern mind.

² Translated by Martin Luther D'Ooge, University of Michigan Studies, Humanistic Series. — AUTHOR

CHALLENGE TO COMPLACENCY

What Future Archaeologists Will Think of Us

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THE archæologist has a cold and callous eye. It looks backward to the past and forward to the future and seldom pauses on the present. Walking down Fifth Avenue or Regent Street, I cannot help letting my imagination leap forward a thousand years or so. How, in that remote future, will these wide streets and concrete palaces look? What problems will they hold for the excavator of a new world that has prospered in some distant part of the globe, who has sent his reconnaissance expedition to investigate the enormous mounds, smooth and rolling and grass-covered, that will then mark the sites of capital cities of an almost-forgotten civilization?

You smile! Surely that can never happen, you say. And so smiled the Minoans of Cnossus, the ancient Indians of the vast city of Mohendjodaro in the Indus Valley, and the Mayas in their indestructible palaces of Yucatan. Yet they were forgotten for thousands of years, and only the chance of excavation brought them to light. Of course it will happen to us, yet we live in the unshaken complacency of an immovable belief that we are permanent — like those ancient Agrigentines of whom a Greek once said that ‘they live as if they were to die tomorrow, and build as if they were to live forever.’

When the crash comes and civilization decides to shift elsewhere, when

London and New York are as forgotten as was Athens after the fall of Rome, or as Persepolis after Alexander had burned it, how will the change come about by which London and New York are transformed into those delectable grassy hillocks that delight the eye of the prospective excavator?

Of course one must make assumptions. Cnossus or Persepolis did not perish overnight. A mighty sacking or conflagration is not fatal. London in 1666 started at once to recover and rebuild; Cnossus was sacked and ruined, but not reduced to a heap of rubble. Persepolis could have been remade and restored. One must assume certain political and social catastrophes that make it impossible for the inhabitants to return or to remake; some financial breakdown that forbids repair, upkeep, and restoration. And if in the dry and gentle climate of the Mediterranean, or in the dryer but hotter climate of India, several civilizations that in their bloom thought themselves as immutable as rock, as unforgettable as the sun, perished from the memory of man as utterly as if they consisted of mere squalid mud-hut villages, how much more shall London, New York, Paris, or Berlin be reduced to rolling hills of rubble under the impact of a climate that destroys with four times the speed of the climate of the Mediterranean or of India!

For what is the chief enemy of a great city, or, for that matter, of any building, but water? Water that seeps into cracks, water that freezes in those cracks and expands with a slow destructive force as great as dynamite, water that drips its way through ferro-concrete and oxidizes the immortal strength of iron and steel and reduces their power to heaps of red rust.

Let us look ahead. Imagine some devastating European-American war, a war in which the whole world is involved. Neglect grows as all energy is concentrated on the vigor of war. For a period of years there are no repairs done to cities and their buildings, no improvements, no strengthening, no painting of steel girders or refurbishing of stone surfaces. Imagine London or New York as was Vienna in 1919—paint peeling from walls, plaster cracking, encompassing grime and mildew in holes and crannies and corners. And then imagine a financial crash more desperate, more irremediable than any that the world has suffered in the last few years, a crash from which there is no escape, for the cure of which no Roosevelt appears like a *deus ex machina*. Fortune is not always so obliging as to produce a magician to move every rock, and we must assume an accumulation of rocks with no magician at all.

The financial breakdown is followed by political chaos, political chaos by public insecurity. Out of this chaos only one element will emerge organized, and that is crime. The criminal elements will feed like parasites on a tottering fabric of civilization in a way far more deadly than ever in history, if only because crime can now obtain weapons which make its offensive quality more deadly. Failure of means of communication provides just the conditions most suitable for the growth of criminal organization, which in any case has its own channels of communication. Then famine and perhaps dis-

ease reduce the population to a minimum, and so in the end develops a situation in which mass emigration has become a necessity.

The climate of the Northern States of America would force a population thus swiftly deprived of its ordinary means of subsistence steadily to the south, whether to South America or to the Southern States does not matter. But in any breakdown of organized civilization a move to a climate where the essential comforts of a primitive mode of existence are more easily obtainable becomes obvious. And so from a by now barbarized North would move upon a still stable South a horde of people virtually indistinguishable from the barbaric Europeans who moved southward upon the stable culture of the Mediterranean at various periods of history. Thus fell Mycenæ and Troy, and thus many attempts were made from the north upon Constantinople, which failed only because of the immensely superior defenses of that city.

A similar situation in England would be less easily evaded by mass movement. For in chaotic conditions the English Channel would prove a tremendous obstacle, only to be crossed by small numbers aided by a few enterprising craft, the property of pirates out for gain. Only the relatively rich would escape, and the remainder would die of starvation far more rapidly than in America; although, on the other hand, the rigors of the climate would not be so fatal to humanity as in America.

Such gloomy prognostications as these rise to my mind when I look at the neat complacent buildings of Regent Street or of the long alleys of New York. Perhaps I am a pessimist, but then I am not such a fool as to imagine that the particular kind of world I live in will go on for more than its fair share of time. Just as the average

Londoner or New Yorker is incredulous that his city should not be there ten thousand years hence, so to me it is incredible that it should. And, indeed, London all but faded out of existence after the Roman departure from Britain, while New York faced catastrophe only three years ago! And the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbek and Luxor cry loudly to the living that they are only leaseholders of property that will, after the 99 or 999 or 9999 years' lease is up, revert once more to the ground landlord.

II

But let me get down to the grim archæological details. Let us assume our New York, smitten by its financial catastrophe, its population denuded, its rich rapidly fled, its offices empty, its lovely skyscrapers rising unlit and gloomy at night over the twin waterways, now empty of shipping, silent and dark. A bare million of inhabitants, perhaps, still live on after the general bankruptcy that fell like a plague in the early spring of 2035 A.D. Somehow they live through the hot summer, consuming the accumulated provisions of the city, living on capital. The police, unpaid and without chiefs, have fled, the criminal elements usurp government. A fitful electric lighting service is maintained in a few places, a few automobiles ply at famine prices for traffic. Substantially, New Yorkers know nothing of what is happening outside New York, and very little of what is happening there. Those who were in England during the General Strike in 1926 will remember how the first result of dislocation of all transport was the complete isolation of every city; no one knew what was going on in the country as a whole.

Summer passes and an early winter falls with a crash in November. The population, now without adequate

means of heating, perish rapidly from cold and from the ravages of influenza. New York gets emptier and emptier. As winter increases, the rain and sleet come in torrents. Neglected roofs begin to leak, unrepaired walls admit water through their cracks — and then comes a spell of that sub-zero temperature that even at the best of times causes damage and upset. The damp and water freeze to ice which expands with the remorseless strength of destiny. A few walls and houses fall, skyscrapers begin to show defects. The campaniles totter and the pinnacles are unstable. And thus begins that downward movement of a great city that ends in the grassy mounds which lure the eye of the archæologist.

Slowly but inexorably the façades of towers and palaces flake off and fall to the ground. Round every mansion and every towering skyscraper is a steadily increasing circuit of accumulated fallings and droppings. For there is no one to clear it away or to repair the cracks and crevices. Like a ruthless crowbar of fate the frost peels off the outer cover of many a building and drops it crashing to the ground. In its fall the cover perhaps breaks through the roof of adjacent buildings. More ruin, more accumulations. Neglected water mains and pockets of gas burst the roadways upward into confused heaps. Every pull downward of this dreadful force known as gravity is followed by a convulsion, a push from below, just as if gravity were proving that it can act both ways.

Compared with London, New York would come to a swifter death, for New York is precariously balanced on its smooth rock. What the ice of the Glacial Age smoothed so cleanly into a platform designed for an imperial city, the ice of a post-glacial age, which still comes to sting you with the reminder that it was only a few moments of time ago that the glaciers retreated into

Canada, will clear once more of impediments, though this time they will not be swept ruthlessly away, but merely left to crumble.

If you want to see the Glacial Age in New York, get on top of a bus at about 70th Street and ride down Fifth Avenue towards Battery Point. Look along the Avenue and you will see the roadway ahead undulating beautifully and harmoniously; the line of street lamps rises and falls like the rollers of the Atlantic.

The stranger seeing this for the first time is amazed. The more so if he is a Londoner, accustomed to the perfect level line of the lamps of Baker Street or of Oxford Street. Here is as voluptuous a series of curves as ever delighted an Oriental. And those are the curves worn out of your New York granite cliffs by the steady heave and grind of primeval ice in past ages, when the great face of the glaciers dropped its crashing fragments of ice into what is now New York Sound. Thus was New York forged, and the marks of its forging show to-day in that lovely line of undulating street lamps.

But to-morrow the vestiges of that ancient Glacial Age will clean the rock once more.

And so my dismal story works steadily to its conclusion. Among the shapeless heaps of rubble, concrete fragments, and red stone, amid the almost nightly crashes of falling buildings, there may still stand the vast height of the Empire State Building and the lovely knife edge of the Rockefeller tower. They are built of the most enduring of all modern materials. Yet they will not endure as has the Parthenon, for they have to face rigors of climate that Greece never even dreamed of. No ice or snow worth mention has shifted a stone of the Parthenon; no temperature of twenty degrees below zero, or worse, has driven its wedges

into the cracks of any Greek, Persian, or Egyptian building. Nature has let them decline very, very gently.

After most of New York, except the newest towers, has tumbled into ruin, perhaps the twin heights of the two tallest skyscrapers will still remain, but not for very long. Soon their outer cover will flake and fall, and nothing will stand save the central cores of ferro-concrete. Slowly too this will wear and bend. Perhaps the Empire State tower will buckle and fall in one piece of its own weight; the Rockefeller building will come down in segments. But even if they lord it over the ruins for a year or two more, it is only a matter of time before they too are leveled. And where they fall what a grassy mound will rise!

On the rolling hillocks along the furrows that were once Fifth and Sixth and Seventh avenues, and the rest, will rise two vaster hills. The small advance party of excavators who are camped in tents near by will say at once, 'Here were the principal palaces of this great capital. Here probably will be found the residence of the Chief of the ancient United States, believed to have borne the name of President. It was apparently an old family, for ever since the eighteenth century the Chieftain has always borne the same family name of President.' Ultimately, when their supposed palaces of kings prove to be the Waldorf-Astoria or the Woolworth Building, immense volumes will be written to prove that, after all, America was a republic and not a kingdom, as her ruins might have suggested. The accurate planning of the reception office of the Waldorf-Astoria, the discovery of ancient hotel ledgers in steel safes that have been preserved under immense falls of concrete, and the general equipment of some of these palace sites will ultimately prove to the world that New York was, after all, run on democratic lines — or at

least that the palaces were open to all men.

Along the grassy edge of the New York island my excavators will find the crumbling relics of ancient quays, and in the accumulated mud of the harbor wharves the skeletons of ships. But the great ice jams of the Hudson that have broken through and swept the edges of the island will have left little to find. Their sharp edges will have shaved the outlines of the island almost back again to its Glacial Age contours.

And what of London? Here things will move more slowly, but not less certainly. Instead of a grassy heap of hillocks on a smooth rock, London will end more as an enormous waste of uneven ruins, rather like the vast cities of Turkestan, Merv, or the ancient towns of the Gobi. But instead of lying gently in preserving sand, London of that distant future will be engulfed in mud and marsh. When the Thames Embankment falls, as it will do in a year or two after the final catastrophe, the tidal Thames will encroach and bite away the soft banks. And the piles of fallen masonry will be more formidable and more massive in some cases than in New York, because buildings like the Houses of Parliament are far more solid and more massively constructed than the thinly made and largely hollow skyscrapers. Westminster will revert once again to the island in a marshy shore that it originally was, but on that island will rise a very vast mound of rubble, composed of the Victoria Tower and Big Ben Tower. For the rest, London will be in the main a low stretch of uneven mounds that will be partly sunk in the soft clay soil, while New York will lie above its impermeable rock foundation.

III

The excavators of both London and New York will have considerable trou-

ble with the enormous underground buildings and subways and tubes that penetrate everywhere. Some years ago, while excavating in Constantinople, I found the task of excavation made more complicated by finding endless systems of water supply. Apparently every third emperor had decided to enhance his reputation by installing new and more efficient water conduits. These we found at every level down to twenty-five feet. In London I can well imagine the chagrin of the excavators as they dig out Piccadilly Circus and get their sectional plans confused by the various Tube stations. And to have to clear the Grand Central Station after it had been completely silted up with mud and *débris*, and to pass all the earth excavated through a sieve in order to find the priceless documents preserved on the site of the Information Booth, are tasks which make me thankful that I explore only the cities of relatively simple folk.

Just as nineteenth-century history has to-day become far more burdensome a study than the history of the fourteenth century, partly because the enormous increase of population has produced more interesting individuals and more political and social activity, so the sites of the future will require at least ten times the number of excavators to handle them. Nor will those excavators be able to employ any new inventions for speeding up their excavation. Unfortunately the excavator must in all ages proceed at the speed of pick and shovel and at no faster rate. Nor can he employ any other than these primitive instruments.

In one respect the excavators of New York and London will be fortunate. Virtually all printed books and papers will have vanished as if they had never been. They will no more be found during the course of excavation than are papyri found in the slightly damp soil of Greece. The products of

the printing press will have survived only in the dry climates. Perhaps, cynically enough, the only documents to be found during the excavation of London will be the *Codex Sinaiticus* and other works recorded on tough and almost indestructible vellum. But one will always have to make an exception in the case of such documents as have been kept in safes, for safes will undoubtedly survive for a very long time.

Yet, imagine the reconstruction of English literature of the twentieth century based on the information obtained from safes! It will prove to be a blend of the sort of English to be found on legal conveyances and on the bogus prospectuses of dubiously promoted companies!

But the epigraphist will reap a rich harvest. From the shattered remains of tombstones and foundation stones of public halls and almshouses, from the pontifical inscriptions engraved on bronze tablets on churches, and from the war memorials of various wars, he will compose a disjointed history of our life and times that would freeze our marrow if we could but read it. What fun it will be for the archæologist to compose lists of aldermen, mayors, and councilors, and attribute to them half the famous reforms of the age! To find stray fragments of Shakespeare and of Abraham Lincoln and of Emerson and of the Bible and of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, and to make out of them an anthology of our literature!

And what a task to classify the buildings that will be found! To fix the type of the church, the cinema, the night club, the prison, and the hotel of our day and then to identify buildings according to this classification. I can see the new Publishing House of the Christian Science movement at Boston being labeled as a night club, such is the glory of its interior and its plan; and Westminster Catholic Cathedral in

London will probably be identified as a hotel on the lines of the Biltmore, while the Biltmore may be shown to be a church of some luxury sect. What fun it will all be, and what a pity we shall not be there to see!

In the abandoned countryside, things will be different. The more complex a city is, the more rapidly it will decay and fall to ruin. For all the services of a modern city are so interdependent that once one or two of these services fail the whole city is affected. In ancient Rome or Athens there was no municipal lighting or drainage or public health to speak of. If the system broke down, you carried on quite well without it. But to-day we are utterly dependent on the services of others. And if those others fail us we are helpless.

A modern city is the most vulnerable thing in the world. I have seen two modern cities left stranded and helpless — Salonika and Constantinople. The first I saw burned to the ground in 1917, the second I saw in 1918 just after the Armistice. No words of mine can describe the complete chaos in each case.

In two hours Salonika was as helpless as any rubbish heap. After the fire had burned itself out, the masses of fallen masonry and charred ruins were well on their way to becoming a fine archæological site. So complete was the ruin that the builders of the new Salonika a few years later merely pulled down what still-standing walls there were and leveled the rubbish to one uniform level; on this as a foundation they built their new city, so that to-day Salonika stands about six feet higher than it did before.

Constantinople in 1918 was a fully inhabited city, but then devoid of any public services for the inhabitants. There was no gas, no electricity except intermittently, no street cleaning, hardly any police, and an unsafe and erratic water supply. Yet the inhab-

itants somehow managed to survive until the army of occupation had set its engineers to rectify these breakdowns.

Had no one come to help, Constantinople would have died within a very few weeks. There would have been plague, famine, and massacre. Fires would have spread unchecked and crime would have been rampant. As it was, it was a common sight to see in the morning the corpses of those who had been shot by criminals during the night lying in the side streets. Dead horses lay in the gutters sometimes for days. The Turkish police, unpaid for months, could hardly be regarded as trustworthy guardians of law and order. Children starved and disease was rampant. And all this decline had taken place between November 11, 1918, and about December 31, 1918. Indeed, the resistance of a modern city to disintegrating forces is far lower than that of ancient cities, if only because the complexity of modern city life is based on the assumption that catastrophes do not occur. Simpler modes of life do not break down with that devastating swiftness with which our elaborate civilization may topple over the brink to destruction. Constantinople remains in my memory as a nightmare and as a warning. Imagine London or New York deprived of all its public services for a week only, and you will get some idea of the terrible swiftness with which decay will bring the whole organism to destruction.

IV

And so it is to the countryside that we must look for the survival of some kind of semblance of the old order, when the great metropolitan centres have crashed into ruin. Probably for years after New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and London and Edinburgh have been rendered uninhabit-

able the remote farmsteads of Maine and the Middle West and of Yorkshire and Cornwall will still show some kind of regular life and ordered existence. But it will be every farmstead for itself, every village its own master, every man armed, and every unit self-subsisting. The farmers will consume their own grain and their own stock; perhaps there will be a simple method of barter and exchange, though there will naturally be no further use for currency.

Some such state of affairs began to develop in the Caucasus in 1919, when from a chaos of revolution and disturbance there evolved five or six independent republican states, each about the size of a large English county. Each struck its own paper currency, which was not current or acceptable in any other republic. Each lived on its own capital and its own resources. Each was slowly dying, and only when all were incorporated in the Soviet Union did they show signs of renaissance, based on a general interchange of commodities and a general discipline imposed by a central authority armed with the force to back it up.

For many years the relics of our old civilization will survive in rural regions and in small units. Slowly these units will become more and more isolated. Such was the condition of England after the Roman departure in the fifth century. Such was the state of affairs in Italy in the Dark Ages of the seventh and eighth centuries. Ancient Roman order existed in England in the Welsh and Cornish hills and moorlands until it slowly flickered out into Saxondom and a new order. Greece after the fall of the Mycenæan world was an aggregation of small units each of which hardly knew its neighbor. The immediate sequel to any universal crash has been this centrifugal tendency. As the great centres radiate an influence of

decay and destruction, so the old order drifts toward the periphery, in so far as it is unable to emigrate en masse to some happier world.

The speed with which a fine system of roads will, by neglect and disuse, vanish slowly beneath the surface of the ever increasing and encroaching vegetation is astonishing. I have seen a fine system of roads which was built by the Allied armies in Macedonia gradually perish. For they corresponded, not to the natural requirements of the region, but only to temporary military necessity. Half of them have now almost faded away. Their culverts have broken, their bridges been swept away, their embankments have slipped down. The grass verge has gradually spread toward the centre of the metaling. Miniature ravines have been ploughed through the metaling here and there by torrents of winter rain. The peasants ride on their mules alongside the roadway, not on it, for the hard metaling is too much for the hoofs of their oxen and buffaloes and horses.

So the great Roman roads of Britain slowly sank out of sight and were mostly forgotten. So will the great cement turnpikes and parkways and arterial roads perish in a few years after the great catastrophe of the future.

Only the railways will remain, for the mighty embankments and cuttings have a longer life. Even so, the tunnels will fall in, the embankments will slip, and the cuttings will soon look much as the great Canal of Xerxes, through which he took his fleet, looks to-day. A few months only would let the Panama and the Suez canals fall into ruin if they are neglected. Many a time I have seen the Corinth Canal with its sides fallen in; the maintenance of it is a whole-time task, and there are constant falls. That small seaway would be rendered useless in perhaps a fort-

night if its maintenance services were suspended.

England, after a hundred years of neglect following the great catastrophe, would revert almost to the same condition as that in which it was in neolithic times. The old marsh and forest areas, which then were impassable, and which archaeologists now faithfully plot on their maps, would be swamp and marsh and forest in one generation, and again impassable in two. Packs of wild dogs would rapidly degenerate into wolves, malaria would spread, and human habitations would be driven up on to the moors and downs where they started five thousand years ago. The ancient hill camps would be inhabited once again by melancholy and degenerate agriculturists who would have to eke out their thin crops with hunting. Weapons of the hunt would be as primitive as they were at the dawn of the Iron Age. The isolation of the downlands would make collaboration between settlements almost impossible. Fortification would be as necessary against marauding humans as against wolves.

I once saw a whole valley revert to this condition in a year. For military reasons we had in 1916 to evacuate all the inhabitants from the valley of the Struma in Macedonia. Their villages lay empty and undamaged. Their dogs remained behind and would not follow their masters. In a few weeks these village dogs left their villages and formed packs which lived in holes in the ground and came out at night to steal and kill. So dangerous were they to lonely patrols and isolated soldiers that it became necessary to hunt them down and shoot them. Swamp developed with incredible speed where had once been fertile maize and cotton fields. Malaria thrived as it has never thriven before in those parts. Our own army lost 50 per cent of its effectives as a result.

V

Fortunately in all these cases of incipient collapse there has been some organized power to prevent it spreading. But suppose there were no organized power left? Suppose a complete financial disaster robbed the authorities of the means to maintain any power at all!

I do not say that such a fate is imminent at this time in any part of the world, but I am quite certain that another world war would bring about the necessary conditions for collapse and it would be only by a miracle that the collapse would not follow. And a world-wide collapse of administration would entail a disaster compared to which the decline and fall of Rome or of Persia or of Egypt would be but a passing shadow. For the past is ready to leap upon us again. The more modern we become, the nearer we are to a neolithic or even to a palæolithic existence.

A newly created civilization is near enough to its origins to realize and to understand the dangers that surround it. It looks back only a short distance of time and sees and remembers those primitive conditions from which it emerged so recently. And it knows how to avoid the dangers which it has so recently overcome. The first Greek cities were small and easily managed. Intercommunication and association into groups started almost before the cities were built. The sea became the vehicle of communication before the sites were chosen or the colonial enterprises planned. The Greeks, and the Romans after them, built up their civilization solidly and step by step. And so Greece and Rome have not wholly perished yet.

But the Minoans of Cnossus achieved a precocious city life before it was due. At the height of its power, Cnossus perhaps held a hundred thousand in-

habitants. War was not feared, because there was no enemy in Crete and none on the high seas worth consideration. And so there were no fortifications at Cnossus and no coastal fortresses. When the enemy came, the whole complex of city life vanished overnight, for the Minoans seem to have been a complacent folk who 'built as if they were to live forever.'

To-day, with armies millions strong and with vast fleets waiting patiently in their harbors for purposes and enemies as yet unidentified, we still sit complacently in our palaces and let events carry us along on the tide. Yet whither the tide is taking us we do not trouble to inquire.

This is not an exposition of the horrors of war; still less is it a pamphlet for pacificism. I am writing a simple prophetic archaeological thesis. I am wondering what our proud cities will look like when curious scholars of a distant future come to collect the materials for the writing of a history of our times. I am enjoying the prospect of sitting on the edge of some furrow that was once East 60th Street or West 44th Street and wondering exactly how true a picture those future archaeologists will paint of the life that was once New York; how far they will be able to reconstruct that marvelous view which could once be seen from the middle of Queensborough Bridge. I am sitting on the top of a rough and high mound beneath which lie the tangled mechanism of Big Ben and the fragments of its brazen bells, and looking across the endless marshes to the North Sea, and I am wondering whether the precise and exquisite 'Restored View of the Ancient City of London' will bear any resemblance at all to the London that we know.

I am really inquiring into the capacity of scholarship to reconstruct the past. And if, in the process, I sound a little pessimistic, that need not worry

us. For all the great cities of the world pass in due course, only we tend, like the citizens of every city at every age of time, to think that we are immortal, that our metropolitan Babylons will live forever and change gently from generation to generation, growing ever staller, more magnificent, and more civilized. They may, indeed they may go on forever; but no city has done so as yet, and the present condition of the world suggests that there is little likelihood of a very long life for any capital town or for our particular mode of life.

Again, I insist, I speak purely as an archæologist. I know nothing of social developments or of political necessities. But I do know for certain that a dozen empires have passed away and a hundred cities vanished in the few thousand years during which man has become *Homo sapiens*. Only when he becomes *Homo sapientissimus* will there be less risk of cities vanishing into dust and of

nations bleeding to death for reasons obscure and uncertain. And that *Homo sapientissimus* has at last emerged I see no hint or sign. On the contrary, at the moment there seems to have been a slight retrograde movement; man is *Homo insipiens*. We are hovering on the brink of a precipice, winding round that dizzy path up which we may ultimately reach the peaks of Wisdom, but off which we may so easily topple to destruction. Perhaps we shall meet others on the way, and, disputing the right of way, all fall over together. Perhaps we shall encounter friends who will help us to pull our burdens up the slope.

In any case, don't let us sit primly in our chairs admiring the view up Fifth Avenue or down Regent Street. For in how short a time will that view be over rolling green hummocks and reed-grown wastes, with the sea or the river lapping at an empty shore!

ICE CREAM ON MONDAY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

BOB and Cleve came in with the milk and found their mother and Kitty arguing.

'Well now, Kitty,' Mama Hubbard was saying, 'what do you think I am, a ninny? I guess I can call up my own sister and talk to her and nobody think anything! I'll just ask how they all are and if there's anything going around their neighborhood, whooping cough or anything. If the Wesleys are quarantined or anything, she'll know it and say so.'

'Mama, don't you *do it!*' Kitty said. 'You would n't mean to, but you'd likely let it out. Aunt Marge would ask you something about Hazel and him, if they went in to the band concert or something, and — Eastridges listening in — Hazel'd never get over it!'

'Well,' Mama Hubbard said, breaking eggs into the skillet and frowning over the heat of the stove, 'I don't know's she'll get over this very fast, like it is. I'm not going to sit around and see her looking like she looks this morning and not do a thing! He can't go with her all fall and winter and quit like this, no quarrel or anything, and Hazel not a notion of what's the matter.'

'Whatta you mean — quit?' Bob said, and reached up to the platter in the warming oven and helped himself to a crisp curl of bacon. 'Just because he did n't come over one Sunday. That's not anything! Don't get so worked up. He'll call up to-day,

likely. I saw him in town Thursday and he was all right.'

'You did!' Mama Hubbard cried. 'What did he say?'

'Nothing. I tell you — '

'He was n't with that Eastridge girl?'

'No, of course not. I've told you, Mama, he's not paid any attention to any girl since he started going with Hazel.'

'Well,' Kitty said, setting down the pile of oatmeal bowls with a bang, 'it's not like it was you and Rose, scrapping and breaking it off and making it up half the time. *They* don't fight. They've never had a fight all winter, all the time they've been going together.'

'Go easy, Mama,' Bob said, ignoring his sister's remarks on his own love affair. 'Don't call Aunt Marge or anything. Just wait.'

'Kitty,' Cleve said, 'what's the idea in not fixing the separator? Here the separator ain't together again!'

'Oh dear,' Mrs. Hubbard said, 'Hazel was starting to fix it and I told her to go up and get the little boys up and make the beds. I thought maybe she'd be better off by herself.'

Mr. Hubbard came in with a tubful of cobs. 'Breakfast ready, Mama?' he asked.

'Yes,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'Call the little boys, will you, Papa? We'll eat as soon as Cleve's separated.'

'Where's Hazel?' Papa Hubbard asked over the noise of the separator.

'She's upstairs,' Kitty said in what she considered a casual voice. There was an unspoken agreement between her and her mother that Mr. Hubbard should be spared the family anxiety about Hazel. So far no one had mentioned it to him. He always said the farm was his to see to and the house was Mama's, and he was likely to be oblivious of family affairs until they were brought to his attention. Then talk would not do for him: he always wanted to do something, and at once.

There was a great racket on the stairs and the little boys, Lewie and Baby, rushed in and raced to touch the broom. 'I beat, I beat,' Baby yelled, held the broom high like a flag, and ran into the dining room and around the table with it.

'Get to the table, boys,' Mrs. Hubbard said.

'Where's Hazel,' Papa Hubbard said again, when all the others were seated; 'is n't she coming?'

'She'll be down,' Mama Hubbard said, and bowed her head for the blessing.

'We'll wait,' Papa said, threw back his head, and called, 'Hazel!'

Hazel came, almost at once, and slid into her place between the two little boys, and retied Baby's bib before the blessing.

Mr. Hubbard, after a good drink of coffee, was in one of his gentle, joking moods. 'Well, Sister,' he said to Hazel, 'when'd you get in last night? You look kinda sleepy.'

'Papa,' Mrs. Hubbard said, 'don't you want your other egg?' and passed the big platter.

Papa took the egg. 'I said, when'd you get in last night, Sister?'

Kitty gave Hazel one of her most sisterly looks. Was not Hazel's romance partly hers? Had not Hazel told her first when Clay Wesley had

first seen her and wanted to go with her? Did she not know what nobody else in the family knew, that it was last October third, and out by the swing cottonwoods, that Clay had first kissed Hazel? 'Papa,' she said, loudly and like a spoiled child, 'I want piano lessons!'

'What?' laughed Cleve. 'Say, did n't Papa waste hundreds of dollars on you when you were little and you just bawled and bawled and wore Mama out making you practise? And now you can't play a thing!'

'I was too little,' Kitty said with decision. 'I'll practise now. We can phone in for the piano tuner and get the piano tuned, and — I think a young lady should play the piano if she can. She should have all the accomplishments she can.'

Bob laughed.

'What do you say, Mama?' Mr. Hubbard said, and to Kitty, 'I got that piano for you little girls and you've hardly touched it. These are pretty bad times to talk about piano lessons. Anyway,' and he smiled on his elder daughter, 'Hazel does n't play the piano and I believe it's said she's done pretty well for herself.'

Hazel was looking at her plate.

'Bring your father some coffee!' Mama Hubbard cried, alarmed over the tightness of Hazel's lips, and Hazel got up and hurried into the kitchen for the coffeepot.

'There was n't any hundred dollars spent on music lessons for me!' Kitty said to Bob, appealing to him with her eyes to keep the talk away from Hazel. 'Anyway, mister, what about that old saxophone you made Papa buy you? Where is it? Up in the attic!'

Papa Hubbard put an arm around Hazel as she stood beside him pouring his coffee. 'Mama, this girl's thinner!' he said. 'I think she's going too much, and up too late.'

'Miss Fullerton's cut down, Papa,'

Kitty said. 'She charges only fifty cents a lesson now.'

'All right, all right,' Papa Hubbard said, 'if you'll practise and not wear your mother out making you. Hazel, I asked you, and Kitty interrupted. When did you get in last night?'

Hazel set the coffeepot down on the table and hurried into the kitchen. They heard the back-porch screen door slam behind her.

Mama Hubbard laid down her hands, flat on the table, and said, 'Papa, are you blind as old Baldy, or what *is* the matter with you?'

'Huh?' Mr. Hubbard said. 'What's the matter?'

'Matter!' said Mama. 'You've done nothing but torture the girl since you sat down at the table.'

'Torture?' Papa said, looking around. 'Why, *I* don't care, Mama. She can have music lessons if she wants 'em. *I said* she could, did n't I? Had 'em once, and would n't practise.'

Kitty looked beseechingly at her mother, to leave Papa thinking she was the tortured one, but Mama was too worked up.

'You talk to that child like that,' she cried, 'after she's not slept a wink for two nights! Looks like she's had enough — her heart just broken! Did n't come Saturday, or Sunday either — did n't call or anything. What's a body to think? And that Eastridge girl doing her level best to get him back all the time, Marge says. He did n't go with her but a little, and has n't gone near there since he started going with Hazel. She has n't slept, she's worried sick, and you talk to her like that!'

'Did Hazie get hurt?' Baby asked, ready to cry.

'Aw, Mama,' Bob said, 'don't get so worked *up*! It's likely nothing — it's likely nothing at *all*!'

'Oh, you mean *Hazel*,' Mr. Hubbard said.

'Who else would I mean?' Mama cried. 'The rest of us worrying our heads off, and you go around and *joke*, and never notice a thing!'

'Well, good Lord!' Papa said, and got up from his chair and went into the kitchen.

'Papa, come back!' Kitty cried. 'Leave Hazel be, please, Papa. She feels *awful*! She does n't *feel* like talking.'

'Where is she?' Papa asked.

'Oh, down in the orchard, like as not,' Mama said. 'But Kitty's right — leave her be, Papa. She'll know you did n't know.'

'Yes,' Kitty said. '*Please*, Papa.'

Papa turned on the step to say, 'You can have those lessons, Kitty.'

Kitty groaned — the prospect of revived piano practice was becoming very real — and looked at her mother.

'Never mind,' Mama said to Kitty; 'he'll forget it.'

Baby ran after Papa, put his hand in his, and went along, taking three steps to his father's one. 'There's Hazie,' he said, and pointed down along the rows of blossoming apple trees to where Hazel sat on the ground with her arms about her knees, her yellow head resting on her arms.

She did not look up when her father came and stood beside her. 'Hazie got hurt,' Baby whispered, and looked up at his father to see what they should do.

Papa Hubbard cleared his throat. 'I forgot something,' he said. Hazel did not look up. 'Baby,' he said, 'run to the house and tell your mother to make ice cream. You and Lewie can turn the freezer.' Baby ran, without a backward look for Hazel.

At the words 'ice cream' Hazel had sobbed aloud. Papa Hubbard fumbled in the hip pocket of his overalls. 'I forgot something, Daughter,' he said, 'and it's a shame.'

Hazel wiped her eyes on her apron and looked up.

'I was in town Thursday — Bob and I were in town,' he said, 'and we saw that young fellow, what's-his-name; and while Bob was in the creamery he came back and said he was going to Omaha, going down to drive home their new truck. He said he'd be back Monday, and to give you this.'

'Oh, Papa,' Hazel said, and held up both hands for the letter.

Mr. Hubbard looked around on his orchard and thought the blossoms had

never been so thick. He said as much to his daughter. 'These trees are going to set more fruit than they ever have.' She nodded without looking up from her letter. He walked a few feet away from her, and turned to say, 'You won't need to tell your mother I forgot it?'

'Oh, Papa,' Hazel said, laughing and crying, on her knees in the clover. Without looking up from her letter she waved him away with her hand.

WINTER'S TALE

BY MACKLIN THOMAS

THE firelight flagged and ruddied on us all.
 My father read; his dark beard in the glow
 Moved slowly as the strong lines sounded slow,
 Until the end. And at the last leaf's fall,
 With nothing moving but the shadowed wall,
 We were so still we heard the pines speak low
 Outside the frost-starred pane. And it was so:
 The tale was done, and all was past recall.

Then down the road of coals the colored train
 Of those brave people sank, and there was none
 To look back once, and there was none to tell
 How they lived after. That forgotten pain
 Comes now again, that our few words are done:
 Here is the ending; here they said farewell.

A SINGER TO PIONEERS

BY JOHN G. BOWMAN

I

ABOUT eighty-four years ago, at his home in Pittsburgh, a young man named Foster was trying to write a song.

'I want the name of a river in the South with two syllables in it,' he said to his brother Morrison.

'Yazoo,' said Morrison.

'That's been used,' Stephen objected.

'Pedee,' said Morrison.

'That won't do!' came emphatically from Stephen, for he had tried and had discarded the word.

Morrison got down an atlas. After a little he pointed to the word 'Swanee,' the name of a river starting in Georgia and flowing through part of Florida to the Gulf.

'That's it! That's exactly it!' said Stephen.

The sound of the name suited him. Swanee . . . he crossed 'Pedee' from his lines and wrote 'Swanee.'

Within a year, old and young and rich and poor were humming, singing, whistling the song. Visiting opera singers sang it for encores. The South protested that the Negro dialect was poor and unreal. Boston found the song beneath its dignity. But the song went on, through the minstrel-show days, through the gramophone era, and even into the radio age, without loss of popularity. Probably no other song in America has been so widely sung.

Over the country to-day interest in the composer runs high. At Indianapolis, in recent years, Foster Hall has appeared with a staff of workers seeking to do justice and honor to Foster. A great collection of manuscripts, first editions of songs, personal effects, and other Fosteriana are gathered there. On the campus of the University of Pittsburgh a Foster Memorial building with a 'shrine' is under construction. Thousands of copies of Foster song books have gone into schools across the country. A life, *Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour*, written by John Tasker Howard, was published early in 1934.

'After all,' people are asking, 'who was Foster? Why all this interest? What is Foster Hall? What is the Pittsburgh memorial?'

Answers to these questions rest upon the fact that people like Foster's music. When asked for money to build a memorial, they attempt to analyze their liking, and these analyses have brought out two reasons: one is sheer sentiment that may attach to the songs, and the other is a belief that Foster is significant both as a character and as an artist.

The sheer sentiment usually dates back to early associations with the songs. Time and again when among folk interested in Foster, I have heard some word implying that their recollections of childhood were indestruct-

ibly set in one or more of the tunes he composed.

Here is an illustration. As a boy I lived on the Mississippi. Sometimes in those days we would hear a long, deep-toned whistle — a steamboat was coming. We knew by the sound of the whistle the boat's name and would hurry off to the levee.

One steamboat morning, when I got to the levee, smoke was rising far off behind an island near the Illinois side, rising and rising in a line upstream above the distant treetops. Then the gleaming white thing of glory nosed into view at the upper end of the island, flags flying and the smoke rolling out in a grander way. The bow broke the smooth water by two widening lines, one moving toward Illinois and one in our direction. Would the boat turn and come toward us? She did. And at that moment steam flared up from the rear of the hurricane deck and a long blast of whistles in a chord shook the air. 'Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay . . .' The whistles seemed to be singing the very words.

As the boat drew nearer and the 'gentle voices' had called Old Black Joe three or four times, and ladies in white dresses became distinct on the cabin deck, and colored roustabouts were in line on the boiler deck, smiling, waving to us, ready to let the gang-plank down; as bells rang and the captain, in blue with gold braid and buttons, gave orders, it seemed, to the whole world, — all blurred and throbbing in the mystery and sadness and joy of 'Old Black Joe,' — the sand trembled under my feet. Too much of life was packed into a little while. I could not move. I was gone, seeking some unsubstantial glory across the wide river, not in Illinois, but beyond that and beyond trouble and time in the land that never was.

For days following, I whistled 'Old

Black Joe' and wanted to be a steamboat captain. And if I could be a steamboat captain I would have the calliope play 'Old Black Joe' all the time.

This is the sort of feeling, I suspect, that has led many people to contribute toward the Foster memorial, a feeling that the songs are part of a fair and almost forgotten past, of youth and of hopefulness and of far-away things. Moved at least partly, I think, by that impulse, in 1927, some five hundred women in the Tuesday Musical Club of Pittsburgh decided to build a memorial to Foster. The idea soon became a plan to erect a building on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. The plan met favor. Foster was generally referred to as Stephen, and everyone seemed to have private reason enough to help.

II

While these preparations were going on, a rumor came to Pittsburgh that Josiah K. Lilly of Indianapolis had completed Foster Hall in that city and was collecting manuscripts, pictures, and first editions of Foster's songs, which, as it seemed to us, would be most desirable in our proposed building. I called up Mr. Lilly.

'I'd like to talk with you about Foster,' I told him. He invited me to come to Indianapolis. I went. At luncheon I asked him what he was doing at Foster Hall.

'After a bit, if you will, we'll go to my farm,' he said. 'I can tell you there.'

'How did you happen,' I asked, 'to be interested in Foster?'

The question brought a smile and hesitation. 'Well,' he answered, 'as a small boy I was often lonesome. The songs — "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" and others — made me feel better. I'm trying to pay a debt.'

'Trying to pay a debt' . . . the words started the old calliope on the river and brought back the sand that trembled. Mr. Lilly had probably not had the advantages of calliopes and of sand. But without them he had got to the land that never was.

We went to the farm and to Foster Hall. As we approached the granite, chapel-like building set in an old orchard, Mr. Lilly remarked, 'That's our little hut among the bushes.' The bushes were there, and, toward the rear, a pond or two. We went inside and all afternoon talked about Foster and looked at first editions, daguerreotypes, letters, and notebooks. Mr. Lilly played Foster records on the pipe organ, and more records on a phonograph. He had had the records made. The minstrel's portable melodeon used for serenades was there. It seemed to belong there, for the very atmosphere, the open fireplace, the church-like room, all were one with the innate fineness of Foster. A hope was expressed that some day John Tasker Howard would here make himself at home and write the man's true character and reinterpret his genius.

The day ended too soon. In the last ten minutes Mr. Lilly made one of the largest gifts toward the Foster memorial to be in Pittsburgh.

III

Sentiment, then, was at work for Foster's memory. And yet, if now and then with too much sweetness he was referred to as Stephen, or as the world's child, or as half myth and half sweet spirit, he was also recognized as a human creature and as an artist. Under the sentiment was rational sense.

The human Stephen, the artist, appears more evident as we see his environment. The boy was born in 1826 in Pittsburgh, when that city was

a village twenty-six days by stage west of Philadelphia. His parents were pioneers, well-to-do. Through his father's business connections and by travel here and there, the boy had reason to know what people were doing in the Ohio valley and what they were thinking about. The valley was his world. He saw men chop down trees and build roads, fences, barns, and houses; he saw them plough and sow and harvest. Wheat was cut with a hand sickle and threshed with a flail. An open fireplace usually served for heating and cooking. Candles did for light. Days began before sunup. There was work, and more work, on farms; and in the village, too, there was work, for here, through the same long days, men made pots, crocks, glass, horseshoes, nails, and river boats. Everywhere was work, and the boy looked upon it all in wistful admiration, for, being slight and in doubtful health, he could not do his share.

Stephen had time to think; he had time, little by little, to lay out the truth for himself about his surroundings; and whether it was because of his environment or because of his native endowment, or both, he looked out upon what was about him with a sort of evening wisdom. He saw that men on their farms — most people lived on farms — were trying to establish homes forever in the new land. Here they would cultivate their fields and gardens, and make farm work a high calling, and at a time not far off would be infinitely good and infinitely happy. Generation after generation would live in this way. They would never fear the future again, for plenty and security were theirs. Their children would go to school and to college and would get ideals and live the good life. In the practical world of corn bread and of work these people lived also in a dream world. The boy was heart and soul in accord with the dream.

It happened now, as Foster grew to manhood, that a change was sweeping over the Ohio valley, especially in the Pittsburgh district. The frontier had moved on. It had crossed the Mississippi. The old dream world was beginning to fade. The high hope had not materialized; for there were too much mud and work, too many flies and hard times generally, all of which were bringing disappointment, if not resignation. Further, industries were appearing along the rivers of Pittsburgh. Men by thousands were leaving their farms for a new kind of work and a new kind of life in mills, stores, and offices. Was the dream world to be given up?

I do not think that Foster asked the question. He was not a philosopher. Yet, sensitive by nature, he felt his way along and found the outlook more than half sad. For him a mood of sunset had spread over the valley. Could he tell people how he felt? If so, the natural way for him was by music. Since he had been a small boy he had tried to express himself on his flute. And this is what he would say on the flute: 'To give up the fields, the garden, the home, the dream, is all wrong.'

What Foster wanted to say on the flute, however, because of his insight into the life about him, fitted in closely indeed with the dominant note of his personality, the love of home. He was a home boy, through and through. Home was shelter and security and good will. Home was the dream world come true. He seems to have been born with this conviction. Home included his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and the memory of little expressions of affection.

The young man, then, knew doubly well what he wanted to express. He had enough of the artist's penetration and imagination to find an exact meaning through a confusion of details.

He found this meaning in 1851. By means of his pencil and flute he poured happiness over a little hut among the bushes. The hut was home, a symbol of the highest values of his life. It was not to be given up. He called the composition 'Old Folks at Home.'

IV

This song is Foster himself. In it he expressed the depth of his heart; he let himself go in imagination, and, wandering far, made a discovery. For a brief moment in a distant somewhere he sang what he found. Sang . . . he did not argue or plead. He did not question or speak as a prophet. Coldly stated, he found that a man could be happy in a hut. The idea was not new. It was even commonplace; the folk of the valley had long ago had faith in the hut theory and were now in a mood to doubt it. But coldly stating Foster's discovery in this way does not tell what he found. He gave to the old idea so much sincerity and beauty of expression that the idea rose above its former meaning. In effect his discovery was new. In as true a sense as Columbus sighted new land off San Salvador, Foster on a far journey came upon new faith in human nature. He went to the materials of his own experience, simplified them and enriched them, and gave them words and melody and soul.

After all, the valley folk wanted to believe in home. They liked the song. They sang it. It was good news. It was fresh evidence that the dream world was better and more possible than they had thought. There the dream world was, with a hut as its centre, — natural and good and real, like a rail fence or a blackberry bush, — but, unlike an ordinary hut or farmhouse, it took their hearts with beauty.

Foster wrote 'Old Folks at Home'

for Pittsburgh and for the valley he knew. As Mr. Howard makes clear, he had no idea of universality. He did not suspect that soon people the world over would create in imagination their own unsubstantial Swanee with its hut and bees and banjos and kind hearts. But these various people now for many years had been wanting that idealized spot by the river, 'far, far away.'

For seventy-one years the man has been in his grave. Not only had he no thought that any of his songs would go on, alive and warm, but he also, I think, had no idea that he had steadied the hope of the pioneers. There is no evidence that he strove for such effect. He merely sang what he felt. Yet, especially in 'Old Folks at Home,' he caught their hope and improved it. They listened, wondered, understood, and picked up courage.

In less obvious ways, too, Foster's work has a courage-giving note. Associated with Jeanie, for example, is 'the soft summer air.' Men were accustomed to ordinary soft summer air. They thought it good. But here, caught in the tune, that air is more than good. It is a reward. You can never be poor so long as you may feel or look forward to the joy and the prayer-like charm of such a bit of summer. 'Starlight and dewdrops,' and 'wild flowers,' and 'the bright coming morn' are likewise turned to pure wealth. The world is worth going on with.

The pioneers, finding their 'promised land' without the aid of a path, were surprised, no doubt, at their own adventure. Later they were to be more deeply surprised by some songs which revealed to them their own unsuspected wealth.

V

But to return to the Pittsburgh memorial. As time went on Mr. Lilly

began to consider giving his collection to Pittsburgh. After all, Foster was born in Pittsburgh, and that city proposed to build a memorial in harmony with the character and sincerity of the composer. Pittsburgh seemed to deserve the collection. And so, late in 1934, he gave to the University of Pittsburgh his Fosteriana with the provision that they be made available to the public.

The collection consists of first, early, and modern editions of sheet music; original letters, manuscripts; personal belongings of Foster; original pictures and portraits in oil of the composer; song books, magazines, together with an extensive bibliography and miscellany. Each of the items — about ten thousand in all — is being studied, described, and indexed. Every known song, composition, and arrangement of Stephen Foster's is represented in the collection.

In his letter of gift, Mr. Lilly told, among other things, of his interest in Foster: —

Some years ago, arriving at threescore years and ten, I asked myself what debts of the unpayable kind I might owe. The question led to a lonesome little boy burdened with such a debt. The boy, in those far days, had found comfort and courage and lasting joy in some songs that were being played and sung in our Indiana air. 'Old Black Joe' was one of them, and the 'Swanee River,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.' . . .

They all came back with their heart-searching words and haunting melodies. Could I, half-amused I asked myself, pay for these deep values? If so, how?

The questioning led to a happy outcome. Stephen Collins Foster, I knew, was the writer of the words and of the music of the songs, but I did not know how very meagre were the records of his life and character, or how incompletely his songs had been collected and credited to him. Here was a challenge, or a chance, to make amends. Challenge or chance, the task was begun

and prosecuted intensively. Almost at the start it became apparent that the plan, if carried out thoroughly, would be more than biography. It would be also a significant record in American history. Stephen Collins Foster was the nation's highest genius in song. In originality and in the prism-like colors of his expression he seems, like the rivers and the sunsets, to have always been a presence in the land.

The Pittsburgh memorial is under construction. The style of the building is Gothic. The principal mass will contain an auditorium with seating capacity for seven hundred. Standing somewhat apart from this mass is the shrine, a six-sided symmetrical figure, its tall traceried windows alternating with arched wall spaces. In this shrine will be placed the Foster Hall collection.

Why, now, does the University want this memorial? The answer is much the same as the answer to this question:

Why does the University want a high Gothic arch, with its note of adventure and of victory? If a youth once honestly shares in the aspiration of the arch maker or of Foster, he never quite comes back to the life from which he started, for his imagination gains in diameter, and the age-old demand for the superlative is keener within him. The arch maker was a doer. So was Foster. Both were conveyors of the riches of the heart.

The character and achievement of Foster will be especially vivid to students at the University because of the constant reminder that the man grew up and did his best work almost within sight of the campus. The dream world will become part of the radiation of the Gothic walls of the University; and so, too, will be Foster's sincerity and the fineness of his character. In the hope of such a reality the University wants the memorial.

PURITANISM IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY LOUIS WRIGHT AND MARY ISABEL FRY

I

ON a September day in 1795, Mr. Joseph Hardcastle, a well-to-do London merchant, sat in his countinghouse in Duck's-foot Lane, just off Thames Street, and contemplated the sinfulness of man. But Mr. Hardcastle was not downcast. Even if the revolutionary French across the Channel had enthroned the Goddess of Reason in place of the true God, or if the starveling apprentices in his own London were muttering radical opinions gleaned from Tom Paine's atheistic *Age of Reason*, or if gin-soaked derelicts wallowed in his own gutters, nevertheless Mr. Hardcastle was in a glow of pious and optimistic excitement. A great adventure for the Lord was afoot, and Mr. Hardcastle was one of the instruments of that enterprise. As he sniffed the breeze that blew from the Thames his pulse beat faster and his thoughts went wandering out to sea, around stormy Cape Horn, to bring up at last on coral islands, peopled by gentle natives, waiting eagerly for the Word of God.

For on the previous evening, Friday, September 25, 1795, at a meeting held at the Castle and Falcon, the worthy merchant of Duck's-foot Lane had been elected treasurer of the 'Missionary Society' organized on that occasion to evangelize 'Otaheite, or some other of the islands of the South Sea.' And already stirring in Mr. Hardcastle's brain were plans that were to materialize into a voyage almost as

strange and quixotic as any that Jonathan Swift might have imagined.

If it seems strange that prosaic merchants, small tradesmen, and preachers of the last decade of the eighteenth century were vastly concerned over the plight of a handful of heathen in the South Pacific, who were going to perdition right merrily without benefit of clergy, one must remember that this was the age that glorified the noble savage and believed in the doctrine of natural goodness. Rousseau's beliefs had vaguely influenced the thinking even of men of trade and of God, though they would have been the first to deny any traffic with this unorthodox philosopher. And the evangelical movement, first set in motion by Wesley and Whitefield, and continued within the bosom of the Anglican Church by Wilberforce, was growing with lush vigor among middle-class Englishmen who yearned for opportunities to prove that man was capable of infinite perfectibility under the influence of Protestant religion. If the misery, suffering, and depravity of the English working classes, at that moment trying to adjust themselves to the early stages of the Industrial Revolution, cried aloud to the evangelists, the cry fell on ears far less receptive to it than to the call from the South Sea. English depravity and wickedness were commonplace; some even doubted whether the doctrine of perfectibility

was applicable to such sinners as were to be found among the working classes of Birmingham, Liverpool, London, and elsewhere in England where laborers sweated, starved, squandered their wages on gin, and blasphemed against the Holy Ghost.

But far away in the Pacific was another race of men, untainted by the evils of European civilization, only waiting for Christianity to make them the perfect creatures about whom philosophers had dreamed. Hence it was that Mr. Harcastle and many of his brethren-in-trade united with well-meaning clergymen of various Protestant faiths to organize the Missionary Society, soon to become known as the London Missionary Society, which set about the task of carrying the message of Christ to the Polynesians. Along with the Gospel, the missionaries were also to carry a doctrine of trade, thrift, and industry to puzzled, indolent, and hitherto happy islanders. Of course these God-fearing adventurers could not foresee that they would likewise take with them the germs of diseases which would sweep most of the population of some of the islands into eternity, and even had they foreseen this calamity they could not have been deterred, for most of them were Calvinists who could have subscribed without cavil to the Westminster Confession, and their actions were in the hands of their Creator.

II

When it was bruited about that the London Missionary Society had the salvation of the Tahitians in hand, great was the eagerness of volunteers to go to a field so fertile for the saving of souls. Cobblers, weavers, brick masons, shopkeepers, and a host of other simple folk suddenly felt a call to preach the Gospel in those realms of gold where beauteous maidens waited

to hear the Scripture story, and with one accord they offered their services to Mr. Harcastle and his fellow directors. For already the good ship *Duff* was being prepared to sail for Tahiti with a cargo of missionaries and objects of barter.

This zeal to go adventuring into the South Pacific is not surprising when one remembers that for a quarter of a century all England, indeed all Europe, had been reading romantic accounts of the islands of the South Seas. Since Captain Wallis in His Majesty's ship *Dolphin* had rediscovered Tahiti in 1767 and Captain Cook had visited the island, first, in 1769 to observe the transit of Venus (surely a symbolic incident), Englishmen had felt a peculiar yearning to visit that region. Their interest had been greatly titillated by the alluring manner in which Dr. John Hawkesworth had dressed up the relations of recent voyages, which he had published to the delectation of his countrymen as *An Account of the Voyages . . . in the Southern Hemisphere . . . performed by Commodore Byron, Captain Wallis, Captain Carteret and Captain Cook* (1773).

Many Londoners had seen an actual specimen of the noble South Sea islander in the person of Omai, who had been brought back from the island of Huahine by Captain Furneaux, associate of Captain Cook in his second voyage. From the highest literary circles to the lowliest gathering of apprentices, tales of the South Seas proved exciting. And always there were stories of the charm of olive-skinned beauties who lavished their favors on visiting *voyageurs*. Not even Dr. Johnson's stern command not to 'cant in defense of savages' could keep Boswell from longing to go and live three years in Tahiti to satisfy himself as to 'what nature can do for man.'

More recently Englishmen had been stirred by stories of the mutiny on

April 28, 1789, aboard Lieutenant Bligh's ship, the *Bounty*, which had been sent to Tahiti to gather breadfruit trees for introduction into the West Indies, and the public had not ceased to exclaim over the commander's heroic voyage of nearly four thousand miles in an open boat to Timor, about which they could read in Bligh's own narrative. Small wonder is it that Mr. Hardcastle and his brethren had to decline innumerable applications from would-be missionaries to the Tahitians, for countless Englishmen of all classes were longing to escape into distant realms of romance or far-away Utopias. Only the year before the missionary venture, two poets, Coleridge and Southey (who had once glorified Omai in verse), were dreaming of founding an ideal pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna.

III

The morning of August 10, 1796, saw the missionary ship *Duff* slowly moving down the Thames on the first stage of its voyage of salvation. At six o'clock the master had 'hoisted our missionary flag at the mizzen-topgallant-masthead: three doves argent on a purple field, bearing olive-branches in their bills,' and passengers, captain, and crew joined in a prayer for the success of the enterprise. For the *Duff* was commanded by a godly man, Captain James Wilson, whose conversion had followed much suffering in India, where he had been imprisoned by Hyder Ali. The crew also was composed of no ordinary seamen, but of sailors professing religion, 'about half [of whom] were communicants,' who could be relied upon to resist the wiles of the island Circes. Thirty-nine others composed the missionary band, which included six women and three children. Only four of the evangelists were ordained ministers; the rest were simple

tradesmen and artisans. There were William Smith, linen draper; Edward Hudden, butcher; Seth Kelso, weaver; Isaac Nobbs, hatter; Daniel Bowell, shopkeeper; William Crook, gentleman's servant; William Shelly, cabinetmaker; John Buchanan, tailor; Benjamin Broomhall, harness maker; Henry Nott, bricklayer; William Henry, carpenter; and fifteen others who were leaving their trades to teach the Gospel lesson to the heathen. Pious men were these, Calvinistic in theology and strict Sabbatarians. The Tahitians little knew what manner of men were coming among them.

The long voyage outward was a season of prayer, preaching, discussion of doctrine, and the contemplation of God's wonders, with some time devoted to the study of geography and the Tahitian language from a vocabulary prepared by a member of the ill-fated *Bounty's* crew. Some of the missionaries devoted themselves to writing journals, portions of which make up that naively entertaining book which first told of their expedition: *A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean, Performed in the Years 1796, 1797, 1798, in the Ship Duff, Commanded by Captain James Wilson* (1799). On the first Sabbath at sea three sermons set the pace which was to be kept during most of the voyage. The ordained ministers retained a monopoly of the formal ship's sermons, but the others were free to participate in the discussion so long as they maintained an orthodox point of view. About the middle of January, however, one of the brethren became troubled about a point of doctrine and found himself unable to see eye to eye with the others, a condition which disturbed the peace of the company until they had reasoned the protesting member back into conformity.

Moral lessons were drawn from every incident of the voyage. When a foun-

dered hawk lighted on the rigging and was caught, a seasick missionary observed: 'So might my poor soul, wandering from its true home, be lost, if not graciously prevented by Divine mercy.' The spouting of a school of whales made a profound impression on the astonished missionaries: 'We were struck with awe and solemnity — How wonderful and manifold are thy works, O God! Heaven, earth, and sea, declare thy glory. Let everything which hath breath praise the Lord!'

So the voyage wore on and the *Duff* reached Rio de Janeiro, where the missionaries were hospitably received by the commandant and his lady. 'And sorry we were,' one of them wrote unctuously in his journal, 'that we could make no acknowledgements in return; especially when we saw their rooted superstitions, beads and crucifixes hung about their necks; and the cross and their saints . . . at the corner of every street, and before their houses.' A desire to keep such superstitions from contaminating the Tahitians caused the missionaries a half century later to precipitate an international crisis between England and France. But as yet Tahiti was far away, and the brethren, refreshed with popish supplies to keep off scurvy, braced themselves for a fourteen-thousand-mile voyage, for it was now determined not to risk rounding Cape Horn, but to go by way of the Cape of Good Hope!

IV

After many trials, the Gospel ship sighted Tahiti on Saturday, March 4, 1797, but it was the next day before they could make land, and, it being the Sabbath, the missionaries lost no time in beginning their ministry to the heathen, who swarmed out to the ship bringing fruit, fowls, and hogs, which must have sorely tempted many of the godly brethren long since weary of

ship's biscuit and salt beef. Instead of bartering for the appetizing food, however, the missionaries announced a religious service, and the Reverend Mr. Cover forthwith preached a sermon upon the text, 'God is love,' from the first Epistle of John. 'During the sermon and prayer,' wrote one of those present, 'the natives were quiet and thoughtful; but when the singing struck up, they seemed charmed and filled with amazement; sometimes they would talk and laugh, but a nod of the head brought them to order. Upon the whole their unweariedness and quietness were astonishing; and, indeed, all who heard observed a peculiar solemnity and excellence in Mr. Cover's address that day.' Fifty years later the 'peculiar solemnity' of Mr. Cover's sermon had been transmitted to the whole race of Tahitians, and a French admiral commented that, under the missionaries, song and dance and laughter had vanished.

The reported hospitality of the inhabitants of Tahiti, the Friendly Islands, and the Marquesas had disposed the missionaries 'to promote their [the islanders'] best interests' by settling among them. Another influence, perhaps even more potent, had been the accounts of the beauty of the women and their need of salvation. But the first sight of the enchantresses whom these tradesmen had come to save from their sins was disappointing. 'We began to view our new friends with an eye of inquiry,' one of them confesses in his journal, but 'their wild disorderly behaviour, strong smell of cocoa-nut oil, together with the tricks of the *arreories*, lessened the favourable opinion we had formed of them; *neither could we see aught of that elegance and beauty in their women for which they have been so greatly celebrated.* This at first seemed to depreciate them in the estimation of our brethren; but the cheerfulness, good-nature, and gener-

osity of these kind people soon removed the momentary prejudices.'

The rigors of the Sabbath over, the missionaries and crew began a round of feasting and such jollity as their consciences would permit. If the women were not so lovely as English imaginations had made them, their kindness was great, and the brethren were mightily cheered in spirit by the food they brought. So completely was prejudice removed that by November one of their number 'raised the very practical question, Was it proper for a missionary to marry a native woman?' The brethren after much discussion decided that it was 'contrary to the will of God, and resolved in the Lord's strength to abide as they were.'

Since Tahiti had been selected by the majority of the missionaries as the field of their labors, these at once set about acquiring land and establishing themselves in power, as we shall see, while William Crook, gentleman's servant, accompanied by John Harris, cooper, set out for the Marquesas, where, they had been assured, 'the natives exceed in general beauty those of the groups already described, especially the females.' No disappointment was to be theirs, for the missionary account asserts that the 'women at the Marquesas, for beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and lightness of colour, far exceeded the other islands.' If Brother Crook had been acquainted with literature, he would have thought, as the *Duff* approached the Marquesas, of the sirens who bewitched Ulysses' men, or of the temptations of Armida, or of the Bower of Bliss, for the ship was met by 'seven beautiful young women swimming quite naked, except for a few green leaves tied around their middle.' Not even these garments were retained when the girls reached the deck, for the ship's 'mischievous goats' devoured the leaves and left them 'completely stripped naked,' a

condition which prompted the missionaries to bestow on each a piece of Tahitian cloth. The sailors, communicants though they were, were marvelously pleased with their visitors, and one of the evangelists himself writes sympathetically: 'It was not a little affecting also to see our own seamen repairing the rigging, attended by a group of the most beautiful females, who were employed to pass the ball, or carry the tar-bucket, &c.; and this they did with the greatest assiduity, often besmearing themselves with the tar in the execution of their office. No ship's company, without great restraints from God's grace, could ever have resisted such temptations; and some would have probably offended if they had not been over-awed by the jealousy of the officers and by the good conduct of their messmates.'

Having provided the Marquesans with an opportunity of hearing the Gospel message, the *Duff* sailed from these Happy Isles to Tongatabu, where Brother George Veeson, bricklayer, and several others were to undertake the harvest of souls. Unfortunately, the bricklayer lacked some of God's grace which had distinguished the ship's company while lying off the Marquesas, and even before the *Duff* sailed away on September 7, 1797, his brethren had suspected him of misconduct. When, on October 3, 'suspicion became a certainty,' he was excommunicated and left to adopt native customs as he desired. Having started thus inauspiciously, the mission to Tongatabu ended in total failure after three of the workers, Daniel Bowell, shopkeeper, Samuel Gaulton, 'probationer,' and Samuel Harper, cotton manufacturer, had been massacred. Meanwhile, having found the Marquesans singularly unconcerned about their damnation, Brother Crook decided that he 'could best serve the cause by returning' to England; there-

upon he took passage on a ship that opportunely touched at the Marquesas.

V

But to return to the settlers in Tahiti.

Since it was implicitly believed by Mr. Hardcastle and other business men who directed the affairs of the London Missionary Society that souls could be saved at a profit, or at least without loss, the missionaries had come to Tahiti in the expectation of turning an honest penny as they preached the Gospel. From the very first, the evangelists found it difficult to separate trade and religion, and if some of them had paid lip service to the doctrine of the simple life they speedily forgot it in their zeal to inculcate on the natives the bourgeois qualities of thrift, diligence, economy, and respect for property, virtues which honest tradesmen of London regarded as the basis of society. Incidentally, while the missionaries were instructing the Tahitians in the primer of trade, the *Duff* had picked up in China a cargo of tea that on arrival in London brought a profit of £4100; the directors had also received from the printer Chapman £2000 for the copyright of the account of the voyage. Surely the home society had cause to be pleased at the way the Lord had smiled upon the missionary enterprise. Meanwhile, the diligent preachers of the word in Tahiti were acquiring titles to land.

Captain Wilson had received explicit directions from the London Missionary Society to explain to the chiefs that 'as an inducement to us to prefer their island, they must give us a full title to the land we may have occasion for.' Two days after the *Duff* had landed missionaries on Tahiti, they were dickering with the generous natives about land. Captain Wilson informed the most influential native in sight,

whom the English promptly dubbed 'king,' that the good men who proposed to settle among them required 'the free gift of a piece of land sufficiently stocked with bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, and so large as to contain a garden and admit of houses being built upon it; that this land should be their own.' With extravagant generosity, the chief ceded the whole district around Matavai Bay. A picture, once in the possession of Captain Wilson's widow (and reproduced in Richard Lovett's *History of the London Missionary Society, 1795-1895*), shows Captain Wilson and the missionaries in their best frock coats, making a great occasion of the ceremony of cession. A few months later the missionaries at Tongatabu selected a convenient island for their own use. 'We made choice of Makkaha,' one of them records, 'and the few natives, about thirty in number, became our tenants, from whom we could afterwards draw whatever we wanted of the produce; or demand their fish, if we chose it; or improve the island, by making what alterations in it we pleased.' Thus the work of the Lord proceeded on a solid foundation of real estate.

But, liberal as the natives had at first been, they were not such fools as to be blind to the fact that the price of salvation was becoming high, and presently the missionaries had reason to write down as a general observation of South Sea Islanders that 'they are so tenacious of their territory and of their canoes, so covetous of all we possess, and under a persuasion that all strangers are enemies, that they will, either by force or cunning, aim at the lives of those who are so unhappy as to place confidence in them till some friendly intercourse has been established.' Experience was a school in which the Tahitians had only started a long tutelage that was to teach them

much about the acquisitive habits of Christians.

Having acquired a base of operations, the missionaries now divided their time between religion and trade. 'We drew up rules for every day's work,' records one of those left at Tahiti; 'the bell to ring at six; to be assembled for prayer in half an hour; to labour till ten at our various occupations; to spend from ten to three in mental improvement; from three till night at our usual employment; bell to ring at seven for prayer, and the journal to be read. We then proceeded to divide our iron for traffic, and cast lots for the watches.' Rich were the material rewards of their endeavors. Food poured in upon them without stint: hogs, fish, breadfruit, coconuts, and other commodities. Never in their lives had these evangelists lived amid such abundance. 'Lord,' writes one in pious thanksgiving, 'thou has set me in a heathen land, but a land, if I may so speak, flowing with milk and honey. O put more grace and gratitude into my cold heart, and grant that I may never with Jeshurun grow fat and kick.'

If it was important to teach the Tahitians Calvinistic Christianity, it was equally important, in the eyes of the first missionaries, to teach them certain fundamental concepts of bourgeois civilization. The first of these was a holy regard for property. When the natives gave away the gifts bestowed upon them the missionaries regarded this merely as proof of the stupidity and folly of uncivilized savages who had grown up without benefit of lessons in thrift, but when they freely pilfered articles from their self-appointed saviors such dishonesty and thievery aroused the righteous indignation of the missionaries.

Over no question did the two races have greater difficulty in understanding each other than over the attitude to-

ward property. With the carelessness of children the islanders gave away their possessions, and with equal carelessness they took any articles that caught their eyes. This custom of the country greatly troubled the evangelists, who resolutely attempted to teach the natives ways more in accord with the civilization of Cheapside.

Only when the missionaries wanted the possessions of the islanders did the custom seem tolerable. To supply planks for the first blacksmith's shop, one of the brethren went on a foray with the so-called king, who, 'searching every house, took what he liked; many of the people stoutly resisted, but his men would not leave a plank. I told the king, with whom we exercise the most entire familiarity, that he was a thief. "No," says he, "it is the custom of Otaheite."' But when, several weeks later, a native stole Brother Gillham's clothes as he bathed himself in a secluded spot, the missionaries ran down the thief and chained him to a pillar. The wickedness of the native thief was the greater because he dressed in the Christian's apparel and was on the verge of performing a heathen dance when captured. The stolen planks that went into the blacksmith's shop, on the other hand, were used to house an anvil and bellows employed by the servants of the Lord. Much depended on that. Nevertheless, thievery long remained a major vexation of the evangelists. As soon as Brother Nott had learned the language sufficiently well, he preached a fiery sermon on the sin of theft, after which many possessions were returned to the missionaries. 'This afforded some encouragement,' a chronicler recorded a few years later, 'and indeed, it was one of the first satisfactory fruits of the labours of our brethren here.' There is no record of any plank from the consecrated blacksmith shop being restored.

VI

Indolence was another trait of the islanders that troubled their saviors, who had been nourished on the bourgeois and Calvinistic doctrine that man is called to labor diligently in some vocation. It is true that these natives had everything needed to satisfy their simple desires without unduly exerting themselves. Because the Tahitians 'idle about, and bask in the sun, telling their stories, and beguiling the time,' as one of the shocked but busy men of the Lord reported, their indolence was perforce wicked. The Marquesans were even worse, not even taking the trouble to make use of iron tools left among them. Instead of work, they strangely preferred to spend their time in merriment, blowing conch-shells and idling their time away in a 'state of nature and ignorance.' 'The conch-shells they use when they go a-visiting from one valley to another, and as they gain the summit of the hills, they blow them with all their might, and take great delight and pride in listening to the long reverberating echoes.' To prevent such idle iniquity, the missionaries at once dedicated themselves to creating new desires in the natives and teaching them trades. Brother Crook, who began his ministry in a rich valley in the Marquesas, had high hopes of training the natives to be prosperous farmers, to which end he carried with him turnip and other garden seeds, farming implements, and an encyclopædia.

The gayety and unrestraint of the islanders were a cause of great distress to the Puritans who had come to rescue them from impious levity. On first arrival, the missionaries had been pained by the eagerness of the Tahitians for entertainment, and the islanders had been disappointed at the dull reception afforded by this strangely melancholy ship. The chief who came

to greet the visitors, says the official account of the voyage, inquired 'after entertainments; and first sky-rockets, next the violin and dancing, and lastly the bagpipe, which he humorously described by putting a bundle of cloth under his arm, and twisting his body like a Highland piper. When we told them that we had none of these, they seemed rather dejected; therefore, to revive them a few tunes were played upon the German flute by Mr. Howell and one of the seamen, though it plainly appeared that more lively music would have pleased them better.' Four months after the arrival of the *Duff* at Tahiti, one of the missionaries wrote with satisfaction that their 'example had already restrained the natural levity of the natives and overawed them.' This long-faced piety was the ideal of Christian religion carried to the South Seas. When Alexander Smith of the mutinous *Bounty* repented his sins and set about teaching the Pitcairn Islanders piety, he succeeded so well that Captain Beechey, who visited the island in the *Blossom* in 1825, observed that the islanders never indulged in a joke, 'or other levity,' for the practice of joking was 'apt to give offence.'

If it was desirable to restrain levity on ordinary occasions, it was doubly necessary on the Sabbath, which was kept by the missionaries with all the rigor of the Scotch Kirk. The day was given over to preaching, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and occasional psalm singing. No work was permitted, and even the bringing of gifts on the holy day was discouraged. A missionary reported of one of his brethren that a native brought a gift to him, but 'it being the Lord's day, he declined accepting it *till the next morning*.' Not merely did the missionaries observe the Scotch Sabbath themselves, but they attempted to force the natives to a similar observance, and it was reported with some satisfaction that a native

who had been working a bit in his garden on the Sabbath was instantly struck blind, a clear sign of the wrath of the Christian god. So well did the evangelists from the *Duff* succeed in fastening their grim holy day on the islanders that a quarter of a century later, when an official deputation went out to report on conditions in the South Seas, the Reverend Daniel Tyerman wrote approvingly of the Sabbath in Tahiti: 'Not a fire is lighted, neither flesh nor fruit is baked, not a tree is climbed, nor a canoe seen on the water, nor a journey by land performed on God's holy day; religion — religion alone — is the business and delight of these simple-minded people on the Sabbath.' Sabbath observance was the ceremonial given greatest emphasis by the missionaries, who would have been vastly troubled in spirit had they known that the *Duff* had gained a day in the journey around the world, and that in reality they were observing Saturday instead of Sunday!

If the evangelists found the gayety and indolence of the natives distressing, their domestic liberties appalled the respectable tradesmen, who looked upon nakedness as iniquity and plurality of wives as the way to damnation. One of the first duties undertaken by the brethren of the *Duff* was to set about getting the islanders into respectable clothes, and that meant clothes after the English manner. Four months from the time the missionaries began work at Tahiti, Captain Wilson observed, on his return from the Marquesas, that the Tahitians' 'dress and manners also exhibited great improvement on the side of modesty.' One woman whom the captain provided with a gay gown and petticoat proved herself worthy of the gift by 'taking more pains to cover her breasts and even to keep her feet from being seen than most of the ladies of England have of late done.'

Although the new missionaries could not clothe all Tahiti at once, they laid the foundation for the popularity of Christian garb by making the wearing of it a mark of prestige. Though Manne Manne, one of the chief priests, gave away all his other gifts, he was at pains to keep 'a glazed hat, a pair of breeches, and an old black coat,' together with Captain Wilson's 'own cocked hat,' which had been given him as a mark of especial favor. Black coats and pants for the men, dismal loose-bodied gowns and hideous bonnets for the women, were soon to become the uniform of Christianity in the South Seas.

A little over three decades later a missionary observed with complacency that the heathen custom of wearing flowers in the hair had been almost discontinued in place of European caps and bonnets, while the Reverend Daniel Tyerman in 1821 officially reported his delight at seeing a congregation in Tahiti 'clothed after the English fashion, and with *English manufactures*.' Surely the God of the Lancashire weavers blessed the enterprise.

More difficult than teaching the islanders to wear English clothes was the reform of their ideas about chastity, a problem that caused much travail of soul among the *Duff's* company and ultimately came near wrecking their godly crusade. In the end, nature proved stronger than Scripture and sermons, and little if any progress could be truthfully reported. Although Malthus was preaching the danger of overpopulation in Europe, the English missionaries were horrified at the islanders' practice of infanticide at birth as a means of preventing a disastrous increase in their population. Soon after their arrival the evangelists began attempts to check infanticide, but their labors did little more than produce ill will.

VII

The enthusiasm for the newcomers in Tahiti had at first been great, but as the Gospellers began to interfere in native customs, and particularly to meddle in private domestic affairs, they quickly lost favor. Furthermore, the islanders began to weary of supplying them with hogs, breadfruit, coconuts, and vegetables, for the Gospel company were numerous, their appetites were good, and they were not supplied with manna from Heaven. Thus, after a few months, the missionaries found themselves at the beginning of a period of lukewarm favor which at length developed into open hostility. Worse still, some of the brethren were themselves beginning to murmur and grow faint-hearted. And worst of all, a few were falling into the sins of the heathen!

The first sinner from the ship's company was John Micklewright, the captain's steward, who had made 'a profession of godliness,' though his subsequent conduct but 'very little adorned it.' Finding the sirens of Tahiti too alluring, he deserted ship two weeks after arrival, and went to live among the heathen, to the infinite distress of the others, some of whom 'thought he ought to be wholly separated from them as a hypocrite.' Clearly Mr. Micklewright was not averse to the separation. But the defection of the captain's steward, alas, was not the most painful experience that the company were to endure. As we have already noticed, one of the missionaries had contemplated marriage with a heathen, and Brother Veeson of the Tongan mission had proved a weak vessel and had also gone native. The worst, however, was yet to come. On August 1, 1798, Brother Thomas Lewis, one of the four ordained ministers, signified his intention to marry a native woman, and even though the brethren

threatened him with excommunication, he persisted in his error and went away to live in another district. This indeed was a scandal. So obstinate in his sin was Brother Lewis that he declined to desert his wife and child at the urgent behest of his former colleagues, who mournfully drew the proper moral when he was murdered, on November 28, 1799.

Nor were the scandals over. In the year following Brother Lewis's murder, Brother Benjamin Broomhall, the harness maker, who had been laboring with ill success to teach one of the chiefs to read, suddenly announced that he had ceased to believe in immortality. Thus freed from the fear of hell, he promptly took a native of Raiatea to wife and went away to live in sin. Nor were the actions of some of those who resisted the wiles of the native women much more helpful to the cause of religion than the scandals of the weaker brethren. For example, there was the doleful case of Brother John Harris, the cooper, who declined the offer of a wife on his arrival in the Marquesas, with such terrifying consequences that he immediately deserted his mission post.

The details given in the contemporary account reveal the cause of Brother Harris's distress: 'Mr. Harris told him [the chief] that he did not want the woman; however, she looked up to him as her husband, and finding herself treated with total neglect, became doubtful of his sex; and acquainted some of the other females with her suspicion, who accordingly came in the night, when he slept, and satisfied themselves concerning that point, but not in such a peaceable way but that they awoke him. Discovering so many strangers, he was greatly terrified; and, perceiving what they had been doing, was determined to leave a place where the people were so abandoned and given up to wickedness: a cause which

should have excited a contrary resolution.'

Mr. Harris's eagerness to leave an island of sinners was paralleled later by an agitation, led by the Reverend Mr. Cover, one of the ordained preachers, to abandon Tahiti to its iniquity because four of the missionaries had been stripped and beaten in March 1798 after they had interfered with the natives' traffic with a whaler. So frightened were the evangelists at the hostility of the Tahitians that eleven of the band deserted with Brother Cover and sailed away on the whaler *Nautilus* for Port Jackson, a little over a year after they had landed from the *Duff* with such high hope of converting the heathen to the faith of John Calvin.

Seven persistent brethren remained in Tahiti, among them Henry Nott, the bricklayer, who doggedly studied the language and labored on a translation of the Bible into Tahitian, a task which he lived to complete. The perseverance of these seven Calvinists was ultimately to bring the Tahitians as much woe as salvation, but the account of the final conquest of Tahiti by the Puritans is another story.

At this time, the missionaries had come to be despondent over the sodden state of their charges. 'The poor heathen around us [have been] remarkably still throughout the day,' one of them writes in his journal for September 16, 1798. 'They do not discover the smallest desire to know aught of the

things of God; nor have they any curiosity to know why we so frequently meet together to read, sing, and pray; or why we so particularly honour every seventh day, in setting it apart for the worship of God, and refraining from labour thereon. . . . Notwithstanding their rude uncultivated state, they seem to hold themselves as civilized a people as any beneath the sun, and treat the arts and sciences, customs, and manners of Europeans with great indifference and contempt.'

The Tahitians reckoned without the ingenuity of Henry Nott and his six brethren, however, and they little knew that within a few decades the spirit of the proud Tahitians would be broken and they would find the arts and sciences and manners of Europeans too powerful to resist. Then there would be baptisms, and the men of Jehovah would rejoice. For already Mr. Joseph Hardcastle and his associates were sending recruits and supplies to strengthen the first missionaries. The ship *Duff* was captured by the French on its second missionary voyage in 1799, but two years later the *Royal Admiral* arrived at Tahiti with new helpers to labor for souls in the South Seas.

Satan was yet to wage a great fight, but he was no match for stern Puritans who knew the value of political strategy and the efficacy of gunpowder in the war for souls. But that is the story of the second stage in the Christianization of the South Seas.

THE BLACK MARE

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

I

I STAND on the stable floor and look at her critically. Patrick is at her head fondling her soft nose. There is no doubt that the mare is growing old. There are telltale signs that even an owner cannot ignore. But as she stands she is a delight to the eye. Sleek and lithe, with a proud little head that she holds high, smooth, sloping, muscular withers, and four as slender and lovely legs as horse ever had. Her small, nervous ears are sensitive and alert and her eyes clear.

'Looks like a thousand dollars, sir,' Patrick comments. 'Breeding, that's what it is, sir. Breeding.'

I do not reply. I continue my observations in silence. I have adopted my stable technique. My relations with Patrick are unusual. I have absolute confidence in his judgment and follow his advice in every detail of his small domain. But Patrick was born and reared in the old tradition. His comment on the mare is an epitome of his simple creed. As with horses, so with men. 'Breeding'—that is the last word. In me he affects, at least, to behold a superior being. His own prestige is heightened by creating an illusion of omniscience in me. He knows in his heart upon what slender foundations this structure has been reared. So he sees to it that by indirection I am shown the way. By suggestion and innuendo he seeks to have me arrive at wise decisions. Early in my

relations with him I was guilty of gross improprieties. I performed certain menial tasks which were not mine to perform, I deferred unduly to his judgment, on one or two occasions I abruptly withdrew from delicate negotiations and left them in his hands. These were blunders of the first magnitude. I soon learned my lesson.

In other relationships of life I entertain certain views in regard to a theoretical democracy, the integrity of personality, and, in general, man's equality. These views have been acquired by much reading and little thought, but they stimulate conversation and add to my secret self-esteem. In the stable, however, I find that my rôle is that of the 'quality' with all its pretensions and responsibilities. It is I who must decide, it is I who direct every small detail, and it is from my long inheritance of superior knowledge and experience that comes the sagacious solution of every problem. In the face of Patrick's undisputed superiority in all stable matters it is a difficult rôle.

But I have adopted a method which seems to satisfy him. I am employing it at the moment. It involves a studied silence and an air of profound reflection during which I count upon receiving from him some subtle hint as to the right decision. This is followed by a brief period of open disagreement with his implied findings and then a digni-

fied acquiescence with them. All this makes our deliberations a little involved and on occasions draws them out to a greater length than they appear to justify, but it maintains the fiction dear to Patrick's honest heart and gives him pleasure. That is enough.

So at this moment we are enacting the little farce. We are attempting to reach a decision in regard to the mare. Is she fit for further competition in the show ring or is she not? Patrick is right about her appearance and I see that he wishes her to attempt the task we have in mind. But aside from my usual affected indecision I am troubled by very real doubts. Time is taking its inexorable toll. No one knows just how old she is. I can only conjecture, even Patrick can only guess.

She has been in my possession for several years and in all that time she has never done a mean or, what is more, a stupid thing in field or stable. In my modest tack-room there is a display of her trophies, ribbons of various colors, blue happily predominating, and my home is adorned with various pieces of plate, some slightly ornate, which further attest her supremacy in her class. But there is one piece which is not there and which I greatly covet. That elusive bit of plate is the Brooks Cup. It was offered by a riding club for the best performance in the Pony Saddle Class for junior riders. It has been in competition for many years; upon it appears a long list of names, some of them twice, but none has achieved the third win which means permanent possession of this much desired trophy. On two occasions the mare has won the event and a third win is all that is necessary to put the cup in a place of honor in our collection.

It would be much simpler for me to arrive at once at a decision and to dismiss the matter, but my relations with Patrick are such as to make prolonged

conference seem desirable. Her age is the only factor against further competition. I much prefer to have her retire on the laurels already won rather than to have her end her ring career with defeat. Her owner and rider entertains no doubts as to her ability to meet the test, but youth is happily optimistic and has not yet learned to know the significance of the signs of encroaching years. It is upon maturer shoulders that the burden of decision rests.

'She's perfect, sir,' Patrick was saying as his gnarled hand caressed the mare. 'All but that one foreleg, the off one, sir. She's a bit tender and she favors it. She has done a power of work in her time and it is beginning to tell. She's not bad, you understand, but she might make a misstep and go down. I'd hate to have her do that. Those ring jumps are tricky and the light is bad for one or two of them. It would be too bad to have her lose, but it's now or never, sir, with this mare; another year and she will not be right. I think she'll go through if she's handled right, but it's for you to decide, sir.'

Now this is just what I do not want to do. It is a delicate question and I greatly prefer to have someone else assume the responsibility of a decision. We are joined by the owner, and that makes it more difficult. We both know that it is one of the young woman's minor ambitions to possess that cup, and beneath that desire lie an unbounded affection for and confidence in her little mare. Between them exist an understanding and mutual confidence that reflect credit on them both.

'Put her over the jumps, miss. Nice and easy, and then let her canter around a couple of times,' Patrick suggests.

She mounts and rides to a small schooling field I have arranged near by. We watch them go. The mare trots gently to the far end of the field. She picks her way carefully and uses her

feet to perfection. There is not the slightest suggestion of uncertainty. Her rider leans forward and caresses her neck. She shakes her head and sidesteps in response. At the end of the field she turns and her delicate ears are erect. Easily she gathers speed, a gentle, rhythmic movement, no haste, no excitement, but every step a little longer and faster as she approaches the first jump. Over she goes, no fumbling, almost no effort, and she lands in her stride to take the next two a bit faster but with equal precision. Then the leisured canter around the improvised track. Neck arched, muzzle in, and tail down, she moves with exquisite grace.

Once more on the stable floor, her eyes are brilliant and her delicate nostrils flex as she stands with what appears to be conscious pride. But critical eyes are upon her. Her sides move gently, she breathes naturally, but there is one blemish and we all see it. That off leg trembles just a hair — the faintest quiver, that is all.

‘She took three jumps and a short canter. There are six in the ring and she will have to take them faster,’ I croak. Patrick is silent, his fingers on the offending leg.

‘She’s all right,’ her owner stoutly maintains. ‘She knows how to handle that leg. She favors it a little, I can feel her do it, but you did not notice it, did you?’

We were compelled to admit that we did not. There had not been a blemish in her performance and certainly she had appeared before a critical audience.

Patrick straightens up and slips the bridle from the mare’s head.

‘She’ll do,’ he says. ‘She’s better to-day than most of them. The only one I am afraid of is the Bradley gray. He is young and he is good, but he’s green in the ring. Now this mare knows all there is to know. She can show herself and can take care of herself. Now, miss,’ he added, ‘if you show her, re-

member that. Begging your pardon, miss, let her show herself. Let her do as she likes. You just ride along with her. She’ll take you through if you let her have her own way.’

Patrick, as usual, has given me my cue. It only remains for me to announce a decision.

‘All right, old girl,’ I say. ‘We will give you another chance.’

‘I think you are right, sir,’ Patrick says with profound respect. The oracle has spoken; it is his now only to obey.

I am greatly relieved. Whatever the result, I have the comforting feeling that I have expressed a doubt. I leave Patrick and the owner in consultation and depart to a field of activity in which I feel a little less uncertain of the probable wisdom of some of my decisions.

II

Days of intensive schooling follow. I am not admitted to the sessions and I do not altogether want to be. Doubts assail me and I keep aloof. But from what I can observe from a distance these hours on the schooling field are devoted more to the instruction of the rider than to the exercise of her mount. The mare makes her faultless trips back and forth over the jumps only to be interrupted by Patrick, who corrects some small fault in hands or heels. He raises an authoritative hand and the mare stops. Flushed and bareheaded he stands in the sun looking up at the youthful face above him. I can see his lips move, his hands gesticulate, his body bend forward and back and from side to side. The grave young rider listens with earnest attention and the lesson is resumed. Then follow a few jumps to all appearances exactly like all the others, to be greeted with peals of rich Hibernian laughter and full-throated ejaculations.

‘That’s the idea, miss! That’s the way she wants it!’

For days before the date of the show I haunt the stable. Patrick spends hours with the mare. The leg is anointed with mysterious liquids and bound in snowy bandages. Under his ministrations she takes on greater beauty. Her coat is like satin; with freshly roached mane and fetlocks trimmed, hoofs oiled and a hair plucked here and there, she looks like a three-year-old.

The mysteries of an equine toilet always fascinate me — the slightly salty odor, the stamp of hoofs, the playful tossing of the head, and the constant hissing which accents every stroke of brush or cloth and which seems to be regarded as an essential part of the ritual. As I sit on an up-turned bucket and watch Patrick labor I feel a strange, vicarious delight in the results. I realize that I am experiencing the pleasure of one of the most subtle of human emotions, the pride of ownership. The mere possession of this animal seems in some way to reflect great credit upon myself, upon my sagacity in her purchase, some secret intuition on my part that she was unusual. As a matter of fact, the purchase was quite accidental and could have been accomplished by anyone with a few dollars to spare. Her fearlessness and stamina are no work of my hands, but I like to think they are. Her appearance is due entirely to the untiring industry and skill of an ignorant man whom I employ, and yet I feel a swelling pride in it as if it were I who had accomplished it.

When in reflective mood I am humble and realize that all these pretensions are emptiness and vanity, but in reality they are behind almost all human relationships. A man's home, designed and equipped by a more skillful person, is always regarded by the owner as a monument to his own taste and judgment; the flowers in his garden bloom because he has some gift, denied to others, which brings

them to fruition. It is another who has toiled in heat and cold to bring it all about, but in the twilight and with friends the humble servitor is forgotten and the host conducts slightly bored guests from flower to flower with modest implications of his own skill and patience. So it is with his children; be they virtuous or brilliant, beautiful or accomplished, there is down deep in man a prepossession that he is in some way the reason for it all — that the process of inheritance has enriched them by drawing from the treasures of his own mind and heart to make them what they are. And when they betray some doubtful trait he wonders from what remote and alien source it comes.

So I sit on my bucket and revel in this spectacle of strength and beauty before me with all the foolish self-complacency of a normal, sinful man. I sometimes wonder how much of the pleasure I derive from a number of things comes from a real appreciation of them and how much from mere pride in possession. It is a line of meditation that I do not long pursue because it invariably leads to humiliating conclusions.

But the die has been cast and we are once more on the entry list for the Brooks Cup, and doubts and questionings as to the niceties of human conduct will not help to bring it into our hands. On the morning of the day of the show I wake early with a sense of some impending event of momentous import. I make a hurried visit to the stable and find Patrick in the highest spirits, breaking into occasional bursts of song as he bustles about his manifold duties. It is a mood I cannot share. I try to decide whether it is a gayety born of confidence or a brave attempt to ignore possible disaster. The owner eats a hearty breakfast and does not mention the impending afternoon in the ring. Conversation is a bit difficult, as I am led into the discussion of activities

which bear no relation to the one thing that fills my mind. I again marvel at the power of detachment in youth, the bland concentration on bacon and eggs when they are the most unimportant things in the world.

At an early hour Patrick departs, mounted and dressed in his best, not through personal pride, I know, but from a desire properly to represent me. He leads the mare, draped in a new cooler with her owner's initials inconspicuously appearing in one corner. She trots obediently beside Patrick's heavy mount and looks small and delicate in comparison. The owner does not witness the departure, as she is immersed in the morning paper. I think it bravado, but I do not say so.

After an endless morning of effort to compel business to conquer my preoccupations, I give up and go out to an early lunch. I am unfortunate enough to run into Bradley, the owner of the gray. He appears to me to be in a mood of insufferable indifference, and when I ask him (not that I care in the least) if he plans to attend the show he says, 'Probably not.' He pleads the exactions of his profession as an excuse. I naturally regard this as an indirect criticism of myself, and my opinion of this excellent fellow suffers a decline. I try a game of billiards after lunch, but it fails to interest me and I soon seek refuge in the pages of a sporting magazine. Here I encounter an article on the folly of keeping horses in competition after their prime, with a number of instances of disaster to illustrate its unwisdom. I think the whole article absurd, but it does not add to my confidence or composure.

An hour before the appointed time I take my seat in the gallery of the riding club. There are a dozen others who have come to secure points of vantage and among them I recognize several parents who are 'probably suffering from the same anxieties as I

am, but who are still capable of carrying on light conversation with an air of confidence. Not so with me. I put my elbows on the railing in front of me and lapse into moody contemplation. Somewhere in the remote recesses of the great building the mare is receiving the last touches to her toilet. Patrick is inspecting every strap and buckle, and lively banter is being exchanged by callous grooms. They make small wagers and belittle each other's charges, but after all, I reflect, they cannot care. It is all in a day's work and means nothing to them. They are but taking orders, and the responsibility of success or failure is not theirs.

Abruptly I find myself again indulging in speculation as to the significance of success or failure in this small episode. What does it all amount to after all? Nothing. A dozen canters around a ring, a few jumps, slightly bedraggled decorations, a not altogether tuneful band, and the bestowal of a piece of tawdry plate for doing an entirely unnecessary thing.

But then I think of Patrick, of his devotion, his simple creed of doing his small task as well as he can, of his kindness, loyalty, and patience, his wisdom and his foresight, all exercised, perhaps, for a trivial end, but in themselves important in the general scheme of things. Then the owner, youth with its enthusiasms and its ardors, its blessed isolation from many of the sterner realities, its courage and its mirth. Then the mare, this beautiful creature born for man's service, strength curbed by docility, intelligence governed by the restraint of long training, and an undying spirit of courage and willingness to serve, giving freely of what she has and offering the last of her depleted vigor to serve this strange man who happens to be her master. Perhaps, after all, it is worth while. Perhaps in this little spectacle there lurks a significance which makes it real.

III

As a relief from these somewhat complicated reflections I look about me. My nostrils are again assailed by that rich, pungent odor that I love, but now combined with the scent of tanbark, a matchless combination. The ring lies before me smooth and brown; not a mark disfigures its even surface. The jumps, freshly whitewashed, stand in bold relief, one at each end and two on each of the longer sides of the great oval. The farther one near the corner is the distrusted one. There is a shadow there that cannot be corrected, though a near-by window has been draped to lessen it. In the centre stands a decorated platform, on three sides are slender posts carrying a heavy rope gleaming with pipe clay. There is a table with piles of brilliant ribbon rosettes and gleaming cups. The walls are hung with bunting and in a lofty gallery a band is assembling. Long shafts of sunlight fall from lofty windows and myriads of dust particles hover in sparkling lanes of brilliancy.

Voices are heard in the distance, heavy doors open and close, spectators arrive in groups and with much discussion find their places. I glance at my watch. It lacks but a few minutes of the appointed hour. Presently the heavy gate of the ring opens and an imposing figure appears. It is the Master. He is resplendent in riding togs and boots; a derby hat sits a bit rakishly upon his auburn locks, and his gloves are immaculate. Most of his days are days of toil, of patient instruction, long hours of drill and dull routine. But to-day is his day of splendor, of rich apparel and becoming dignity in the observance of an intricate ritual. Most of the contestants have been his pupils, but to-day he is aloof behind the ramparts of a studied indifference. There must be no sign of favoritism, no confession of his con-

suming pride in their accomplishments. He is followed by a uniformed bugler borrowed from the band. He approaches the stand with stately tread, leaving the first footprints in the smooth tanbark. He nods to the bugler and a fanfare echoes against the rafters. As it dies away the band blares in martial cadences and the judges appear.

In private life I know them all. My relations with some of them are intimate, but to-day they seem remote and awful. Dressed in the most approved mode for such an occasion, they appear in pairs and solemnly take their places on the stand. One or two of them are men who combine this pleasant and picturesque duty with real accomplishment in more important walks of life. Others' sole claim to recognition is the skill with which they perform this one humble duty. They are men whose judgment outside of the show ring I should regard as valueless, and yet to-day I look upon them as beings apart from the ordinary run of humanity, possessing strange powers of divination and incorruptible honesty. Humble as they are in the hurly-burly of human life, to-day they are Olympians clothed in the majesty of the moment. It is such as they who are to decide the fortunes of the mare and her rider. I am assailed by a cowardly wish that I had been a little more polite to one of them on a recent occasion, but I dismiss this vagrant thought with contempt. I must be as incorruptible as they.

In my impatience I think they indulge in a good deal of unnecessary talk and laughter. One or two of them seem to take their duties with a deplorable lack of seriousness. They fumble the cups and ribbons and consult their programmes. Why do they not get on with their business? Why keep me waiting here with a thousand other duties neglected? I think of the virtu-

ous Bradley and my eye falls upon him as he quietly enters and takes a seat not far from me. I feel better and my regard for him is heightened. He has put the stamp of his professional eminence on the presence of a humbler person here this afternoon.

The judges group themselves at the edge of the stand. Once more the bugle sounds and the gate swings open. The Pony Class is the first event of the afternoon. I am glad. I could not endure sitting through others to wait for it. The little cavalcade appears. It is led by the Bradley gray. A perfect little creature, but evidently a bit nervous and overanxious. He has not become accustomed to the lights and noise. Others follow. It is a good field; not an entry in it would fail of consideration. I wait for the mare. She comes in toward the end of the line. I see at once that she has adopted her ring manner. There is a new spring and lightness in her step, an added toss to her head, and a certain air of breeding as she picks up her dainty feet. I study the rider and find suggestions of a new manner in her as well. She is more relaxed, heels firm but not rigid, hands at rest, back straight but supple. She sits better than usual, lower down in the saddle, and seems more part of her horse than before. There is just the right amount of tension on the snaffle, and a delicate droop in her curb rein. I see the result of the hours on the schooling field.

In single file they make their way around the ring at a walk. Some are restive and crowd forward upon the horse in front of them, some lag and have to be urged on. The mare is evidently beginning to show herself. She keeps a perfect interval from the horse in front of her. She affects a pretty pretense of eagerness, but that is all. Her rider's hands are motionless. There is no need to hold her back or urge her on. As the Bradley gray

reaches the gate once more the trumpet sounds the signal to trot. There is a little confusion, the gray breaks into a slow canter and has to be brought back, others do not respond quickly and there are gaps in the line. The mare gives her head a shake and rattles her curb chain. She responds instantly and trots along smoothly with a bit more action than usual and lifts her feet a trifle higher than she does on the road. It is twice around this time and soon the company is in perfect order, with little to choose between them.

Once more the bugle, this time for a canter, and they are off. The gray curvets out of line for a moment, but soon settles down. I watch the mare and her rider. When the bugle sounded I noticed an almost imperceptible movement of the hands and one heel, but it was not necessary. The mare has heard that signal before and knows what it means. With perfect intervals she moves with just action enough to give her grace. Twice round and a signal from the Master brings them to the centre of the ring, a long line on either side of the stand. Attendants take their places at the jumps and the real test begins. Each rider wears an arm band with a number on it and these numbers are drawn by the judges. As called, each contestant whirls out of line to take the jumps. One after another, with varying success, they meet the test; they are well schooled and the riders know their business. Some click the top bar, but there are no falls and each in turn comes back to the line.

IV

There is a stir as the gray goes out. He is known as a good performer and he gives a faultless exhibition. I think he is a bit too eager, that he rushes it a little and his action is not as smooth as it might be, but he has an air which

gives him brilliancy. He will be hard to beat. The mare follows him. As she goes out I catch my breath. I am glad she has had a short rest before going, but not long enough to stiffen that leg. That leg, how it haunts me! At the remote end of the ring there is a line of faces above the parapet. Serious, lined faces, tanned and hard. The grooms have this vantage point from which to watch their charges. I see Patrick. He is smiling his charming Irish smile and saying something to the man next him. I wonder what his reflections are. More cheerful than mine, I hope.

The mare goes out with a little flourish. Her rider leans forward and touches her neck and she quiets down. She trots to the end of the ring and breaks into an easy canter as she swings toward the first jump. She is over, clean and neat. She has less to spare than the gray, but enough, and her action looks smoother. If she can only last! The other jumps are but a repetition of the first. I notice that she swings a little on the shadowed jump and does not take it quite straight, but she makes a perfect jump and lands in her stride. She evidently has figured out how to do it. She returns to her place. I put my glasses on her leg. It is motionless and she stands at ease. The others follow and the judges go into a huddle. Soon rider after rider is dismissed, and with them, as they leave the ring, go the hopes and the ambitions of many of the spectators. This weeding-out process is painful and I dread lest the mare go with them. But she does not, and neither do the gray and one other.

There is another long consultation. It is decided that the mare and the gray must make another circuit to aid in the final judgment. I had not counted on this. I am not pleased. The mare did perfectly, but to add another trip over the jumps might be

too much for her. The gray goes first. There is just a suggestion of impatience in the air of the rider as he sets out. It is as if to say, 'Why all this bother? I have the better horse. We will go through the thing if you want us to and we will show you just what we can do.'

He gathers his mount quickly, uses his heels, and dashes away. The gray had been restive during the wait and his rider's mood quickly affects him. One of Patrick's most sage bits of wisdom is the admonition never to telegraph to your horse how you feel unless you want him to feel the same. No creature is more sensitive to mood than a horse. He will at once recognize fear or impatience on the part of his rider. The result is that the gray shares the impatience of his rider. He rushes the first jump and takes off badly, but he steadies and clears the next four without accident. I think he is jumping a bit recklessly and there is a suggestion of swagger on the part of his rider. Five jumps are behind him, only one remains to clinch the victory. As it is approached the gray is urged to an extra effort. The rider is determined to finish in the grand manner. The gray thunders down the long side of the ring and flings himself at the last barrier. I cannot see what happens, but he evidently takes off too soon and is a bit short in his jump. The top rail falls as he hits it; he lands clumsily, trips, and recovers himself. It is a nice bit of footwork, but it unsettles his rider and he is thrown well forward on the gray's neck. He is back in his seat in a moment and canters to take his place beside the mare with as great an air of confidence as he can muster.

I look at the mare and her rider. The young woman is gazing with studious abstraction at the mare's ears and the mare is standing in her most statuesque ring posture. As far as they are concerned the incident might never have

happened. They present a charming picture of polite indifference to the world in general and to the gray and his rider in particular. At a nod from the Master they move forward. There is a suggestion of grim determination on the face of the rider and the mare moves with an air of sweet docility. I know they are both prepared for the effort of their ring careers. As the mare breaks into a slow canter they move as one creature. The rider has melted into her saddle and moves not in unison with her mount but as part of her. The mare elects to go a bit farther than she did before to give her a longer start for the jump. Without a suggestion from hand or heel of her rider she turns when she wishes and slowly gathers speed. Gracefully she lifts herself over the first barrier, landing so lightly that she hardly seems to touch the tanbark and is off for the next. When she reaches the fifth, with its treacherous shadow, she turns in toward the wall and clears it with only a few inches to spare.

As she lands she falters for the fraction of a second and I see the rider shift slightly in her saddle. Whatever has happened, the mare recovers herself instantly and now asks for more bridle. The rider gives her her head and sits tight. The mare is now traveling on her own. There is one more jump directly in front of the judges and she elects to approach it in her own way. She is adjusting her stride and is taking her time. Suddenly she is ready. In a few steps she gathers speed. For a moment I fear that the temptation to finish in a blaze of glory may be too strong for both mare and rider. But the lesson of the gray's mishap bears fruit and the mare comes up to the last jump with plenty of speed but easily and without excitement. She sails over it with a long, effortless jump and trots to the centre of the ring with an air of utter unconcern.

I have been leaning over the parapet before me at a perilous angle and I now sink back into my seat with a sense of relief. That is done. Whatever the judgment, there is now no chance of mishap and the game little mare has done her best. The final formalities are brief.

As soon as the mare returns to her place beside the gray she poses for the final inspection. She slowly extends herself into the posture which seems to be regarded as orthodox in the ring, for what obscure reason I could never understand. No equine creature ever stood so except in a show ring. It seems to me neither natural nor attractive. But the mare has done it so many times she needs no suggestion. The gray follows, but with repeated signals from toe and heel of his rider. When once posed, the mare does not move a hair. I look at her closely through my glasses. From my point of vantage there appears no tremor in that mistrusted leg. That hoof is a bit lower in the tanbark and she seems to press on it a trifle, but it is hard to tell. I see Patrick's smiling face in the distance and he is talking volubly to a neighbor.

The judges in solemn procession leave the stand and make a deliberate circuit of the motionless horses. Keen eyes note every detail and whispered comments are exchanged. They return to the stand and one of them selects the rosettes, blue, red, and yellow. The Master takes them and a number is called. It is Number Nine and that is the numeral that adorns the arm of the mare's rider. She moves forward and the rosette is placed on her bridle. It seems to me that she obligingly lowers her head to make it easy for the Master. Other ribbons have been placed beneath her delicate ear and she knows the technique. There is generous applause. The red goes to the gray and the yellow to the waiting third, a novice making her first appearance. A judge

turns to the table and takes up the Brooks Cup. He carries it to the mare's side and places it in the hands of her rider. He makes some laughing comment and strokes the mare's neck. The band crashes into a stirring march and the three winners make a circuit of the ring, the mare leading.

Never have I seen her so beautiful, never before has she moved with such grace, never has she held her head so proudly or stepped more daintily. She tosses her head as she turns toward the gate and a fleck of foam clings to her sleek shoulder, accenting the lustrous black of her coat. The gate swings open and she disappears. I see Patrick's head bobbing over the ring parapet as he runs to meet her. As I make my way to the reception room to offer congratulations to the owner I meet Bradley. He grasps my hand cordially.

'Congratulations,' he says. 'That's a wonderful little mare you have. I wish I had one like her.'

'Thanks,' I answer, 'I am sorry you never will, because there is n't another like her and there never will be.'

I decide that on the whole I like Bradley.

V

As soon as I reached home I hurried to the stable. Patrick was gazing through the grill of the mare's box stall. She stood with her nose against the grating and they were exchanging confidences. She was covered in her cooler and her leg was freshly bandaged.

Patrick turned as I entered.

'Well, she did it, sir,' he said. 'I thought she would. But she is through, sir. That leg is gone. It is time. She was dead lame before she was halfway home. I knew it. I saw it go. It was at that tricky jump in the shadow. She landed wrong and she twisted it. She covered it up, but I saw it. She did the

last on her nerve — that was all she had left. Did you see her bury that foot in the tanbark when they looked her over? Not a quiver, but I know it hurt her. She landed the cup for the young lady, but she will never step right again. Game, I call it, sir — game. Ah, she's the rare little mare.'

'What can we do for her?' I asked.

'Pull her shoes and turn her out. She will be comfortable in a few days. If she does no work she will be well enough.'

And so the black mare went to her reward — a verdant hillside with good grass by day and shelter by night, long hours of reflection in the shade, and rest and constant care for the slightest ailment.

But I sometimes wonder what she thinks about. I fancy that she sometimes hears the band and sees the level tanbark with its white barriers, for she will often trot the length of her enclosure with all the style and beauty of her ring manner, still lithe and graceful and still concealing the stiffness in her leg, proud and game as ever.

And well may she be proud, for she can look back upon a life untouched by cowardice or guile, a life of service and affection, of loyalty and faith. I only hope that when Bradley and I — we have grown to be great friends of late and I owe the pleasure of it to the mare — when Bradley and I have reached the point where the world no longer wants or needs us, when we are old and nurse some hidden infirmity and our shoes are pulled and we are turned out, I trust then we shall find some pleasant pasture where we can be at peace. And may that peace be undisturbed by unpleasant recollections. We both entertain some doubts as to the exact color of the ribbon, if any, which may be awarded us in the final distribution, but there are a few years still to go, and we have at least the record of the mare to guide us.

A WORD FOR THOREAU

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

TELLING about his visit to Baker Farm, Thoreau writes in *Walden*, 'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinging the grass and the leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which, for a short while, I lived like a dolphin.'

John Burroughs, in the last book he ever wrote, takes in hand the correcting of a number of Thoreau's statements — 'Not that I love Thoreau less, but that I love truth more'; and this rainbow episode comes in as a climax to the lot. The rest are treated as errors in observation or defects in knowledge, but this is simply one of those things that cannot be believed.

He goes on to remark: 'Is it possible, then, to reach the end of the rainbow? Why did he not dig for the pot of gold that is buried there? How he could be aware that he was standing at the foot of one leg of the glowing arch is to me a mystery. When I see a rainbow it is always immediately in front of me, I am standing exactly between the highest point of the arch and the sun, and the laws of optics ordain that it can be seen in no other way. You can never see a rainbow at an angle. It is always facing you squarely. Hence no two persons see exactly the same bow, because no two persons can occupy the same place at the same time. The bow

you see is directed to you alone. Move to the right or left and it moves as fast as you do. You cannot flank it or reach its end. It is about the most subtle and significant phenomenon that everyday Nature presents to us. Unapproachable as a spirit, like a visitor from another world, yet the creation of the familiar sun and rain.

'How Thoreau ever found himself standing in the bow's abutment will always remain a puzzle to me.'

As one who has studied the rainbow both at Niagara Falls and with the garden hose, I will venture to say that Thoreau was telling the truth. If there were a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow I am certain that I could have dug it up long ago with any long-handled shovel.

At Niagara the mist is fairly pregnant with rainbows. They spring up and follow you about in all sizes and all stages of completion. Little ones come and go, and big ones appear partially and float away from you in fragments. Each passing body of mist is a new curtain on which some part of a rainbow is sure to be projected.

Of all the bows I saw last summer, there were three that I select for particular mention. One appeared to me while I was sitting in the bows, at the very prow, of the *Maid of the Mist*. We had just visited the foot of the Canadian Falls on a very windy day, and then turned and ran straight away

from it with the afternoon sun directly behind us. In this position a rainbow that seemed to be about forty feet in width took its place before the bows and ran along ahead of the boat for a considerable distance. It did not extend up in the air, but lay out over the water so that we looked down upon it as we stood in the prow. It was quite complete, with myself or the prow for the centre of its half circle. I only lost it when the boat turned and headed for the American side.

When we had made the landing, and I stood at the edge of the wharf looking out over the water, I saw a bow that was quite different. This one had its foot directly in front of me and so near that I could have tossed a pebble into it or reached it with a short fish pole. From this point in front of me it arched to the left; it was entirely to the left of me. This bow was much larger than the one we had seen from the boat and it was incomplete in the sense that you could not see all of it at one time. The foot of it was quite steady, but the other parts of it came into view and faded from sight as bodies of mist and stray wisps of vapor came sailing along and passed through it. By seeing it thus in parts one could form an idea of the arch as a whole. When any of it passed out of sight you knew it was still there. One might almost say that there is always a rainbow attendant upon any man; but it takes this floating vapor and a westering light to make it visible.

This was about the middle of September, with the sun in the west and a strong wind blowing from the falls; and it must always be there under like conditions. It was no doubt gazed upon by the first inhabitants of America, and it will be there for centuries to come. It holds its place there as a part of the established order of things, more permanent than a rock; and this makes it quite convenient for purposes of con-

troversy. It is not one of those things which a writer can claim to have seen under some unusual set of circumstances, but which cannot be verified. Any man in the world may go to see it; and he will find the foot of the rainbow right in front of him and not far away. But he will have to look upward and to the left if he wants to see the rest of it.

The greatest profusion of rainbows, and feet of rainbows, and aerial fragments of rainbows, is to be seen from the *Maid of the Mist*, or its landing place, or at the Cave of the Winds. Crossing over to the Canadian side, one sees the third sort of rainbow. This is a large complete bow arching the river just below the falls and holding its unflickering place so long as the sun is right. It is not as large as the bow we see after a summer shower, but one fitted to the size of the falls. Here, I told myself, is one of those bows whose centre is straight before you; but on giving this matter conscious attention it seemed that the right foot of the bow was straight before me, though far away.

Having completed my study of rainbows at the Falls, I went on a trip to Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay and then back home, only to discover — as is so often the case with me — that I had not studied the matter enough. The bows whose feet were straight before me always swung off to the left, absolutely and without doubt. But why was it that I had seen no right-handed ones? Was it due to my position on the American side with relation to the sun? That was what I now wanted to know. I determined to make a rainbow of my own and find out.

A friend who lives on a hill near Milwaukee has a lawn sprinkler that just suited my purpose; it throws up a fine mist to a fair height so as to make a very definite rainbow near at hand. We turned it on late in the afternoon of a sunny day and it made a beautiful

bow, or rather the foot of a rainbow whose curve swung off to the left. Then I walked around it slowly and the curve suddenly went up in the opposite direction. This was a right-handed rainbow. Evidently there was no preference in nature. If the sun shone over my left shoulder there was a bow curving to the right, and if the sun came over my right shoulder there was a bow extending off to the left.

Well, then, I am quite prepared to take my stand on the side of Thoreau. When I consider the little bow that sometimes runs right ahead of the *Maid of the Mist*, lying out over the water, I am inclined to think that such a light effect, shining upon wet sparkling grass in the late afternoon, would cause such iridescence as Thoreau says it did. And if a low fog or wisp of vapor came floating along I do not doubt that Thoreau could have seen the foot of the rainbow right in front of him.

A reader of Thoreau ought to know that he was not subject to hallucination or given to the invention of beautiful literary material. As for Burroughs, is it possible that he lived so long in the State of New York and never took note of what is to be seen at Niagara Falls? Or that he never had an eye for the beautiful three-color effects that are to be seen when one sprinkles the grass? Then too, as bearing upon this matter, it must be remembered that there is such a thing as a foambow. It is like a recumbent rainbow, but is caused by light shining on an area of clear foam.

II

In this same review of Thoreau's shortcomings as a nature observer Burroughs writes, 'Every farmer and fox-hunter would smile if he read Thoreau's statement, made in his paper on the natural history of Massachusetts, that when the snow lies light and

but five or six inches deep, you may give chase and come up with the fox on foot. Evidently Thoreau never tried it.'

There are men who make a regular practice of following the fox on foot. Here in Wisconsin the fox is trailed usually by two men, one to drive him on steadily and another to go on ahead and outflank him. But many good hunters have preferred to take the trail alone. I have known several of them. I think that when a man starts out for a walk on the trail of a fox and comes back some hours later with the fox on one shoulder and his gun on the other, it is pretty good evidence that a man afoot may 'come up' with a fox. In his chapter on 'Winter Animals' Thoreau says that if a fox would take to a burrow or run straight away no hound could overtake him, 'but having left his pursuers far behind, he stops to rest and listen till they come up.' That is the whole case in a nutshell; and here is the reason that a man afoot can get him.

No hunter, or fox-hunting farmer, would smile at what Thoreau says. It was fox hunters that told him these things. While Thoreau prided himself on his ability to stand what some people call solitude, he profited by the company of interesting men and was full of questions. If Burroughs did not know the fox at first hand he should have talked more with fox hunters, or else he should have read Thoreau more closely.

In one of his own comments on the fox Burroughs tells of a fox that was running along a country road in winter, and instead of traveling through the snow kept strictly to the track of a farmer's sleigh. And Burroughs notes this only to ask whether the fox did not follow this course with the shrewd idea that some sleigh would come along shortly in the same track and wipe out his scent in the snow!

Anyone who has walked much in the snow must have noted that the fox, the

collie dog, and all such animals let their feet fall in a straight line. They are finely balanced creatures that keep their footsteps right under their centre of gravity; consequently they run as on a single track. And the fox in this present case ran in the track of the farmer's heavy sledge simply because that track was a whole sidewalk to him. A fox, like a man, will naturally prefer a smooth sidewalk to the rougher going.

One could wax eloquent at this point about 'nature fakers' who humanize animals too much and make them think like men; and it would be ungracious to press this point against Burroughs were it not that he is the very one who took up the campaign against the so-called nature fakers, sponsored and abetted by Colonel Roosevelt. It was a merry campaign, and one of the live incidents of the Roosevelt administration. Listen to Burroughs as he attacks Mr. Thompson Seton.

'Thus a fox pursued will run through a flock of sheep. This dodge probably delays the hound a little, but it does not often enable the fox to shake him. Mr. Thompson Seton goes several better and makes the fox jump on the back of a sheep and ride several hundred yards. Of course no fox ever did that. Again the fox will sometimes take to the railroad track and walk upon the rail, doubtless with the vague notion of eluding his pursuers. Mr. Thompson Seton makes his fox so foxy that he deliberately lures the hounds upon a long trestle where he knows they will be just in time to meet and be killed by a passing train, which they are.'

If Thompson Seton makes his fox reason too much, it is with the same kind of reasoning, and the same human foresight, which Burroughs attributes to the fox that ran in the track of a farmer's sledge. One is just as flagrant as the other. As for a fox riding upon the backs of sheep, anyone who has herded

sheep on a large scale knows that a collie will get up on the backs of a crowded flock and not only ride but run. There is no reason why a fox that has run into a flock should not do the same.

Continuing his famous attack, Burroughs said: 'Any country boy knows that the rabbit takes no account of barbed-wire fences or of briers and brambles as a means of punishing the dog that is pursuing him. If these things were universal it is possible that in the course of long generations rabbits might learn to interpose them between themselves and their enemies — possible but not probable.'

Well, let us see. Jordan and Kellogg, in their textbook entitled *Animal Life*, make definite observations along this line. They write: 'On the open plains of Merced County, California, the jack-rabbit is the prey of the bald eagle. Not long since a rabbit pursued by an eagle was seen to run among the cattle. Leaping from cow to cow, he used these animals as a shelter from the savage bird. When the pursuit was closer, the rabbit broke for a barbed-wire fence. When the eagle swooped down on it, the rabbit moved a few inches to the right, and the eagle could not reach through the fence. When the eagle came down on the other side he moved across to the first. And this was continued till the eagle gave up the chase.'

Of course, as one of Roosevelt's approved writers, Burroughs was naturally expected to do something for the cause. Apparently he did his best. And it would have added riotously to the interest of things under the sun if someone had taken the pains to point out that Burroughs, in every instance, was wholly or partially wrong.

Here I am reminded of the words with which Anthony Hamilton opens the *Memoirs* of the Comte de Gramont. He says, 'Those who read only for their amusement seem to me more reasonable

than those who read only to discover errors.' Well, there is a great deal to agree with in that. And why do the nature writers look for mistakes in one another except it were with the Burroughs attitude, 'Not that I love Thoreau less, but that I love truth more.'

III

But this has taken me a little aside from my theme, which is Thoreau himself. Besides being a poet-naturalist and an occasional humorist, — which Burroughs says he was not, — Thoreau was capable of the most painstaking routine of the scientist. With a stick he measured the snow all around Walden and calculated the average depth; he plumbed the lake in all its parts and kept a record of the figures; he counted the rings on pitch-pine stumps and gauged the irregular circumferences and found that the average annual increase in girth was one seventh of an inch. He took apart pensile nests, such as that of the oriole or vireo, and made note of the material used in their construction.

All this activity Burroughs mentions as showing what useless matter Thoreau's mind could engage itself upon. 'He must get the girth of every tree he passed and some hint of all the local conditions that had influenced its growth. Over two hundred pages of his Journal are taken up with barren details of this kind. He cross-questions the stumps and trees as if searching for the clue to some important problem, but no such problem is disclosed. He ends where he begins. His vast mass of facts and figures was incapable of being generalized or systematized. His elaborate tables of figures, so carefully arranged, absolutely accurate, no doubt, are void of interest, because no valuable inferences can be drawn from them.'

Or again: 'Thirty-four measurements

on Walden disclosed the important fact that the snow averaged five and one-sixth inches deep. He analyzes a pensile nest which he found in the woods — doubtless one of the vireo's — and fills ten pages with a minute description of the different material which it contained. Then he analyzes a yellow-bird's nest, filling two pages. That Journal shall not go hungry, even if there is nothing to give it but the dry material of a bird's nest.'

Thoreau had the faculty, which Burroughs does not seem to admire or understand, of the modern research worker. It consists of a faith in facts. There is no such thing as an unimportant fact. Its significance may depend upon how it fits in with other facts; but you have to get your facts first. Therefore science does look askance at any truth or ask it what excuse it has for being. It lays hold of facts on all sides and knows that eventually something will come of them.

Let us consider, for instance, how interesting the mere 'dry material of a bird's nest' may be.

The horse came to America in 1519 along with the Spanish conquerors. Before that there were no horses on this continent since the disappearance of the little horselike animals of evolution. That admirable nest builder, the oriole, which had been in this country from the first, had need of a strong filament with which to swing its cradle from the storm-tossed bough, and it discovered that the long horsehair had qualities that were superior. And so it came to prefer that material and to search for it. The oriole and horsehair are always mentioned together in bird books, so universal is the use of the hair by these birds.

The last two oriole nests I have found had no horsehair in them, the reason being that there are no horses within a considerable distance from my house. The coming of the automobile and the

farm tractor has made horsehair a rare commodity even out in the country.

Such a state of affairs, however, ought to be no great drawback to a bird that was here so long before the horse. With the passing of this convenient animal, the bird would naturally resort to the use of its original, pre-horse material, whatever that was; or else it would make use of a substitute. The substitute is, and long has been, grocer's string. The last nest I found, a deep pouch of beautiful workmanship, was suspended with a long piece of soft white cotton string.

But with the invention of gummed paper tape, and its growing use for the sealing of bags and packages in general, cotton string has largely passed out of use. You might look a long while nowadays without finding any good grocer's string lying about on the grass.

Inasmuch as an oriole has got to have cordage of some sort, and the man-made supply is passing, it may be necessary for the bird to depend entirely upon those stringy barks and natural filaments that it presumably used in the first place; and so there would be a new interest in analyzing the nests of orioles. That string-suspended nest which I have spoken of had its bottom lined with what seemed at first to be grayish human hair, but proved upon closer examination to be of vegetable origin. It was evidently long fibre from the stalk of the milkweed, finely frayed off and then neatly coiled and packed down in the bottom of the nest. The body of the nest was felted together with material as fine as cotton, and probably from the same milkweed.

All this begins to fit in with other facts, and leads us, as I now see it, to a consideration of the squirrel's way of life. But this expansion of my knowledge came as a surprise to me.

In December, a year ago, I was sitting in my study thinking over the

nest I had just examined and sent down East; and as my mind played upon orioles, and horses, and Spaniards, and history in general, it occurred to me that I ought to get a number of the most modern oriole nests and take note of them. This is easier said than done. An oriole's nest is almost impossible to reach, being high up on the periphery of some lofty elm and suspended from the very final fork of some slender branch. It then occurred to me that I could get any nest I might find by taking my rifle and shooting off the branch. This thought interested me at once.

At the edge of my yard, overlooking the lake, there is a beautiful elm with a multiple trunk and a great profusion of drooping branches; and I now recalled having seen an oriole's nest hanging up there shortly after the leaves had fallen. I went to the window to look, and it was still there.

In fact, there now seemed to be two. A little distance above it was another object of about the same size and shape; and when I got my field glass to make sure I found that this other object was a fox squirrel. He was sitting up quite motionless, and on the same drooping branch a little nearer to the trunk. He was no doubt one of the fox squirrels that inhabit the woods about a quarter of a mile from my house. They never spend any time in the line of trees along my shore, but in severe winter weather they will sometimes cross the intervening field of ploughed land to see what nubbins of corn may be remaining on the stalks in my garden. Once in a time of deep snow they came repeatedly to the roof of my shed and garage, and kept looking all around the cornice for an opening, as if they suspected there was treasure inside.

Being interested in this unwonted visit, I now went outside and drew still closer with the field glass. At a distance of a hundred feet I could look

over every detail of his body, including his dark watchful eye. At the same time I took a good view of that other object of my interest, the oriole nest.

I went in the house again to get the rifle in order to shoot down the nest. I had gone out hurriedly in my shirt sleeves in spite of the weather, which had suddenly turned cold. By the time I had spoken about the squirrel to my wife, who went to the window to see him, and changed to warmer clothes, and got my rifle out and ready for action, about ten minutes had elapsed. When I went out, rifle in hand and ready to point upward, there was no squirrel there. And there was no nest!

When I had recovered somewhat from my surprise, not to say my disbelief, I began to think things over. When a fox squirrel wants something that is out of his reach, as a nut at the end of a branch, he will bite off the branch. Then he will go down and get it where it has fallen. With this in mind I looked about under the tree to find the nest; but there was no nest there. The squirrel had evidently taken it away to his own woods. And for what purpose? Probably to build a winter nest. For his summer use a squirrel constructs a big nest of twigs and leaves such as are often to be seen in the trees of city parks, but for the cold days of winter he needs a bed in a hollow tree.

Here was something to think about. Does the fox squirrel get his bed material in this wholesale way, making use of all the hard work of the oriole? From the evidence in the case I should say he did. Consider all the trips he would save, up and down his tree, with bits of vegetable fibre and fine shredded material!

But I did not see this done. I did not see the nest cut down or carried away, though I wish I had. I should like to be able to report just what the fox squirrel looked like as he made his

way across the ploughed field with that nest thrown over his back and shoulder as a fox does with a goose, or dragging it alongside, or holding it bodily up. When a squirrel steals a big heavy ear of corn from a farmer's field he just takes it by the middle and holds it up clear of the ground; and probably this was the way our fox squirrel handled the oriole's nest, a much lighter burden.

To answer this question definitely as to whether squirrels use birds' nests — especially those of the oriole, so easily cut down — to line their winter beds, one would need to have in mind a careful analysis of an oriole's nest and compare this with the squirrel's nest every time a hollow tree was felled. Right here one could make use of such an analysis as Thoreau made. What interesting points in human history and in natural history can be thus connected with the mere 'dry material of a bird's nest'!

All facts are important, and eventually all facts are interesting. Thoreau had this point of view, and with it a workman's enduring patience. He was a pencil maker by trade; and he had, moreover, 'a trade for each of his fingers.'

Burroughs tells us: 'I recall how Emerson fairly bristled up on one occasion when in conversation with him I told him I thought Thoreau in his trips to the Maine woods had confounded the hermit with the wood thrush, as the latter was rarely or never found in Maine.' Burroughs was puzzled by this attitude toward his own particular kind of information; but I can imagine just how Emerson felt.

Thoreau was different from other nature writers. His writing has proved to be more vital than that of any of his New England contemporaries except Emerson; and there must be a reason. He put that into his sentences which keeps his facts fresh.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONVERSATION À DEUX

THIS fact is borne upon me plain:
We cannot meet and talk, my friend,
As strict identities, as twain
Who speak their minds, and comprehend;
Not I to you, nor you to me,
As two . . . but three confronting three.

I am that Self I wish to show
(Which is the natural human sham),
I am, as well, that Self you know,
And last, the Self I really am.
So, intricately joined, the three
Compose my triple entity!

And *you* are no whit different,
For every soul beneath the sun
Is curiously fused and blent,
Three personalities, not one.
Two may not meet as simple two,
However they might wish it true.

SARA HENDERSON HAY

A NEW HELMET OF SALVATION

ONE of the most stimulating adjectives of contemporary thought is 'modern.' Modern art, modern philosophy, modern minds, captivate us to the point that we even take seriously a movement known as 'modernism.' In spite of the fact that practically every modern idea was anticipated by the ancients and that many were directly inspired by the ancients, we still feel an uncritical joy in the label 'modern' and a delight in urging people to be modern.

The latest helmet of salvation is the teaching of something called 'social science' in the lower schools. The theory is that children should be kept abreast of their times. It seems absurd to some educationalists that children should spend their days learning ancient history and be ignorant of modern. They must be oriented toward an understanding of what is going on around them, so that they can meet the problems of

modern life as we, their parents, have not been able to do.

This is a very appealing programme indeed. I have a child of eleven who surprises me by knowing a great deal about Pisistratus but knows nothing about the NRA. In fact her ignorance of American history as a whole is appalling. She asked me the other day whether the Civil War was fought before the Revolution. If she went to an up-to-date school, she would be studying current history and could hold her own in any teatime conversation.

I heard of one mother who gathers her children round her under the evening electric light while my children are listening to *David Copperfield*, and discusses the events of the day with them. They talk of Hitler and Stalin and Huey Long, of the TVA and the AAA, of the coming war and the possibility of an overthrowing of capitalism. The children of another of my friends go to a school where each morning they must announce their discovery of some current event; recently the youngest — aged about ten — proudly gave as hers that she had found a bird's nest in Central Park. The teacher was disgusted. 'What I wanted,' she said, 'was real news.' A third group of children are so busy reading the newspapers for current history that they have no time for reading anything else.

It may be jealousy or an inferiority complex or something equally hideous that moves me, but I confess to an ineradicable skepticism about the value of all this. The discovery of a bird's nest seems to me much more important in the life of a child — and possibly in a man's — than the discovery that 1500 people watched a hanging in Kentucky. When one looks back ten years at the names which flared out in our newspapers, one has difficulty in recalling whom they belonged to. When one picks up a magazine of only a few years ago, one finds that the articles on current events are beginning to seem quaint. The books that were puffed, the social programmes that

were to save the world, the religious creeds that were to free the human spirit, are now about as 'contemporary' as Chartism or Physiocracy or Agnosticism. Who bothers about Technocracy or Humanism these days? Yet only three or four years ago everyone was sure that they were either the cure or the scourge of civilization. If the fad of teaching current events to children was in vogue at that time, children followed their parents and teachers in discussing these things. The result was knowledge of something which was of interest in 1931 or thereabouts and which lost its interest in 1933. Why is that of more importance than knowledge of something which happened in 560 B.C. and has never lost its interest?

It might be held to be axiomatic that the importance of knowledge is not to be judged by the date of its subject matter, but by its datelessness. Every age finds certain things important which fill certain needs in its life, and these are seldom the same from epoch to epoch. Hiram Powers, who seems to us like a feeble imitator of Canova, in his day seemed like a second Phidias. We are likely to feel that a knowledge of African Negro sculpture is more important than a knowledge of contemporary American sculpture. We shall turn out to be as wrong as our fathers in the eyes of our children. But, changing as standards are and must be, they are nevertheless determined by some deeply rooted hunger in the souls of the people who make them. What satisfies that hunger is independent of date. Count Keyserling is of our time chronologically; but Plato still seems more important to most of us. Hence what is important about current events is not the fact that they are current, unless we are statesmen, newspaper men, or business men, whose existence is justified by fashions, styles, and the changing scene in general. If this were not so, anything which happened to-day would be as important as anything else. Yet not even the enthusiastic modernist believes that.

As far as children are concerned, the importance of an event may be measured by its melodramatic interest. One mother told me that the effect of the new studies on her children was to make them talk about nothing but gangsters, murderers, and kidnapers. Those were things which they

could appreciate, involving primitive and childish motives and reactions. Childish people have always understood and liked clear-cut and brutal behavior. Revenge, lust, greed, bravery, involve no delicate moral casuistry. And children, in spite of sentimental pedophiles, are little savages, potential men but not actual men, if one may use Aristotelian language. To reason with a child is like throwing corn before an egg. Every case of reasoning with children which I have ever encountered turns out to be a subtly disguised form of threatening or promising. They get from the newspapers what childish adults get and no more.

Sooner or later the leaders of American education will have to wake up to the fact that children are not finished products, but are like saplings or puppies. This does not mean a return to the three R's or to an authoritarian system of inflexible standards. One can still recognize individual differences in the immature and individual potentialities which can be developed each in its own direction. They will have to wake up also to the fact that some things are more important than others, and know why. That importance may be — and I believe is — instrumental to some other end and not terminal. And that end may be itself complex: pleasure, social coöperation, and self-respect. Anyone can observe that people are able to respect themselves without being selfish, and to be coöperative without being nullities. Anyone can also observe that people who respect themselves and the selves of others are not therefor unhappy. (The probability is that they are happier than the egoists who have no egos.) But such a point of view seems hopelessly reactionary to the fashionable educationalists, who must, of course, year by year announce a new final philosophy with the inventiveness — if not the candor — of dressmakers.

RULES FOR MAKING PI DIGESTIBLE

To those readers sufficiently philosophic to survey the imaginative vagaries of our legislatures, we commend a characteristic example borrowed from the storehouse of American political thought and submitted to us by the reader whose letter is printed below. The ratio of the circumference of a

circle to its diameter (π) is expressed by the inordinately inconvenient figure of 3.14159265. Democratically speaking, this is an outrage perpetrated by Nature, which deserves disciplinary measures. The legislature of Indiana attempted to correct this ancient ill. We hope our readers will point out the historic incident to the legislators who misrepresent them, as the story is not without its lesson.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the *Atlantic* for April inquiry is made by Mr. R. W. Mattoon concerning the proposal of a state legislature to fix by law the value of the mathematical symbol π (π). He suggests that the proposal was made by the legislature of Kansas. In this he is in error. The honor belongs to Indiana.

I chance to have a copy of this proposed law, treasured for more than thirty-five years. It was introduced by a Mr. Record in the session of 1897, listed as House Bill No. 246, was referred to the Committee on Canals, by this Committee was considered and sent back to the House with a recommendation that it be sent to the Committee on Education, which in turn recommended that the bill 'do pass.' I was told at the time that the bill actually passed the House but was lost in the Senate.

Ridiculous as this legislation is, some recent attempts to fix by law matters which cannot be so regulated appear almost as absurd. But there is no telling what a legislature may attempt to do.

A copy of the Indiana proposal is enclosed. What it is all about or what it says, no mathematical student can understand.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS F. HOLGATE

HOUSE BILL NO. 246

A bill for an act introducing a new mathematical truth and offered as a contribution to education to be used only by the state of Indiana free of cost by paying any royalties whatever on the same, provided it is accepted and adopted by the official action of the legislature of 1897.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the state of Indiana, That it has been found that a circular area is to the square on a line equal to the quadrant of the circumference as the area of an equilateral rectangle is to the square on one side. The diameter employed as the linear unit according to the present rule in computing the circle's area is entirely wrong, as it represents the circle's area one and one fifth times the area of a square whose perimeter is equal to the circumference of the circle. This is because one fifth of the diameter fails to be

represented four times in the circle's circumference. For example, if we multiply the perimeter of a square by one fourth of any line one-fifth greater than one side, we can in like manner make the square's area to appear one-fifth greater than the fact, as is done by taking the diameter for the linear unit instead of the quadrant of the circle's circumference.

SECTION 2. It is impossible to compute the area of a circle on the diameter as the linear unit without trespassing upon the area outside of the circle to the extent of including one-fifth more area than is contained within the circle's circumference, because the square on the diameter produces the side of a square which equals nine when the arc of ninety degrees equals eight. By taking the quadrant of the circle's circumference for the linear unit, we fulfill the requirements of both quadrature and rectification of the circle's circumference. Furthermore, it has revealed the ratio of the chord and arc of ninety degrees, which is as seven to eight, and also the ratio of the diagonal and one side of a square which is as ten to seven, disclosing the fourth important fact, that the ratio of the diameter and circumference is as five-fourths to four; and because of these facts and the further fact that the rule in present use fails to work both ways mathematically, it should be discarded as wholly wanting and misleading in its practical applications.

SECTION 3. In further proof of the value of the author's proposed contribution to education, and offered as a gift to the State of Indiana, is the fact of his solutions of the trisection of the angle, duplication of the cube and quadrature of the circle having been already accepted as contributions to science by the *American Mathematical Monthly*, the leading exponent of mathematical thought in this country.

And be it remembered that these noted problems had been long since given up by scientific bodies as unsolvable mysteries and above man's ability to comprehend.

MR. SPEAKER:

Your Committee on Canals, to which was referred House Bill No. 246, introduced by Mr. Record, has had the same under consideration, and begs leave to report the same back to the House with the recommendation that said bill be referred to the Committee on Education.

M. B. BUTLER

MR. SPEAKER:

Your Committee on Education, to which was referred House Bill No. 246, introduced by Mr. Record, has had the same under consideration, and begs leave to report the same back to the House, with the recommendation that said bill do pass.

NICHOLSON, *Chairman*

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
PAPER INDUSTRY

Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

SELF-GOVERNMENT SUCCEEDS IN OIL

*An Industry Proves That Corporate Business Can Be Profitably Operated
As a Public Responsibility*

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

As a product of nature, petroleum is as old as the eternal hills that hold it; as a product of man, it is so young that one individual's effective lifetime has covered its entire span. In point of time the oil industry is strictly modern history; and in point of social history it is a large part of modern history — an outstanding example of the power of applied science and corporate methods to compass in a few years a progress and general usefulness which in earlier times required centuries.

The petroleum industry was born in 1859 near Titusville, Pennsylvania. There, on a piece of flat bottom land beside Oil Creek, Colonel Edwin L. Drake struck oil by deliberately going after it, driving his well inside a casing to protect the hole. Hitherto oil from the earth had been a rarity recovered and refined in a small way, chiefly for medicinal purposes. Drake's successful technique unlocked this hidden wealth to the beneficial use of mankind. Since his day \$12,000,000,000 has been invested in the United States in the industry he fathered, which now employs more than a million men and represents two million stockholders.

At the start, few recognized the revolutionary nature of the earth-punching in northern Pennsylvania. The Civil

War, then brewing, seemed vastly more important, and until the war was over the nation could become excited over nothing else. The oil boom began to make history where the war left off. What a boom it was! Oil was better stuff than gold, easier to find, easier to work, and infinitely more useful. All the oil in the world was right there in Pennsylvania, or so the footloose men of America said as they rushed toward the oil field. Cities rose as if by magic in the narrow valleys and on the side-hills of a countryside where, for several years, oil almost oozed from the shallow wells. Some of those cities and towns remain; others, like Petroleum Center and Pithole, third largest post office in Pennsylvania, have vanished almost without leaving a trace.

The pioneer producers wasted more oil than they sold, yet they sold enough to break the price of kerosene from two dollars a gallon to ten cents. One after another the rich fields were despoiled and abandoned — a melancholy example of the waste of irreplaceable natural resources under disorderly, untrammelled competition. Pennsylvania law held that oil was a fugitive and belonged to him who could catch it. The hunter had to get permission from the landowner to drill a well; but whatever oil came from a well belonged to its captor, even though drawn from a

* Seventh in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

distance beyond his leasehold. Many a thrifty Pennsylvania farmer, expecting the oil under his small fields to be worth more later on, lost it all to neighboring drillers by waiting. Only recently has the country succeeded, in part at least, in overcoming the legal notion that oil is a 'wild animal' to be captured and sold at will by anyone with the right to drill.

Meanwhile the pioneers were finding that it was easier to draw oil from, than to move it over, the earth. Lack of transport brought small refineries to the oil fields, while larger refineries arose at convenient shipping points. From fields to refineries oil moved in barrels by wagon over miserable roads, by flatboat down streams often so shallow that they had to be dammed and cleared in a series of mad 'freshet runs,' and by hopelessly inadequate railroads.

Then came the first successful pipe line in 1865, inaugurating a trend whose influence it is impossible to overestimate in the march of petroleum. Oil is the only great industry to develop and, with consequent economy, to operate successfully its own transport system, which carries the major part of its raw and finished materials. With the coming of the pipe line the oil industry — then, as now, predominantly American — began to evolve discipline and order.

II

The guiding hand in this organization phase was Standard Oil, a small Ohio refining company established in 1870 by the then youthful John D. Rockefeller of Cleveland and his associates. These optimists saw that oil had an unlimited future if its four great branches — production, transport, refining, and marketing — could be integrated. In production, waste threatened to interrupt the steady flow of raw material; transportation was unduly expensive and undependable;

refining was then an infant art without standards for the protection of the public and involving great risks for both refiners and their customers. A market grown suspicious of dangerous oil products, both at home and abroad, required to be shown how to use kerosene and furnished with dependable grades. Uses must be found for those by-products of crude oil refining which were both heavier and lighter than kerosene, the more volatile elements, now the components of gasoline, being generally poured into rivers or otherwise thrown away, while the gas was wasted into the air.

A vast, integrated business developed on the basis of separate functions as well as of different locations. One Standard Oil company had large primary production and small refineries; another the reverse. Pipe-line companies operated no oil wells, while producing companies owned no pipe lines or tank cars. In the marketing field, some companies made special products but lacked both raw materials and means of transport. So energetically did Standard Oil lead this fourfold advance that by 1900 the various companies in the group were refining and selling the major part of the oil products in the American market and were almost as influential abroad, export trade having been one of its early activities.

As the result of litigation extending over six years, the parent company — Standard Oil (New Jersey) having succeeded the Standard Oil Trust of earlier days — was dissolved in 1911 through the distribution to its stockholders of shares in thirty-three constituent companies.

For a time the separated companies bought and sold goods and services equitably in an effort to maintain their position, but gradually, under separating ownership and diverging group ambitions, they became more highly com-

petitive, until to-day all community of interest has disappeared. As for the independents, they had a sure foothold even before the dissolution and grew rapidly afterwards.

Standard Oil Company (N. J.), owning large refineries on the Jersey side of New York Harbor, faced the actuality of inadequate production and a too limited domestic market. Its great refineries in Jersey had been built chiefly to supply oil and gasoline for the rich and populous New York and New England market. Although large in extent, the New Jersey company's own trading area south along the seaboard to the Carolinas could not absorb the output of Bayonne and Bayway, where were refined the oils pushed across the continent in the country's greatest pipeline system.

Obviously, the legal dissolution of 1911 accomplished its objective. The thirty-three surviving units set out to perpetuate themselves and to prosper, each as best it could. Whether the social gain of this change outweighs the economic loss involved is still debated. But, whatever the financial loss incurred through legal surgery, it was soon made up by the lift given to the oil industry by the swift rise to popular use of the gasoline motor car.

To understand what the motor car has meant to the oil industry, one must recall that until well after the turn of the century gasoline was a bothersome and unprofitable by-product of kerosene, the old, reliable, slow-burning fuel for lamps and stoves. There are automobile users to-day who have never smelled kerosene or seen an oil lamp. They may be interested in learning that thirty-five years ago Standard Oil, still trying to find a market for gasoline, organized a drive to convert the nation to gasoline stoves. The motor car changed this, until in 1915 gasoline sales surpassed those of kerosene. A waste product which the pioneers

dumped in rivers or burned became the chief product, kerosene the by-product. As old Standard Oil sent salesmen forth to teach Americans to burn gasoline in the kitchen, so representatives of its successors now travel far and hard to teach the yellow, black, and brown races to light their darkness with kerosene, and at home to develop furnace oil sales through introducing improved burners for domestic heating.

The tremendous shift in demand from one fuel to another, with steady increase in volume sales, so expanded the market that there was leeway in the oil industry both for independents to grow and for disassociated Standard Oil companies to round out their facilities. But the free play of economic forces, continuing in spite of courts and judges, made for integration. Both the successor Standard companies and the independents, confronted with an unknown crude amount, were moved imperatively to seek new sources of supply, to ensure delivery of crude through pipe lines, and to deliver finished products through tank cars, tank wagons, and gasoline stations. Necessities of the situation drove dozens of oil companies to reproduce the plan worked out by John D. Rockefeller to bring conservatism and order into a business subject to flood or famine.

The hidden, fugacious nature of oil resources makes discovery an expensive and hazardous undertaking, yet the dependence of the world on oil renders that search imperative. Exploration and wildcatting must be encouraged sometimes, retarded at other times, but never entirely discontinued even though dry wells swallow fortunes or flush pools make oil almost worthless. We have seen how Pennsylvania once thought it held all the oil in North America. Then other states entered production — notably California in 1879, Ohio in 1880, Wyoming in 1885, Kansas in 1890, Texas in 1895, Louisi-

ana and Arkansas in 1902, and New Mexico in 1909. Now the Mid-Continent, Gulf, and California fields are the quantity-production stand-bys. Gloomy prophecies of early exhaustion of oil resources have been confounded by the discovery of new fields, by improvements in the art of drilling through which levels two miles underground are tapped, and by progressive developments in refining through which a given volume of crude oil is made to yield larger proportions of those derivatives in greatest demand, at present gasoline and motor-cylinder oil. The 'cracking' process and hydrogenation are cases in point.

As a result of these three forces — daring exploration, better recovery, and improved refining — America's domestic oil resources have been kept at least ten to twelve years ahead of threatened exhaustion. An extractive industry could accomplish that expansion only by vigor, faith, and intelligent integration. Conditions inseparable from the business of locating, recovering, moving, refining, and selling petroleum in an ever-growing market lead both the present Standard Oil companies and their thousands of competitors along a definite course toward efficient integration, with the result that Standard Oil (N. J.) is now much larger than the parent company was when dissolved in 1911.

III

To Standard Oil (N. J.) were left two unimportant producing companies, Standard of Louisiana and Carter Oil Company; a number of smaller companies in which natural gas had succeeded petroleum as the chief output; certain pipe-line companies; refinery capacity beyond its remaining market needs and a domestic trading area large in extent but small in population and demand. In the foreign field its holdings were

less constricted. Also the Standard tankers — the largest merchant fleet under one house flag — remained largely with the New Jersey company. Standard Oil (N. J.) stood forth as first in overseas trade — in exports of American petroleum products, in producing and refining oil from foreign fields.

On the home continent, however, Standard Oil (N. J.) needed to balance its operations before it could move forward. New outlets were required for the products of its refineries and increased field production to fill its pipe lines, tanks, and stills. In the first direction new domestic markets were developed; in the second, new crude supplies were added by the acquisition of a majority interest in Humble Oil and Refining, in 1919. With large proved acreage, Humble lacked capital for development, pipe lines, refineries, ships, and markets, all of which Standard Oil (N. J.) could supply. The New Jersey company is to-day insured as far as possible against lack of either supplies or customers, and transacts a larger proportion of the nation's oil business than any single competitor. The Jersey group, which had 2,733,000 barrels net production in the year following the dissolution, had 47,973,000 barrels net in 1934.

Standard Oil (N. J.) is solely a holding company, a setup rendered necessary by the geographical scope and functional complexity of the operations carried on by its subsidiaries. Through these subsidiaries and affiliates Standard Oil (N. J.) is active almost the world over under different flags and sovereignties, each of which has its own corporation law and tax system. In the United States, also, there are state and local regulations which make for diversity of corporate structure. Then there is diversity on the basis of functions. Oftentimes an innovation may be tried out through a separate corporation more easily than by establishing an-

other department in an already vast structure. Thus has grown with complete naturalness a group of some four hundred companies in each of which Standard Oil (N. J.) owns all or a majority of the capital stock.

Close supervision of these companies in all their operations would be impossible for the ten directors who sit in New York, in spite of the fact that every man of them has grown up in the oil business and most of them have been with Standard Oil from youth. Unlike many large corporations, Standard Oil (N. J.) has never expanded its board by taking in as directors leaders in other lines of business. The ten directors are working oil men, available for meetings every day; but, from President Walter C. Teagle and Chairman William S. Farish down, they know that the only way this vast business can be run satisfactorily is by selecting able executives to head each of the far-flung operations, trusting these lieutenants implicitly, judging them by results, and then correlating those results for the benefit of the entire group.

Peculiar aspects of the oil business make large-scale operations by some companies inevitable. Without them, the small units could not survive. From crude oil in the earth to gasoline in the automobile tank, large-scale production reduces costs, narrows margins of profit, and lowers prices on finished products. A pipe line must be kept full, and if the flow from one field becomes inadequate, another must be drawn upon. Refining is economical as a continuous process, but expensive when interrupted. A tanker can be efficiently used only if its cargo is loaded and discharged quickly on arrival in port; and the oil-burning ships now plying the seas require refueling from ports of call. The tank cars and tank wagons supplying the stations where motorists call for gasoline and

oil must be kept moving. To anticipate and fill the demand for the oil products which make the wheels of the modern world go round is primarily a business for large and amply capitalized companies, and can never be anything else.

IV

Consider the problems in discovering and developing oil fields. American oil consumption is so high, owing to our ownership of more than 70 per cent of the world's automobiles, that foreign oil reserves under American control are recognized as valuable insurance for the nation's future. Since 1859 America has been the chief source of the world's oil. At one time we produced 90 per cent; of late years the American percentage of world output has been declining and now stands at 59 per cent. Obviously American oil cannot continue to flow at this rate forever, even with the best of management. Other extensive oil fields may be discovered in the continental United States, science and effective coöperation may improve recovery and prevent waste, closer refining may give buyers greater fuel efficiency: nevertheless each gallon of crude oil taken out leaves that much less for future needs. Consequently, the United States Government at various times has urged its oil companies to seek reserves abroad, and through diplomatic channels has backed the claims of American oil companies for rights to participate in developments under other flags. Both justice and common sense dictate this course. Prodigally the United States has provided the world with a natural resource stimulating to civilization and vital to both social life and the national defense. Wise policy looks toward ensuring the return of like resources from abroad as they become necessary.

A case of this kind arose in developing the Irak oil field in Upper Mesopo-

tamia. The State Department encouraged a number of American companies to enter the project. Before Mosul oil could be utilized, millions had to be spent in development and a pipe line 1150 miles long built across desert wastes to the Mediterranean coast. One by one other American companies, discouraged by the delays incidental to international control and mounting construction costs, sold their interests to Standard Oil (N. J.) and Socony-Vacuum. These two now share with British, French, and Dutch interests the 85,000 barrels of oil which the Mosul pipe line brings daily under the desert to tidewater. The American investment in the Mosul oil fields runs to \$20,000,000, which indicates the size of the chips you have to buy to sit in on the international oil game.

Closer home are other examples of huge gains and losses: Venezuela, Peru, Mexico, Bolivia, Colombia — each with a different history. That of Colombia is perhaps the most colorful. The original French concessionaires were helpless to recover the wealth which, by all the evidence of geology, underlay their extensive acreage. The oil might be there, but could it be recovered and delivered where it had value? The site was an almost impenetrable jungle, lacking labor, houses, roads, food supplies, and even potable water. Merely proving the presence of oil exhausted the resources of the owners. They sold to a small American company, which in turn grew discouraged and sold to a Standard Oil (N. J.) subsidiary. The latter put \$50,000,000 into the field and pipe line before it got a barrel of oil to tidewater. Standard engineers built roads, houses, towns, schools, pipe lines, and railroads. They sanitated streams to provide pure water supplies, instituted mosquito control against malaria and yellow fever, and built modern hospitals. Native labor, settled under superior

living conditions, was trained by the North American staff. After years of costly pioneering Colombian oil began to flow toward refineries by pipe line and tankers. The task which had proved impossible for two small companies was conquered by a large company because it had almost unlimited resources.

Such developments make Standard Oil (N. J.) outstanding in international trade. Its foreign business includes 70 per cent of its production of crude oil, 50 per cent of its refining, and 55 per cent of its markets.

V

Immediate need for large capital also arises when a new oil field is discovered in the United States. With the shooting of the discovery well, newcomers flock in from all quarters. Houses, hotels, and highways are overtaxed. The rush for black gold and quick returns reproduces in a new environment the hectic scenes of vanished Pithole and Petroleum Center. Meantime oil may be gushing forth and running to waste for lack of storage or transportation. Humble it may be, or one of the other producing subsidiaries of Standard Oil (N. J.), which acquires leases in the new field. Immediately that company starts in train a decisive series of actions designed to bring order out of disorder, profit out of waste, settled production out of flush production. It shifts skilled men from other operations to the new fields, routes drilling and storage materials thence from warehouses and factories; and, if conditions warrant, begins at top speed to lay a pipe line from the nearest point on its great network, meantime endeavoring to bring the various producing interests into agreement on a programme to protect the entire field against rash exploitation.

With oil going begging at ten cents a

barrel, producers have been offered much higher prices to win support for a prorated production programme. Under an arrangement of this kind, producers agree to regulate production and to share equally in sales, and, by fixing upon a given acreage for each well, to abstain from trying to draw oil from under each other's land. One well to twenty acres is the approved figure in many successfully prorated fields. Then, subject to varying conditions, production is restricted to the volume of oil which can be carried by the pipe line and absorbed by the market. By order of the Federal Oil Administrator in 1933, the price of crude at central pipe-line stations was fixed at one dollar a barrel of forty-two gallons. Comparison of costs and prices in various fields indicates that in wide-open, non-prorated fields many producers lose money. Drilling costs are high because far more wells are drilled than are necessary; and production costs are high because the wells are of short life and may soon require pumping. In the Oklahoma City field, where everyone went after oil on the principle of the devil take the hindmost, crude oil cost 90 cents to \$1.00 a barrel, while in the Conroe (Texas) field, prorated from the start, comparative costs were only 15 to 22 cents a barrel.

From 1859 to 1934, Americans drilled more than 825,000 wells, 191,000 of which were dry, and from them recovered something less than 17 billion barrels of oil worth a little more than one dollar a barrel at the well. Accurate cost figures of the earlier period are not available, but those for 1900-1934 show an average production of oil worth \$42,000 per well against an average cost of \$25,000 for each well drilled, exclusive of prospecting, leasing, pumping, taxes, and overhead. These items equal the cost of drilling in most cases, so that it can be said that throughout the entire oil age America has been

buying crude at less than its true cost. The operators may get back their investment and a profit in the remaining life of the wells.

The oil-producing states all recognize the validity of group agreements to conserve oil. Five leading oil-producing states — Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, California, and New Mexico — have entered into an interstate compact to conserve their oil resources by rationing production.

VI

From the consumer's standpoint there seems no warrant for disturbing the present balance of economic forces in the oil world. In 1920 the average price of gasoline in fifty representative cities was 29.7 cents. In 1934 it was 13.6 cents, a drop of 54.2 per cent. The intervening period saw gasoline sales taxes rise to an average of six cents per gallon; nevertheless the public buys its gasoline for ten cents per gallon less in 1935 than it did in 1920. This has been accomplished chiefly by improved refining and more economical drilling. A barrel of crude petroleum now yields about twice as many gallons of gasoline as it did fifteen years ago, and improved quality registers in better performance. Exclusive of tax, the average cost of owning and operating a motor car mile for mile is less than half what it was in 1920, a benefit accruing to the public partly through improvements in automobile design and manufacture on declining price levels and partly through improved motor fuels and lubricants. In addition, gasoline and other supplies of high quality are available wherever motorists require them. These social dividends have accrued to the public through the coöperative efforts of two great industries operating under the free play of economic conditions with stern competition among their corporative units.

VII

In this most intricate of mining operations, exploration is spurred by possibilities of rich rewards. Each new pool is the result of persistent individual initiative. Theoretically, wildcatting increases when the price of oil rises, and declines as the price of oil drops. But the oil prospector is such a determined individualist that price fixation on any basis fails to discourage the gamble of drilling. What keeps prospectors feverishly on the move is the possibility that their luck may coincide with a period of high crude prices. These price bulges come only occasionally, but they are the lure which keeps exploration going at top speed.

Experience also reveals the difficulty of fixing a price for crude oil entirely fair to all interests handling petroleum on its long march from buried oil sand to consumer. Under the dollar-per-barrel price, many refineries have operated at a loss, competition keeping the price of gasoline, not subject to regulation, below the price at which it can be profitably recovered from dollar crude. To this extent price fixation upset the normal relationship of crude and refined prices. This is not serious, perhaps, to a well-rounded company active in all branches of the oil business; but it is a vital matter for companies limited to refining. The situation emphasizes the difficulty of attaining complete fair play by government regulation, however well intended. There is only one price regulator which is utterly fair in an unmonopolized industry full of unusual hazards, and that is supply and demand.

However, in this industry which has invested so many millions in the recovery of hidden wealth, the law of supply and demand does not now operate with the reckless speed that it did in the slapdash, early days. Then all hands sought quick profits without regard for

the future. To adventurers with small resources, cash in the bank meant more than oil in the ground. At present, conservation of oil resources is being financed by large companies which can afford to wait while their oil and that of others in prorated fields are being produced and marketed in an orderly manner at prices fair both to producers and to consumers. No monopoly exists in the oil business; small enterprises are at this moment growing into large; and valiant, fortunate men emerge into leadership with every new pool development and every improvement in refining and marketing. But as the small companies become large, they inevitably progress toward integration and self-sufficiency, and tend to become conservative influences lending their weight in support of orderly and economical practices. Nevertheless, oil being what it is, a hidden and flighty substance which must first be caught, the persistent search of private initiative remains tremendously important, for without fresh supplies the industry must perish eventually. This essential balance is now the goal of the industry and to a considerable degree already has been attained.

The effort is frustrated somewhat by illegal production of 'hot oil' and by the extreme size and productivity of the East Texas field, so large and easily worked that the controls applied to smaller fields have never been altogether effective there. But in the main the oil industry has of late years accomplished a tremendous work both in conserving oil resources and in providing the public with oil products at declining prices, even when general prices were advancing. If ever an industry has made a gallant and successful effort to govern itself, the oil industry has. From this point on, increased government control is likely to harm the industry without bringing corresponding benefit to the public.



Sign-posts of Vacationland

Stand beside any main highway these summer days and watch the flashing motorcades go by . . . swift processions of vari-colored license plates from every state in the Union.

What you see is the annual migration to field and forest, to mountain and seashore. Such is the active answer of an adventurous people to the lure of far horizons . . . the spirit of the covered wagon attuned to the age of the motor car.

Time was when the motorist considered a long trip an uncertain venture to be planned long in advance. Finding fuel en route presented a major problem and getting lost was just part of the game.

But today, the vacation-bound tourist dashes hundreds of miles from dawn to sunset, conveniently, comfortably and inexpensively. Along the

broad highways from Maine to Louisiana he is never far from the familiar oval Esso sign . . . his assurance of courteous and competent attention.

At any Esso station he finds free road maps . . . as well as accurate data on detours and points of interest along the way . . . all cheerfully given.

Thus do the Esso Marketers aid the motorist to the fullest enjoyment of that forward impulse which has built this country from a rugged wilderness and made it great. As the pioneer in the petroleum industry . . . this organization feels its responsibility to the motorist . . . expresses it with products and service that assure the utmost in *Happy Motoring*.

ESSO MARKETERS

FOREVER VIGILANT . . . TO SERVE YOU BETTER AND BETTER

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As a corollary, perhaps, of the unwonted stress which has racked the nation since 1929, thousands of American homes have been disrupted by mental breakdowns, by attempts on the part of responsible members of society to escape the intolerable nervous strain. For that reason popular interest in the treatment of psychic disorders has increased enormously, and partly for that reason treatment itself has developed and improved far beyond general recognition. Although it deals with extreme instances, 'Asylum' should bring great comfort as well as interest to many readers. Its author, **William Seabrook**, has touched upon almost every field of experience. Born at Westminster, Maryland, in 1886, he has been a cub reporter, a student in Geneva of philosophy and metaphysics, a hobo; he ran an advertising business in Atlanta before he went to the front during the war; then, encouraged by H. L. Mencken, he started writing in New York. Again restless, he set out for Arabia and further adventures which have produced numerous books, among them *The Magic Island*, a choice of the Literary Guild. This latest adventure has been the most extraordinary of them all.

Albert Jay Nock's 'Thoughts on Utopia' may be recommended with confidence; he has studied Utopias of all times and all languages, and his ability to prick bubbles has been demonstrated in a distinguished series of books and articles. **M. Beatrice Blankenship** ('Still, Not by Bread Alone') has for several years shared with *Atlantic* readers her experiences in gaining a personal philosophy as the mother of three growing boys. Δ 'Ten Years in the First Form' continues the memoirs of **Sacha Guitry**, Paris's favorite actor-playwright, and throws an unexpected light on the supposedly rigid educational system of France. Δ Although 'The Musty Idines Was Ripe' is a first short story, **Howell Vines** has published two Arcadian novels, *A River Goes with Heaven* and *This Green Thicket World*. **George E. Sokolsky**, having rounded the country in his one-man investigation of current problems, concludes his study of labor with 'An Experiment in Labor Democracy.' **John Holmes** ('Being Young') teaches courses in English composition and modern poetry at Tufts College, and is a frequent contributor of verse and prose. **F. Emer-**

son Andrews, free-lance writer and manager of publications for the Russell Sage Foundation, continues his popular course in mathematics for the layman with 'The Dark Ages of Arithmetic.' **Stanley Casson** ('Challenge to Complacency') is a don at New College, Oxford, and an authority on archæology.

Readers who remember 'Hazel' in last December's *Atlantic* will enjoy especially this sequel, 'Ice Cream on Monday,' which is another complete example of **Dorothy Thomas's** talent for gentle and youthful romance. **Macklin Thomas**, a brother of Dorothy, and like her born in Kansas, brought up in Alberta, Canada, reveals in 'Winter's Tale' a further family talent. Having taught in Syracuse University and the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Thomas now lives in Santa Fe. **John G. Bowman**, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, relates in 'A Singer to Pioneers' the story of the memorial to Stephen Foster which he has been influential in securing. Δ 'Puritanism in the South Seas,' described as 'a sort of intellectual holiday' by its authors, is the result of research in English and American Puritanism and its widely diffused manifestations by **Louis Wright**, research professor at the Huntington Library in California, and **Mary Isabel Fry**, assistant reference librarian. **MacGregor Jenkins** ('The Black Mare'), long associated with the *Atlantic Monthly* as treasurer and publisher, has appeared frequently in print and is now at home in Bennington, Vermont. Δ No one is more entitled to say 'A Word for Thoreau' than **Charles D. Stewart**, whose numerous scientific and nature essays reveal a unique gift for ingenious and original observations. **Arthur Pound** ('The Atlantic Portfolio of Industry') has acted as industrial guide and philosopher to the *Atlantic* since the publication of his 'Iron Man' papers a decade and a half ago.

/ / /

Harmony.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am sending you a sincere tribute from a simple heart which I am sure will touch you.

About a month ago I took the night boat from Washington, D. C., down to Norfolk, and the moment I stepped on board I was deafened by a loud volley of jazz music from a radio going full blast in



This Every-Day Miracle Brings You Your Daily Bread

WHETHER you live in the heart of a big city or in a small community, the miracle-working machine of distribution delivers fresh bread and other baked wheat products to you *every day*.

From wheat to flour to bread. From farmer to miller to baker and grocers—to you!

Your baker and your grocer are nearby—and if you do not care to go out today, you can pick up the phone and all the bread and rolls and bakery specialties you need will be brought to your door.

This is known and taken for granted. You do not have to think of the miles that must be traveled, the painstaking work that

must be done by many people to supply you with your daily bread—fresh, wholesome, and at a cost so low that bread is truly your greatest bargain in food-energy.

The nearness of your grocer and baker, the smooth functioning of distribution are

tributes to the universal hunger for wheat products and especially for bread.

It is the service of the miller to make the very finest flour, and deliver it to your baker and grocer, fresh and uniform in quality, so that you may always have the best of bread.

*(To be continued in the
August Issue)*



**WHY
NOT
NOW?**

1880-1935

General Mills, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

the central saloon. This noise kept up continuously and penetrated to the remotest cabin. After dinner I grew desperate, and in an effort to get my mind away from the din I went up to the news stand and bought their one and only copy of the *Atlantic*. (Alone it hung amid a forest of movie magazines and detective stories.) Unknown to me, the fat little man who ran the news stand also operated the radio loud-speaker, and after I had bought the *Atlantic* he looked at me curiously — then again at your superior magazine. 'I guess you don't like this music,' he said, and, fiddling with the knobs, turned on a symphony orchestra!

MRS. THOMAS CRIGHTON SELLARS
Los Angeles, California

The farmer and the louse.

Dear Atlantic, —

The rain came down in torrents as I sat in my pine cabin within reach of the January *Atlantic Monthly*. From every window I had a vista of lovely orchards, all foreclosed or about to be foreclosed. So, immersed in gloom and beset with every agrarian woe, I chanced upon Dr. Hans Zinsser's article, 'History and the Louse.' Need I say that I fairly itched with delight over the contents, particularly the bourgeois utopia so delectably depicted? Lousy, of course. But to me it was a message from out of the blue. Why this ceaseless strife for production, the besetting sin of every farmer, if, with the correct environment and proper manœuvring among the right people, one might become — a louse!

HAZEL FARMER STITT
Santa Rosa, California

The bug that bites Congressmen.

Dear Atlantic, —

In Dr. Pritchett's article on 'What's Wrong with Congress,' he only brushed the surface of the real trouble. It is true enough that the present mechanism of selection results most often in the nomination of a type of lawyer to whom \$10,000 and emoluments loom enchantingly; but this is only one side of the picture. Every detail, after a man so chosen gets to Washington, enhances the value of holding on. Honors, power, contact with affairs, the gratification of social yearnings of his family, economic security, but, above all, the seniority system, make it day by day increasingly important to be reelected.

The seniority system, for one thing, needs a full writing up by someone in the know. I have seen as chairman of important committees (with extra honors, and special rooms, and enhanced power) men so broken by disease and age that they literally could not sit up without aid. They had been there a long time — longer than any other committee member of the majority party — and hence were highly honored, and given heavy responsibilities.

This, and other features of the 'rules' too numerous and complex to go into here, conspire to make it only natural that a man (once he has tasted of the sweets of life about the Capitol) should get the idea firmly fixed in his mind that the one supreme calam-

ity which could befall the country would be for him to retire to private life. With this notion once embedded in his mind, whatever talents, integrity, and independence a man may have brought to Washington wither away. The resulting desperation with which many of our 'lawmakers' do whatever will help them get back to Washington 'after this term' is profoundly moving.

Nor is this all. When this fear of the supreme calamity gets hold of a man he begins to look for blocks of votes of which he can make sure. And just now there are four conspicuous blocks which can be counted on: the Farmers, Labor, the American Legion, and the Haters of Invested Capital. Those who do not belong to any such group are too difficult to woo, and hence are not likely to have much standing in the thoughts of those bent on averting the greatest of all dangers.

PAUL T. CHERINGTON
New York City

Do you believe in signs?

Still they come by the dozen, letters reporting odd signs which often say more than they mean.

Charles C. Leech, Dayton, Ohio, observed on a bulletin board outside a small town church: —

SERMON SUBJECT — 'WHAT IS HELL LIKE?'
COME AND HEAR OUR QUARTET

The Reverend W. H. Martin, Stamford, Texas, reports this placard displayed in the window of a Greek's shoeshop that was closed on account of his illness: —

THIS MAN IS SICK OF THIS PLACE

Miss Anna W. Olcott, New York City, saw this sign over a dairy in Kyoto, Japan: —

FRESH AND PURE MILK SQUEEZED OUT BY
VETERINARIAN

Clinton A. Sheffield, Story City, Iowa, reports that once when he was lost on a trail in New Mexico he came upon a sign which read: —

GOD KNOWS WHERE YOU ARE

What's in a name?

Among the strange and wonderful signs reported in this month's collection are a special group having to do with odd names. We select the following: —

Frances L. Sutherland, Rutherfordton, North Carolina, reports that Geter & Baker are colored undertakers in Jacksonville. In the same city, Saussy & Common are brokers. In Jamestown, New York, Cook & Treat are bakers, while Flowerday & Sons are florists in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Joe Sink runs a laundry in Hendersonville, North Carolina.

Miss Mary L. Clark, Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, has come upon other curiosities of this nature on her trips to England. At Dunster, for example, A. Hole is an upholsterer; at Exeter, Tuck is a tailor, Pluck a fruiterer, and Clay an undertaker.

William L. Calkins, Freeport, Illinois, writes that when he was a boy in Chicago he used to hitch his



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Few, indeed, are the major industries in which NORTON ABRASIVES have not taken a vital part during Norton's manufacturing history of fifty years.

NORTON COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.

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Norton Fiftieth Year

1885-1935



sled behind a milk wagon on the tailboard of which he could read:—

I. & J. MIX
MILK

We conclude this series with a logical sequence quoted from a letter by Harold P. Brown, Montclair, New Jersey: 'Driving through a Pennsylvania city some years ago, I noticed signs on doctors' offices whose names had an ominous sequence: Doctor Paine, Doctor Grief, Doctor Coffin, Doctor Toombs. I was told that there was a Doctor Death (pronounced Deeth) in another part of the city; he should have been number two in the series.'

A cure for discontent.

Dear Atlantic,—

Better understanding between the dominant nations of the world might be achieved through a system of international exchange of malcontents.

Example: A representative number of persons from all walks of life, both male and female, could be chosen from among those citizens or non-citizens who, dissatisfied with the form of government under which they live, are advocating the overthrow of that government and the substitution of one as represented by any of the other dominant nations. These malcontents would be deported to the country whose form of government they advocate, there to remain for a trial period of, say, three years, a sufficient length of time for a real test. These individuals should be shown no favoritism whatsoever, but should be treated as ordinary citizens and given the same opportunities for livelihood.

If at the end of the trial period they find themselves satisfied, they would be eligible for citizenship if so desired. If, however, they regret their choice, they would be permitted to return to their own country of either birth or adoption, cured of their unrest and dissatisfaction.

E. A. LINDAHL
Oakland, California

A moral for mugwumps.

Dear Atlantic,—

I am one of those unspeakable individualists who at times are known to vote as they think, regardless of party ties. In my appearances at the polls there has been, so far, but one dereliction, one 'jumping of party,' this being my casting for Hoover in preference to Al Smith in 1928. How my Ananias happened to be aware of this I do not know, for he is not really a friend, but only a chance acquaintance whose yarns are pleasant to me on occasion. Nevertheless, by some means or other he had discovered my failure to vote the loyal vote, and he left me supposedly sadder and wiser only after telling me his own narrow escape from the clutches of a vindictive god, presumably Democratic. Here is about the way he told it:—

'Yo're young and foolish, and you think you kin kick out o' traces whenever you like; but you'll come by wisdom 'fore yo're gray like me. I tried jist onct what you did, but it's been some years back, and I'm

hyar to tell you I lived to regret it somethin' awful. 'I'm not tellin' you when 't wuz, but onct I wuz a young fool and seen fit to vote Republican like you done in '28. I felt right smart upset as I went to polls, and I felt more so as I come back home thu the woods. Somehow 'ruther it did n't seem I had done jist the decent thing.

'It wuz rainin' [it seems rain is essential to my friend's best tales] and I had to find some place to shelter myself in. I taken'd and backed myself up into a holler tree trunk, calc'latin' to keep dry this-a-way. When I went in, the wind wuz blowin' right smart, but after a bit she 'bated and the rain slacked up. I made to come out o' the trunk, when what d'you think? I wuz fast in that holler. I could n't git out, no matter how I turned or twisted. I reckon as long as the wind wuz blowin' the tree wuz kind o' twisted like, and when she 'bated it closed round more nat'ral. Anyways, there I wuz, and I could n't git out.

'I reckon I done what most folks would've done—hollered and cussed and tried over and over to push myself out. But it did n't do me no good. Nobody come and nothin' I done seemed to loosen me none. After I dunno how long, I stopped hollerin' and my cussin' changed to prayin'. I ain't much along that line, but I'm hyar to tell you I got some mighty good practice that time. Still my prayers did n't git no innemate answer.

'After I'd prayed from about every angle I could think uv, I fell to thinkin' 'bout my past sins. I managed to occupy myself this-a-way for some consid'ble time. I remembered the time I taken'd the ol' woman away from meetin' because she'd went off from home without leavin' me no dinner; and the time I sold Sam Pechin a calf when I knowed he'd jist ate a heap o' laurel; and the winter I kept warm mostly on liquor and the ol' woman had to cut all the wood to keep the house and young'ns warm. And then I remembered some things I calc'late it'd be best not to tell you.

'But what I'm gitt'n' at is how I come to git out o' that holler tree. While I wuz-a-cussin' and while I wuz a-prayin' and while I wuz a-rememberin' past sins, I every onct in a while give a heave like to ease myself o' that trunk, but to no use. Finally, after goin' over my other sins, I happened to think 'bout what I'd went and done that mornin', votin' Republican. Me a Democrat, with my pappy a Democrat afore me! I could n't hardly understand how I come to do it. It made me feel so mean and little when I come to think uv it that I found myself suddenly so small that what d'you think? I'd shrunk up so much I jist walked right out o' that holler trunk!

'That's how I happened to git out. And let me tell you, that's how little every Democrat ought to feel when he takes 'n' votes Republican.'

JO BANKS
Lynchburg, Virginia

Glanville Smith and R. L. S.

Dear Atlantic,—

'Kona and Maui, and Other Parts of Eden,' by Glanville Smith, proved so delightfully interesting,



Precious Heat

Over 25,000 years ago man first kindled fire. How carefully he treasured each ember!

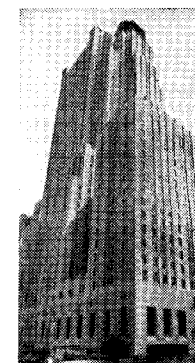
Primitive man stretched a curtain of skins across the mouth of his cave. Thus was precious heat from this earliest man-made fire first confined for human comfort.

From this crude and ancient attempt at heat conservation has grown the modern science of insulation. Today the problem of controlling heat is so important to industry and the home that a great laboratory, with a corps of engineers and technicians, concentrates on the further

study of this one vital subject.

Keeping pace with man's ever-increasing demand for improvement, the accomplishments of the Johns-Manville Insulation Laboratory now save industrial plants and home owners hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

Many thousands of feet of Johns-Manville Insulation protect the steam and hot water lines supplying the celebrated new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York.



so satisfying to the longings of the heart for peace and simplicity, that I read it again and again; quite naturally I found myself waiting eagerly for the March *Atlantic*. Well, the March *Atlantic* has come, and 'Snowbound in Fiji' more than measures up to the promise of the first article.

In between the two issues I had an experience which I have been wondering if other readers did not have. It suddenly came to me that Glanville Smith reminded me of an old friend of mine, that he writes in the same wistful, whimsical style, talks entertainingly about the things he sees and loves, and takes the reader with him on every interesting excursion and lets him see more than he could possibly see if without the author's aid he visited the scenes in person. I took up my worn volume of Stevenson, and sure enough — the kinship stood out clearly. But this does not mean that I am enjoying these excursions of Glanville Smith's because he reminds me of Stevenson; what I feel is that they are spiritually and artistically related. And I can pay Mr. Smith no finer tribute than to say that I cannot tell which one I enjoy the more.

JOSEPH L. McMILLIN
Baltimore, Maryland

An unplanted garden.

Dear Atlantic, —

I feel a special kinship with the author of 'My Unwritten Books.' My hobby is unplanted gardens. Every season I do not plant a garden. It may be a herb garden, or a rockery, or a garden of old-fashioned hollyhocks. I have even done some theoretical experimenting with cactus gardens and lily pools.

This spring I did not plant Japanese cherry trees. In my collection were the Gyoiko (Imperial Yellowish Costume), Jo-nioi (Supreme Fragrance), Fugenzo (Goddess on a White Elephant), and Shogetsu (Moon Hanging Low by a Pine Tree).

That was really enough trees to fill a good-sized grove, but with a little crowding I found I could include Pink Pearl, Dancing Girl, White Goddess, Fragrant Cascade, and Twilight. Then I discovered I had left out The Royal Carriage Returns. I simply had to have The Royal Carriage Returns, because of the legend. (Legends are very important in gardens that are never planted.) A Japanese emperor, driving through the countryside in the springtime, passed by a cherry tree in full bloom. He was so impressed with the beauty of the tree that he ordered the royal carriage to return, so that he might gaze again upon the lovely pink petals.

The author of 'My Unwritten Books' says that his novels are never rejected. I too am fortunate. My plants never suffer from insect pests or from drought. They never freeze. They never have to be taken up and stored in the cellar. 'Witches' brooms,' which sometimes attack Japanese cherry trees, will never harm my flowering Dancing Girl or White Goddess.

I am a foresighted gardener. Right now I am thinking of the autumn chrysanthemum show. The flower I shall not exhibit (and I shall not be heartbroken because it does not win a prize) has graceful

long curling petals — gold on one side and a soft rose on the other. I am trying to think of a suitable name for this beautiful new variety of chrysanthemum.

JOSEPHINE HEMPHILL
Washington, D. C.

Another unwritten book.

Dear Atlantic, —

'My Unwritten Books' touched a responsive chord in me. My book which every year I do not write is 'Nights in the Near East.' It is the memories of five years of nights in Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey.

It describes night adventures on camel back, in trucks which stopped gasless while richly laden caravans crawled slowly by, and camping amid the ghosts of old Carchemish. It tells of nights on the ground while the stars nearly touched us, they seemed so near, of sleeping in Turkish military outposts with the soldiers curled on the floor at our feet, and of *not* sleeping while streams of lights glittered from minaret to minaret and loud-voiced mullahs chanted each to each in the festivities at the end of Ramazan.

It tells of — but NO. I am already tempted to write it, and it is 'My Unwritten Book.'

ABBY N. LITTLE
Laconia, New Hampshire

A candidate for the Ananias Club.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am somewhat astonished that Herbert Ravenel Sass does not believe in hoop snakes. Jake Stuckey, in our town, once saw one.

Jake said: 'I'd been up to my brother's place, helpin' him in his garden, an' started home a little before sundown, carryin' my hoe, an' goin' down the hill back of the cemetery I heered a awful rustlin' in the leaves. I turned around an' there was a hoop snake 'bout as big as a buggy wheel a-comin' right at me. I did n't know what to do, but jes' before he got to me I quick jumped to one side an' th'owed the hoe up in the air right in front of him. Well, he socked his horn into the handle o' the hoe an' then crawled away so fast I could n't foller him. In about a minute that hoe handle begun to swell up, an' before I got home it got so big it busted out the eye of the hoe.'

FRED R. OHL
Washington, D. C.

A minister of the old school.

Dear Atlantic, —

Some time ago the oldest member of my congregation told me a story concerning the early days of my church. As a boy, seventy years ago, he remembers being present when a woman was 'read out' of church. She had been found guilty of some heinous offense for which she was to be expelled.

But on this occasion the lady behaved in a most unusual manner. She knew that the minister had the offensive document on the pulpit and she determined to get possession of it before the time arrived for her to be excommunicated. So during the long prayer she crept up the aisle, thinking to snatch away the paper while the minister's eyes were closed in prayer. But my predecessor happened to be one of those



These hands would be better prepared to meet emergency if they grasped the RIM of the steering wheel, opposite each other, at the points of greatest steering leverage

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No man of sensible mind or sensitive heart can deny the wisdom of trying to make motoring safer. Progressive engineering sets up new safeguards every year, but the crucial factor remains the man behind the wheel

OVER the blueprints, along the assembly lines, on the Proving Ground, the engineers of General Motors scheme and strive to make not only better but *safer* cars.

What a magnificent array of improvements now testifies to the success of that humane and ceaseless endeavor!

There is the self-starter, eliminating the hazards of cranking by hand; the tilt-beam headlamp and asymmetric lighting, for safer night driving.

There is the sloping windshield, to avert blinding reflections from behind; sun visors, to prevent eye-dazzle; safety glass—not to mention the very metals which thew and sinew the structure of the car.

No-Draft Ventilation keeps the inside of windshields and windows from fogging in cold

weather or rain—giving the driver safer, clearer view.

When we build 80 horsepower into an engine, we engineer 500 horsepower into the brakes. Knee-Action increases not only the comfort of driving—but in case of emergency, the safety and control of the car as well.

Newest of all safety developments is the "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, which puts over your head a protective roof of solid seamless steel.

Each year adds to the safeguards, but one thing no motor car builder can supply—a pair of capable hands on the steering wheel and an alert and reasonable brain to govern what they do.

Won't you remember that when you're driving—and meet us half-way in helping to make your motoring safe?

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT MOTOR CAR ACCIDENTS

Most accidents can be prevented by a little more care. High speed on the open highway, in a good car, is not dangerous if speed is reduced at curves, corners, railroad crossings and when meeting other cars.

Good condition of cars, brakes, lights and tires makes motoring easier and safer.

The lowest ratio of accidents to cars on the roads was in 1926, when 60% of the cars were less than 3 years old—today 22% of the cars are less than 3 years old.

In 37% of all accidents pedestrians are involved.

(Signed) NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL, INC.

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wide-awake clerics who keep one eye on heaven and the other on the things of earth. He saw her as she approached, and as she made a grab for the paper he made a grab at her, knocking off her hat, and grasping her firmly by the hair of the head!

The first that the members of the congregation knew about the matter — always excepting those who seem to be constitutionally incapable of keeping their eyes closed during prayer — was when the woman gave forth a mighty yell as the minister clutched her hair.

Right then and there, says my informant, holding the woman by her tresses fair, our doughty parson read the paper that formally expelled her from fellowship and bade her begone. Thus ended one of the most unusual incidents in the history of our church.

REVEREND HARRY TAYLOR
Pittsfield, New Hampshire

Private thoughts from a private car.

Dear Atlantic, —

New experiences are always welcome, for they give variety to my steady, planned (for me by the Board of Education) existence. You may imagine my surprise this morning when on emerging from my berth I discovered that I was the sole occupant of a Pullman with a long solitary ride ahead. Several times I have wondered how it would seem to have a 'private car.' Now I know.

Last night before I left the hotel in Omaha I purchased a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, so, instead of being drawn into conversation with some kindly old lady or conceited young man, I've been going from cover to cover of the *Atlantic*. Although I've been reading it for several years, I don't believe that I fully realized until now how entirely satisfying it is with its well-planned array of articles on music, manners, religion, science, and political problems, as well as stories and verse. The where-to-go section will certainly stir any live imagination with its attractive travel scenes.

I've decided to take a 'private car' and the *Atlantic* again the next time I make this trip. It's a good combination.

MARGARET THURSTON
Mitchell, South Dakota

Is the link really missing?

Dear Atlantic, —

I was distinctly disappointed not to see more of a reaction to Albert Jay Nock's 'Quest of the Missing Link,' which appeared in your April issue. Much as it is possible to disagree with Mr. Nock's — that is, Mr. Cram's — interpretation of the facts, there must be many thinking people who have, consciously or unconsciously, perceived that there is a vast gulf separating some persons from others. There I leave Mr. Nock and Mr. Cram.

It all boils down to the old question of how big a rôle heredity plays in man's development, and how big environment. The possibility inferred by Dr. McConnell in his book, *Immortality*, that most men are potentially able to reach a truly 'human' status by developing a 'self-conscious moral personality' is

much more attractive to me. There are some few born naturally to surpass their fellows, but I protest that there are many more who can be assisted by them along the path to moral supremacy. In other words, the case is not as bad as it seems.

JANET ALLINGTON
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

A further word about occupational therapy.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was exceedingly interested in 'A Case in Occupational Therapy' in your February issue. It is good to have the *Atlantic* give publicity to this type of article. Occupational therapy still needs more friends for further usefulness and support. Dr. Oliver's appreciative introduction will delight thousands who have gained help and insight from his books.

However, as an ex-mental-hygiene patient myself, I feel that a word of warning is in order to the lay person who may not realize that this account shows an exceptionally happy result both from the point of view of occupational therapy and from that of the average present-day rest home or mental-hygiene institution. (It is, as we know, usually the successful case which appears in print.) Puzzling and unintelligible to the patient are many of the hospital routines and the thousand-and-one strange phrases and remarks of the psychiatrist which are never explained and which loom large in his new and strange surroundings. This is exemplified in the article by the misinterpretation of the term 'blanket case.'

With this article as a springboard, the intelligent lay reader should be inspired to go further and learn more of the reasons for misunderstandings which bewilder the often increasingly terrified patient in a psychiatric hospital. With real knowledge, assuming his share of responsibility, he could help a great deal with constructive effort to make 'A Case in Occupational Therapy' the rule rather than the happy exception.

AN ATLANTIC ADMIRER

From an appreciative reader.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wish to express my appreciation of the articles by Lord Howard of Penrith which are appearing in the current issues of the *Atlantic*. The qualities which, I am sure, account for Lord Howard's diplomatic ability — ease, naturalness, intimacy, alertness, penetration, vision — characterize the articles and captivate the reader. The ease with which the stories are related makes the reader feel as if he might be accompanying the author on one of these heads-north-tails-south jaunts, while warmth of intimacy reveals the past without restraint. Ludwig makes Bismarck a living character, but Lord Howard ushers us into his living presence. Who could forget the bulky figure of Rhodes kneeling in ridicule of his opponents? The *Atlantic* usually has at least one article each month which surpasses the others in its appeal to me. Lord Howard's contributions are ideal examples.

E. N. JOHNSON
Dallas, Texas